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FORTY YEARS

OF

AMERICAN LIFE

BY

DR. THOMAS L. NICHOLS

60455
ac.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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FORTY YEARS

OF

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CHAPTER I.

AN AMERICAN REFUGEE IN ENGLAND.

The Civil War in America.—State rights.—North or South.—"Traitors."—The "Land of the Free."—Silence, prison, or exile.—Passports and oaths of allegiance.—A party of refugees.—Waiting for news.

LONDON is the asylum of refugees. They have come from France, Italy, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Russia—from what country have they not come?—to a land free, generous, and powerful enough to give them protection. And now, at last, there are in London political refugees from America. That "asylum of the oppressed" having become the oppressor of her own citizens, they are obliged to take refuge in the mother country, whose tyranny they were, perhaps, educated to detest. But here we are, refugees from the North and the South—escaped from Seward, Stanton, and Forts Lafayette and Warren in the North, or from Butler, Ship Island, and Forts St. Philip and Pickens in the South.

A Northerner by birth, born on the banks of its loveliest river, the Connecticut, I am also familiar with the Hudson, the Potomac, the Ohio, Mississippi, and the Alabama. I have been in twenty-four States, and have loved the whole country, and the Union which made them prosperous, and promised to make them great and powerful. I have no blame for the action of the South. A nation must be the judge of its own actions, because there is no higher earthly tribunal. There is no High Court of National Judicature, before which such a cause can be brought. Eighty years ago, the American colonies separated from England—renounced their allegiance to the British Crown—because a trifling tax was imposed upon them in what they considered an unconstitutional manner. The American doctrine of government, expressed in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the constitutions of the States, is, that "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." It is not to be supposed that six or eight millions of people, acting through the constitutional organizations of ten or twelve sovereign States, will change their form of government without a cause which they believe to be sufficient. Grieved as I was to see the Union destroyed, and that great empire, bounded by the lakes, the gulf, and the two oceans, broken into fragments, I could see no right that one portion of the country had to subject the other—no reason why twenty States should compel the rest to remain united with them, or failing that, should invade, conquer, subjugate, or exterminate them.

When Mr. Lincoln, elected by a minority, and controlled by a violent faction, decided upon war, what was I to do? My allegiance was due to constitutions, not to presidents. The war, in my opinion, was unconstitutional. It was opposed to the political principles I had learnt and had taught. If I spoke, it must be to denounce the action of the Government. If I wrote, it must be to protest against a fratricidal and suicidal war. War for the Union! Fraternity or death! Be my brother, or I will kill you! Unite with me, or I will exterminate you!

Was it for this that Jefferson had laid the foundations of liberty in America? for this that Washington had led his naked, starved, and frozen armies through the War of Independence? Was it for this that we had boasted ourselves the greatest, freest, and happiest of nations? All our freedom, all our glory, had come to this—the miserable work of making war upon our brethren; it was for this that father took up arms against his son, and that brother raised his hand against his brother.

I became a "traitor." It was "treason" to assert the sovereignty of States; "treason" to quote the Declaration of Independence; "treason" to talk of the rights of peoples. True, this had been done, as long as there had been anything to gain by it, by the men at the head of the government. Lincoln had upheld the sacred right of revolution; Seward had denounced the folly of a war to restore the Union, comparing it to the conduct of a husband who should beat his wife to compel her to live with him as his

loving companion; Greeley had declared that six millions of people in the South had as clear a right to separate from the Union as three millions of colonists had to rebel against Great Britain. There was not a man of them who had ever held that the strength and the right of the Union rested upon anything but the voluntary adhesion of its members. I held them to the principles they professed, and out of their own mouths they stood condemned. They changed their principles, and became patriots. I adhered to mine, and was a "traitor."

But, as the rage at the loss of business and glory increased; as the madness and the greed of war grew day by day; as the dominant faction felt itself more powerful with the increase of its army, we of the minority, denounced as traitors, began to feel the vengeance of those whose usurpations we condemned. If a newspaper doubted that the South could be conquered in ninety days, it was excluded from the mails. If it questioned the policy of invading the South, the edition was seized by the police. If the editor persisted in his delusion that the press was free, he was sent down to Fort Lafayette, lodged in a casemate, and fed on the rations of a common soldier, until the Government forgot who he was, and for what he had been imprisoned. The man who could not answer your arguments could call you a traitor; the enemy who dared not meet you in the street could point you out to the policeman.

The "land of the free and the home of the brave" got to be a very uncomfortable place to live in. One

day, a German, in East New York, expressed the opinion that he might as well be fighting for kings in Europe as for the Union in America. The policeman not being at hand to take him into custody, his more patriotic fellow-citizens put a rope round his neck and run him up to the limb of a tree. Luckily the policeman came and cut him down before life was extinct. He was more fortunate than a Democrat who was opposing the war-policy in a coffee-house, and was shot dead at the table by a Republican, who considered powder and lead the right sort of arguments to use on such occasions. I had read about pretty sharp practice at Warsaw and Venice, but really New York, the Democratic metropolis, was becoming, for a man who likes to speak his mind, rather a hazardous locality.

Which of the two to choose? I had made my choice. It could be but one; and yet it may be confessed that there was a strong temptation on the other side:—the pride and glory of a great nation—an empire which should include the Heights of Abraham and the Halls of the Montezumas. I have dreamed of it as well as another. I have looked forward to the time when the "Stars and Stripes" should wave over the Citadel of Quebec and the Moro Castle at Havana, and our fleets should sweep both oceans, which should be our only boundaries. But there was something dearer than national power or glory. The American Republic had been based upon the principles of political liberty. The Union lost all charm for me when it was no longer the free choice of the people, and had to be imposed by arms upon even a

single State. Not with my aid should the smallest section of the Union become a Poland. Every State entered the Union "free, sovereign, and independent;" and so, if at all, if should remain.

When eleven States of the Union passed Acts of Secession, and recalled their representatives from Washington, I felt that I had lost a part of my country. When the North made war upon the South to force them back again, I had a country no longer. When the constitution was destroyed, my allegiance was ended. I owed no duty to a military despotism; and when Mr. Seward ordered that no citizen should be allowed to leave the country without a passport, I thought it was time to leave.

There were three courses to take—go South, risk martyrdom in the North, or find refuge abroad. I could have gone South and joined the Confederate army. It was possible to cross the Potomac or the Ohio. But it was one thing to repudiate the action of my own section, and another to take up arms against it. In the war of American Independence there were Englishmen who opposed the action of their own Government, without being imprisoned for their opposition; but it would have been another thing to have gone to Massachusetts or Virginia, to fight against the Crown. True, the cases are not equal. I had a perfect right to transfer my allegiance from New York to Alabama. Still, a man must shrink from taking up arms against his neighbours, friends, and near relations. It would have been the same in either army. I had friends in both. As a soldier of the

North, I might have shed the blood of gallant men who had welcomed me to the hospitalities of their Southern homes. Could I imbrue my hand in the blood of men who had grasped mine in the warmest friendship, and with whom I had spent so many happy hours of social intercourse? Was it for me to make that fair lady, my noble and elegant hostess, a widow, and those charming girls, her beautiful children, orphans? I might have found any day at the point of my bayonet the boy I had loved as a son, the man I had embraced as a brother.

Fight the South I could not. There was no pretence of right to nerve my arm or harden my heart. I felt the war to be unjust, and I knew enough of the South to be sure that it would be at once sanguinary and ineffectual. I could not carry my family to the Confederacy, nor leave them; and I could not, without danger, remain in the North. One day it was a controversy in the streets—another the publication of more truth than was consistent with the views of the Government.

Wherever, in the civilized world, a man gets into such difficulties, he instinctively turns his thoughts to England. There is a secure asylum. There, however poor, or solitary, or friendless, he may be free. The path of safety lay across the heaving billows of the Atlantic. And I, it seemed to me, had some right to claim an asylum in the land of my forefathers, the land whose history was theirs, whose soil was made of their dust and ashes for a hundred generations.

But the passport! An American obliged to get a

passport! The country was a prison, and Mr. Seward the jailor. Even if I applied for one, I might be arrested on suspicion of treasonable purposes. I could not get one without taking an oath of allegiance, strengthened to meet the emergency, and that I would not do. I do not say that under no circumstances would I have taken it, because a man cannot always tell what he would or ought to do. Thousands have taken the oath under duress, who never for one moment meant to keep it. Thousands took it at New Orleans, who the next moment would have trampled the Government and their local tyrant under their feet. But I believed that this perjury with extenuating circumstances might be avoided.

So I walked moodily along the docks, looking for a ship bound for London. There were steamers in plenty—the great fleet of Cunarders on the Jersey City side, the German line to Southampton and Bremen, the Inman line; but the police would watch them all. I did not think even a Liverpool packet safe; but a London one carries so few passengers that it was likely to be overlooked. And so it was. One day we glided past Fort Lafayette—past the watch-dog war-steamer off the mouth of the Narrows, and saw the spires of New York, the beautiful hills of Staten Island, and the blue highlands of Neversink disappear below the horizon. Hurrah! we were on the sea!

Joy to leave one's native land! It is a bitter joy. But it is a joy. It is sad to have no country. It is sad to lose a country which contains so much to lose; sad to be an exile and a stranger, even in the land of

my ancestry—the country I can almost call my own —which in all beyond this brief century is mine. Were not my grandfathers British subjects? Proud and loyal ones, I doubt not, one day, and very reverent to King George III. One of them threw overboard the tea, and fought at Bunker Hill. But that is an old story. The present Bunker Hills are on the Potomac and the Mississippi. The "Hessians" of to-day are Northern mercenaries plundering the South.

Yes, there was a deep joy when our little company of refugees was far out at sea. What a droll company it was! In one state-room was a Northern editor with Southern principles, whose paper had been suppressed, but who had escaped imprisonment, and was flying with his wife and child. In another was a red-hot Secessionist editor from Missouri, a South Carolinian by birth, and ardent as a southern sun could make him, who had been brought off *vi et armis* by his clever and handsome wife, aided by three little children. The lady, who has relatives in the "old country," told me how she managed it. They lived in St. Louis. Unarmed citizens had been massacred in the streets by Union troops, the prisons were filling with Secessionists, and she saw that her husband would either be in prison or in the Confederate army—and lost to her and her little ones. She acted promptly and without consultation, sold their household goods, collected what money she could in his name, and when he came home at night the house was empty, trunks packed, the railway-tickets bought, and the children ready for a journey of a thousand miles across the country, and

a voyage across the Atlantic. The husband and father submitted, not too patiently, but still submitted to his destiny. Then there was a Zouave, a wiry little Frenchman, who had escaped from Bull Run, all the way to New York, and who, imagining he might be arrested as a deserter, thought he would be safer in London. There were Irishmen who had been turned out of employment to compel them to volunteer; and out of the whole ship's company, officers, crew, and passengers, there were but two persons who did not prefer Jefferson Davis to Abraham Lincoln. For all of us exiles there was joy when we hailed the white cliffs of Albion,—joy when our feet pressed the soil of the old fatherland.

A grimy London street, but liberty—a humble lodging, hard fare, and a dim outlook for the future, but no blood on my soul. A hundred thousand corpses of Northern volunteers—did I not see them, poor starving wretches, with no work for themselves, and no food for their families, marched off by thousands to be slaughtered, or die of Southern fevers? I am not responsible for their death. "Thou canst not say I did it!"

It was not heroic to run away. I admit it and feel it, sometimes more deeply than I care to express.

"I ought to have stayed and done what I could to put down that miserable usurpation at Washington," I say sometimes.

"What good would it have done had you stayed a year in Fort Lafayette?" she asks, who has some right.

"I might have gone to Richmond, where I could have done some good."

"And what would have become of us?" cries the little one, her blue eyes filling with tears.

Perhaps it is best as it is. There has been no want of men in the South. They have fought a good fight. The world must honour brave men who at every odds defend their country and liberty. They will defend them to the last.

How we look back three thousand miles across the Atlantic, we refugees and exiles, at our torn and bleeding native land, late so peaceful, so proud, so happy, no Englishman can know. How we wait for the news from hour to hour; how eagerly we read it again and again, and look to England, to France—look everywhere for some hope of peace! Others may look eagerly for news, and watch the progress of the war, but not as we look and watch, to whom the scenes of the war are so familiar. Is it a battle on the Potomac? We have followed its stream from the sparkling rivulet on the summit of the Alleghanies, to where it opens into the Chesapeake Bay, broad and deep enough to bear the navies of the world. Is it Vicksburg? We remember the last time our steamer lay under the bluffs, and we had a run up the steep hill-sides since then so bravely defended. Is it Galveston? We see the pretty little garden city on the white sands of the low island, surrounded by the clear and sparkling waters of its almost tropic seas.

We do not skip over the names of killed and wounded. Upon those bloody fields may have lain the mutilated

bodies or the mangled corpses of our schoolfellows, associates, and dearest friends. We knew the generals of one army in New York and Cincinnati, and of the other at Mobile and New Orleans. And we read over the lists on either side, and as one and another gets his brief record of glory, the tears fall for Federal and Confederate, and we say, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" and curse in our hearts those whose fanaticism, or greed, or ambition urges them on to a war of invasion, rapine, and the unutterable horrors that throw their gloomy shadows upon the future of our country.

O, Powers of Europe!—Powers of civilization! When brother is murdering brother, it is every man's duty to stop the fratricidal strife. How long must nations stand aside, and ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Is there one morality and one religion for men, and another for nations? The public opinion of Europe has denounced this war as a useless conflict. Why cannot the opinion of Europe—"the just judgment of mankind"—make itself respected?

In the weary hours of a most anxious exile, I have written the following pages. I have described America, and what seems to me most distinctive in its institutions and people, as I remember them, looking back through a vista of nearly half a century of a busy and varied life, and as they appear to me viewed across the intervening ocean. Americans have usually written of their country with pride and exultation. I have written in sorrow and humiliation; yet not without the hope that, purified as in the fire, she may in the future be worthy of the promise of the past.

CHAPTER II.

NEW ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

Birth and parentage.—The "Old Granite State."—The Switzerland of America.—Climate.—Extremes of heat and cold.—Sleigh-rides and skating.—Farming in New England.

I WAS born in 1815, in Orford, Grafton County, State of New Hampshire. These are names very familiar to the English reader. New Hampshire was one of the thirteen colonies of Great Britain which were acknowledged by George III., after the War of the Revolution of 1776, as free, sovereign, and independent States. It is one of the five Eastern or New England States, and its early settlers came from the English county from which it derives its name.

My father was born on the seacoast of Massachusetts, and my mother was a native of Boston. Both were, I believe—for few Americans take the trouble to trace back their ancestry—descendants of the early English settlers of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. My maternal grandfather was an active Whig, or rebel, in the Revolution. He attended the patriotic meetings in Fanueil Hall, which was named the "Cradle of Liberty;" was one of the party that threw the tea, loaded with a duty of threepence a pound, into Boston Harbour; and he fought, as I was always

told, in the battle of Bunker Hill—that famous action, which, though an actual defeat of the rebel colonists, cost the British troops so much, that it has always been celebrated by Americans as a victory. Full of patriotism, my grandfather invested his savings in Continental paper-money, and, by its depreciation to utter worthlessness, lost all he possessed.

I was born, then, in the beautiful valley of the river Connecticut, which separates New Hampshire from Vermont, and, after running southward through Massachusetts and Connecticut, empties into Long Island Sound.

New Hampshire is a little wedge-shaped State, lying between Vermont and Maine, with its broad end resting on Massachusetts, and its point sticking into Canada, toward Quebec. Besides the Connecticut on its western border, it has another clear and rapid river, the Merrimack, running through the centre of the State, and passing into Massachusetts, where it gives water-power to the cotton-mills of Lowell and Lawrence, before emptying into the Atlantic, on which there are a few miles of coast and one excellent harbour, Portsmouth, on the ocean, between the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts. The State is about two hundred miles long, and nearly one hundred broad in its widest part, with a triangular area of a little more than eight thousand square miles.

Nearly half of this area, I think, is covered by mountains and lakes. New Hampshire has been called the "Granite State," and "the Switzerland of America." The mountains are grand and craggy,

with peaks glittering with quartz or mica, and the highest are covered with snow three-quarters of the year. The lakes are of transparent water, nestled among the mountains; and the larger ones are full of picturesque islands, from a rock a few yards across to those of several acres, but all covered with the finest evergreens. It is a wonderfully rough, picturesque little State, full of sublimity and beauty.

The Icelander loves his treeless northern isle; the Arab his sandy desert; the Swiss his mountains. All men seem to love the land of their birth—it may be that all men think the scenes they first looked upon beautiful. It is thirty years since I have seen the Upper Connecticut valley, and the more mountainous regions of the Old Granite State. We speak of Old Virginia, Old Massachusetts, &c., to distinguish those early settled States upon the Atlantic from the mighty brood of New States which have sprung up in the West. Even Kentucky, which began to be settled at the period of the Revolution, is called Old Kaintuck by the settlers of the newer States beyond the Mississippi.

My native State glows in my memory—a land of craggy mountains, whose summits glisten in the sun, or fade in the blue distance; of silvery lakes cradled in the forests and among the hills; of crystal springs, singing brooks, roaring waterfalls, and clear arrowy rivers, swollen in the spring-time to magnificent torrents; of the loveliest of green valleys, walled by the grandest of precipitous mountain ranges, with villages of white cottages and mansions with green blinds,

shaded by broad-spreading elms and shining sugar-maples. The forests are pine, hemlock, spruce, odorous balsam-fir, the great white birch (of whose bark the Indians made canoes, and which I rolled into torches for night-fishing), beech, maple, oak, and more trees than I can remember. The ground was fragrant with pine-leaves, mosses, and the winter-green, with its bright red berries, alive with playful squirrels and musical with singing birds. The ponds are full of fish; the mountains and pasture lands are covered with berries. A glowing landscape in summer; in winter a robe of glittering snow.

True, the winters are long and cold, and the summers are very hot. In the mild and equable climate of the British Islands, though in a higher latitude, people have little idea of the extremes of heat and cold that exist in the Northern States of America. Men die of sun-stroke in summer, and are frozen—sometimes frozen to death—in winter. In New York coachmen have sometimes been frozen to death on their boxes, and scarcely a summer passes that men do not fall down dead with the intense heat. General Hooker is reported to have lost a thousand men by sun-stroke in a single forced march, when he was hastening to the defence of Washington, threatened by the advance of General Lee.

The climate is a combination of tropical summers and polar winters,—Madras and Nova Zembla. In England and Ireland the grass is for ever green; in America it is frozen dead in winter, and sometimes parched to death in summer. There are years of

drought, when streams and wells are dry; when the pastures are brown, and meadows like fields of ashes; when cattle are driven miles to water, and browse in the woods, or starve. It was from such a drought that the people of Kansas nearly perished a few years ago, and would have starved had not supplies of corn and other provisions been sent them from more favoured regions.

My birthplace is about the same latitude as Lyons, in France, yet the snows fall three or four feet deep, and lay on the ground three months at a time. The ice froze twenty inches in thickness; the thermometer went down at times to twenty, thirty, and in some mountain regions forty degrees below zero. Then the trees would burst with the frost with a sound like a cannon, and the ground, frozen three feet deep, would crack with a noise like thunder, shaking the house when it passed near it. These cracks extended across the fields in straight lines for a long distance, and were as deep as the frost extended, and nearly an inch wide; but after reaching a certain point of cold, ten or twenty degrees make little difference with the feelings. Protect the hands and feet and the ears and nose from freezing, and the cold stimulates the system to resist it, and is less uncomfortable than a drizzly chill above the freezing point. Steady, intense cold is by no means the worst of weather: it makes the blood circulate briskly, and the system put forth its energies. The air condensed with the cold is rich in oxygen, and the frost is exhilarating.

Then the sleigh-rides! The snow is four feet deep,

but trodden in the roadway hard as a rock. All the landscape is glistening white in the dazzling sunshine. The trees may be cased all in diamonds, glittering with prismatic light. You glide along swiftly to the music of the jingling bells, just feeling the motion, and wrapped in buffalo robes, bear-skins, or softer furs. Perhaps it is a string of twenty sleighs, with as many couples, gliding through the frozen landscape by moonlight, with the silvery ringing of a thousand bells and shouts of merry laughter, ending with a supper and a dance, and then home again before the day breaks.

Skating, too. It is hardly worth buying skates, or learning the beautiful exercise, for the chance one has of enjoying it in England; but in the Northern States of America you can calculate on three or four months of skating when the snow is not too deep upon the ice. Sometimes the snow falls before the large ponds and rivers freeze over; sometimes it is blown from the ice. I used to skate miles up and down the Connecticut river, and when thirsty, creep carefully to the edges of the air-holes, or "glades," in the ice, and drink. The water, clear as crystal, ten or twelve feet deep, ran in a strong current under me. It seems very absurd now that I should have run such a risk for a drink of water; but every boy, I believe, runs many such, and shudders at the danger in after years.

The broad intervales on the rivers are fertile. The hills are excellent pasturage, where the stones allow grass to grow between them; and these rough uplands, when at all tillable, produce good crops of wheat, rye,

Indian corn, and potatoes. Orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums also flourish with great vigour; so would hardy grapes, for there are wild ones in great abundance. In my boyhood the population of this State was about 250,000, mostly agricultural. All the best lands were occupied, and a surplus population was already emigrating to the richer country of Western New York and Ohio. A farmer-proprietor, having from one hundred to three hundred acres of land, "suitably divided into arable, pasturage, and woodland," would have half a dozen sons and as many daughters. Such a farm does not divide to advantage. One son, not always the eldest, takes the homestead, assuming the support of his parents in their old age, and any unmarried aunts or sisters; the rest go out to make their way in the world. One becomes a lawyer, another a doctor, another a merchant, an editor, a politician, member of Congress, cabinet minister, president perhaps; who knows? Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer; so was General Cass, and Horace Greeley, and long John Wentworth. In a group of distinguished men of various professions in a western town, I have recognised four out of five as sons of New Hampshire farmers, who, as boys, had held the plough, hoed corn, dug potatoes, chopped wood, and hardened their bodies with useful toil, while they picked up their education at the common school, or by the light of pine-knots blazing in the kitchen fireplace.

The State is divided into townships of about six miles square. The township in which I was born had

about 1000 inhabitants. There was a pretty village, with a meeting-house, post-office, tavern, two or three shops called stores, with assortments of dry goods, hardware, groceries, crockery, glass—almost everything, in fact. There were also two or three lawyers, and a blacksmith, hatter, shoemaker, wheelwright, cabinet-maker, tailor, &c. A smaller village, two or three miles back among the hills, supplied its own neighbourhood. Grist-mills which ground our corn, and saw-mills which supplied our timber, were upon a mill brook which brawled down from the hills and wound through the loveliest of meadows into the Connecticut.

There were no landlords in this country. Almost every man owned the land he cultivated. And they believed in the motto of Poor Richard:—

> "He that by the plough would thrive,
> Must either hold himself, or drive."

The proprietor of hundreds of acres generally worked harder than any man he could hire. And whom could he hire? That was the great difficulty. There were very few men to go out at "day's works." The sons of small farmers, wishing to raise a little money for themselves, would sometimes hire out at about three pounds a month and found. They lived with their employer, fared as he did, worked by his side; and when the hired man put on his Sunday suit, he offered his arm to the prettiest of the farmer's daughters and escorted her gallantly to meeting. The term *servant*, and the idea of service, were unknown. He was a "hand," or a "help." And the young lady

who assisted in doing the housework associated on terms of perfect equality with her employer's family, and considered that she was conferring an obligation, as indeed she was, and was entitled to gratitude and very respectful treatment, as well as very good wages.

Farms were sometimes hired, or taken on shares, the owner and tenant dividing the produce equally; but this was rare. Any man could buy the best Government land in the new States for five shillings an acre, and from that extreme price down to sixpence an acre, at which millions of acres may still be bought. Moreover, by squatting on unsurveyed land, he could have five or ten years' time to pay for a farm, when, perhaps, a single crop would bring money enough for that purpose.

The two or three richest men in our parts were wildly reputed to be worth eight or ten thousand pounds. These were merchants or lawyers. But the possessor of property worth two thousand pounds was called rich. No one ever spoke of incomes; they were not much reckoned. The farmer who made both ends meet, with a little increase of his stock, thought himself doing well enough.

Let me give an idea of such a farmer's home as I remember it, forty years ago. The farm was about a hundred acres of land, running back from the river in a series of three level terraces, and then up a steep, rocky hill. These alluvial terraces or levels, of perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, appeared to me to have been at some period the successive bottoms either of a much broader river, or, more probably, of

a great lake, bounded by the chain of precipitous mountains that girt our valley, excepting where they were broken through at the north and south. This farm was fenced with the stumps of the great pine-trees that had once covered the meadows, and which had been cut down at an earlier period and sawn into boards, or made into shingles, or rafted down the river to become

"Fit masts for some tall admiral."

The fences were made by placing these stumps—extracted from the ground with great labour and the aid of machinery—on their sides, with their gnarled roots stretching into the air, and forming a *chevaux de frise* which few animals would venture to jump over, but which, with an occasional tear of the trousers, I managed to climb with great facility. There were no hedges. In the rocky uplands there were stone walls, elsewhere board fences and palings.

The stage road passed along the second terrace, and here were the farm buildings—a storey-and-a-half wooden house, with a steep shingled roof, having ten rooms, a wash-house, dairy, wood-house, where the year's firewood was stored, and hog-house. At a little distance was the barn-yard, with two large barns for hay, unthreshed grain, and stables for horses and cattle, and a corn-barn for storing Indian corn and the threshed and winnowed grain. Back of the buildings was an orchard of ten or fifteen acres; and back of this, by a rich bank of blue clay, a brick-yard.

Our neighbour was an industrious man. He raised

large crops of wheat, rye, maize, potatoes, and flax. He kept horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The women carded, spun, and wove the wool and flax, making the blankets, fulled cloth, and linen of the family. They also made plenty of butter and cheese. The farmer and his stout boys cut their wood, shaved pine-shingles, converted the apples into cider, made bricks, washed and sheared the sheep, prepared the flax, and had plenty of work for every week in the year. They raised their food, made their clothing, and had a large surplus of everything to exchange for what they could not manufacture or produce—tea, coffee, tobacco—the last of which they could grow—and all the goods furnished by the stores. In those days the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the clang of the loom were heard, and the odour of the dye-pot smelt, in every farmer's dwelling. Now, these instruments of domestic manufacture are stowed away in the garret, and the young ladies, dressed in the produce of the looms of Manchester, Lyons, or Lowell, "spin street yarn," exercise at the pianoforte, and are learned in the mysteries of crochet. I doubt if they are the better for it.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY.

Social customs.—A raising.—Log-rolling.—Making potash.—A husking.—An apple-paring.—A quilting.—Making maple-sugar.—Shooting-matches.—Good shots.—Travelling and road-making.—Going to market.

THE settlers of new countries are forced to be more gregarious and social in their habits and customs than the people of older communities. They associate for mutual defence and assistance. When the American settlements were surrounded by hostile Indians, the colonists were bound together by a common danger. When no such danger existed, they joined together to perform many operations that could be done more easily or more pleasantly by associated effort.

For example, when a new settler took possession of his one hundred and sixty acres of land, covered with its dense forests, he had, first of all, to make a log cabin for his family. They might camp in the woods, in a shantee of hemlock-boughs, until the timber house was ready. The stout settler would chop down trees enough of a suitable size to build his house. For this purpose he would require twenty lengths of thirty feet, and as many of fifteen. These, notched at the ends, and built up one upon another, would

make the four walls of a house. A ridge-pole, laid upon two crotched sticks fifteen feet high, would support a roof of slabs. The door and windows are cut out, a chimney of stone and clay built in one corner or at the side, and the family can move in.

But all this would be heavy work for one man, and some of it nearly impossible. He has no money to hire help, and there are none who need wages. But any man within five or six miles' distance is willing to take his axe or his yoke of oxen, and give his neighbour a day's work. Not exactly *give*, either, for the favour can be repaid at some future time. Many hands make light work. A dozen or twenty men assemble to give their new neighbour a welcome. They bring their own provisions, and make a sort of pic-nic in the forest. The trees are felled, shaped, hauled to their places, and when all is ready the house goes up with a will, and the roof is covered. The interstices in the logs can be filled in with clay or strips of wood, or the walls clapboarded, when the settler gets time, or the weather makes it needful.

But there is more work to be done. The trees must be got rid of, and the soil opened up to the sunshine. It is slow and hard work. Sometimes the largest timber is deadened—cut round so as to stop the ascent of sap. Having no more foliage, it casts but little shadow, and the branches and then the trunk gradually decay. But in settling heavy-timbered land there is a great deal of hard work necessary to clear it. There is no market for fire-wood or timber. Everybody has more than he wants. So the trees are cut

down, and their tops trimmed off; then comes the log-rolling. The neighbours are invited, and come, men and cattle, and in a few hours roll the logs into great heaps. The dry brush is piled upon them, the fires lighted, and for days and nights the "burnt piece" presents a grand spectacle. The smoke rolls up into the sky, and clouds are formed, ending often in a heavy rain. By night the field of fire is a lake of flame. When the wood is consumed, the scattered ashes enrich the ground; but that which lies in heaps is gathered into great cylinders, cut from hollow logs, which are set on end. Water is poured upon the ashes, and a strong ley runs out at the bottom. This ley is evaporated in large iron kettles until it crystallizes and becomes the potash of commerce. So the burnt wood of the forest is not lost. In fact, this potash, for which there is always a steady price and a large demand, goes far to pay for the land.

The settler sows his wheat and rye, and plants his Indian corn and potatoes. When these crops are gathered there is another job to do, best done in company. At least, it is an excuse for an evening gathering, and the settler is able by this time to give a little treat to those who help him. So all the neighbours, and especially the young men and girls, are invited to a "husking." The Indian corn has been gathered into one end of the house, if there is no barn. It is still upon the stalk, and the long yellow ears, or white they may be, with sometimes a red one, are still enclosed in their tough, fibrous husks, or shucks, from which latter name this pleasant

gathering is sometimes called a "corn-shucking." This is the western and southern term; and as these shucks have little value, it is said of an idle, good-for-nothing person, that he "isn't worth shucks."

The husking takes place in the evening, by the light of a good fire, pine-knots, or candles where civilization has advanced so far. Both sexes join in the pleasant labour, with songs, stories, chaffing, and the understanding that the fellow who husks a red ear has the privilege of kissing the girl next him. The corn-baskets are filled, the pile diminishes, the stalks and husks are cleared away. Then comes a profuse supper of pork and beans, pumpkin-pie, doughnuts, apples and cider, if these have been produced, or other and stronger beverages. Then, if the Puritanism is not too strong, a fiddle and a dance; if it is, games of romps and forfeits, certainly quite as objectionable, and a walk home by moonlight.

When orchards have grown—and they grow very rapidly in America, where the finest fruit costs the farmer less than three-halfpence a bushel, less than a single good apple often costs in London—where delicious peaches rot on the ground by the thousand bushels, more than even the hogs can eat,—then come the "apple-paring bees." They did come, at least, before ingenious Yankees invented paring machines. The apples were pared with sharp knives and rapid hands, quartered, cored, strung on twine, and hung up to dry in festoons over the kitchen ceiling. The paring bee was a milder kind of evening party than the husking, and ended with the same festivities

The quilting is mostly a feminine arrangement. Its ostensible object is the manufacture of a bed-quilt. This involves a social gathering—talk, tea, probably a little gossip and scandal, and in the evening the accession of masculinity, with more or less of fun and frolic. The upper surface of the quilt is that marvellous result of feminine industry—patchwork; the lower stratum is more modest calico; the interior cotton or wool; and the whole is united by quiltings in elaborate figures, composed of a vast number of stitches, made by as many old and young ladies as can sit around the frame, beginning on the borders, and, as the frame is rolled up, gradually working toward the centre. The reasons for making this a social undertaking are obvious. When the quilt is in the frame it occupies a large space. It would take a long time for one or two persons to do it, and would be a long time in the way. Finally, it is an excuse gathering.

The sugar-maple, if tapped early in the spring, while the ground in the forest is covered with two or three feet of snow, yields a sweet sap in large quantities. This is caught in troughs, gathered to a central camp, and boiled down to a delicious syrup or sugar. Great kettles are swung over a log-fire in the forest. Hemlock-boughs make a couch on the snow. Young men and maidens gather round the fire at night, when the sap has been boiled down to the sugaring-off point, when it will harden into candy on the snow, or crystallize into sugar. These are among the pleasantest of rural gatherings.

I have spoken of winter sleigh-rides. In summer, parties are made to pick whortle-berries and blue-berries, on the mountains or in the plains; and the raspberries and blackberries, which grow large and delicious on the hill-sides and rough pasture-lands.

The men have shooting-matches all to themselves. These come off in the autumn, when turkeys are fat and thanksgiving is coming. Turkeys are put up to be shot for at so many rods' distance, at so much a shot. Of course the poor shots pay for the turkeys which the good ones carry home. In my memory good shots were very common. Every man and every boy could shoot. Guns and rifles were in every house, and when I was eight or nine years old, a light fowling-piece, with which I shot at birds or squirrels, or at a mark, was my favourite plaything. I shot with a rifle long before I could hold one out at arm's length, resting over a rail in the fence, or across the stump of a tree, and putting my ball into the bull's-eye at a hundred yards. Our practised shots did what were considered very handsome feats in those days, before arms of precision and long ranges were invented. These riflemen, who killed their game without injuring their skins, barked squirrels off the trees, and shot wild turkeys in the head, would hold candles in the night for each other to snuff with a bullet without extinguishing the light, drive a nail into a tree with a ball without bending it, or split a bullet into two equal halves on a knife-blade.

The fathers or grandfathers of these men had fought with the Indians, and carried their rifles into

the field to their work, and to church on Sundays, that the war-whoop might never surprise them unarmed. Marksmanship always seemed to me an instinct, and hereditary. Why should not the skill of a hunter be hereditary, as well as that of his dog? and that, I believe, there is no doubt about. The pup of a trained pointer, setter, or retriever scarcely needs to be taught, it takes so readily to the practices of its parents.

I used to know Colonel Scott, of the American army, about whom the 'coon story was told. He was out shooting one day in the west, the story said, and took aim at an old 'coon, or, as the ring-tailed quadruped is more properly called, raccoon, in a tall tree:—

"Hillo!" said the 'coon; "who are *you?*"

"My name is Scott," said the hunter, taking the opportunity to inspect his priming.

"Scott? Scott?" said the 'coon—"what Scott?"

"Martin Scott."

"*Captain* Martin Scott?" asked the 'coon, with some trepidation.

"Yes, Captain Martin Scott," said the mighty hunter, raising his rifle to take aim and end the colloquy.

"Well, then, you needn't shoot," said the animal; "I'll come down. I'm a gone 'coon."

This was the origin of the saying.

Colonel Scott used to throw two apples into the air, one after the other, and pierce both with a pistol-ball as they crossed each other. I believe that he rose from the ranks. If so, the officers educated at Westpoint probably treated him with courtesy.

There was a captain in the Florida war who had been a private, and received a commission for his gallantry. One day a Westpoint officer said that some observation made by D—— in the mess-room smelt of the ranks. A challenge passed instanter, and as the Government had been severe about duelling, they went out early in the morning, and fought without seconds. The first that was known of the affair was when Captain D—— came into the camp, bearing on his shoulders the dead body of his opponent. The commandant took no notice of the affair, and D—— was not again insulted.

The period of which I write, forty years ago, was before the era of railways, and steamboats had not come into general use. The electro-magnetic telegraph, except as a philosophical toy, had not been thought of. Lavoisier, long before, communicated from his study to his wife's boudoir by an electric conductor, but no one thought of covering the world by land and sea with a network of thought-conveying wires.

We traversed our rough New England roads with mail-coaches, drawn by four or six horses, at the rate of six or eight miles an hour. But when I mounted to the driver's seat on a fine autumnal morning, and drove off twenty miles up the romantic valley, to the academy where I was expected to acquire the rudiments of a classical education, there was more joy and triumph in that high seat, and the progress of those well-matched steeds, than I have ever found in the express train at sixty miles an hour.

The roads, never very good, were very bad in the spring, when the melting snows and the upheaving of the frost made mud a foot or more in depth. In swampy places logs and poles were laid across, to form a roadway called corduroy, over which vehicles bumped and jolted at the slowest pace. These roads were mended every year, but only by hauling the loam from the gutters at the side toward the centre, and it is a proverb that "no road is so rough as one that has just been mended." There were a few turnpike-roads, made and kept in repair by companies, who gathered tolls for their use; but these were never properly made. Nothing in England strikes an American with more surprise than the smooth, solid, admirable roads over the whole island, and even in Ireland in such parts as I have visited.

Road-making and mending was one of our gregarious occupations. Each town is divided into districts, and a certain highway-tax levied, which the people can pay in money, or work out at their option under one of their number who has been elected surveyor or road-master. So much a day is allowed for each man or boy, and so much for each span of horses or yoke of cattle. The people work out the tax after a fashion. It is a working holiday. They begin late, leave off early, take long noonings, and do the business in a very leisurely manner, unless there happens to be an energetic surveyor, who can inspire the people with his own spirit.

Before the railways, most of the traffic was carried on in winter, when the snow made good roads for

everybody. Then the farmers, in great numbers, harnessed up their teams, loaded their large double sleighs with their surplus produce—hogs frozen stiff, and packed down with snow, tallow, butter, cheese, dried apples, apple-sauce, honey, home-made cloth, woollen socks and mittens—and, with the jingle of merry bells, drove off one or two hundred miles to Boston, to sell their loads, and bring home salt, sugar, molasses, rum—before the days of temperance—tea, and other foreign luxuries, salt cod-fish, and generally a stock of fresh ones, frozen hard as stones, which, packed in snow, would keep in the same condition till the warm weather.

These prudent New England farmers, who took their own produce to the best market, and bought their supply of goods at wholesale prices, were of very little profit to the tavern-keepers on the way, or to those in town. They carried their provisions ready cooked, in the shape of bean-porridge frozen into cakes, ready to be warmed by the tavern-fire, doughnuts and cheese, sausages, &c. They also carried oats for their horses, and as much hay as they could stow. The tavern-keeper could only charge for a baiting of hay and a lodging, and their whole cash travelling expenses would be scarcely more than a shilling a day.

The snow-road had its difficulties. It was liable to drifts, so that in places it would be ten or fifteen feet deep, and the teamsters always carried shovels to dig through them. On the other hand, a sudden thaw might carry off all the snow and leave them in the

mud. Still, the old fashion of going to the winter market was a jolly one; and a train of twenty teams driving along, with all their bells cheerily jingling, and their drivers at night gathered round the tavern-fire, telling stories, cracking homely jokes, and drinking hot cider or something stronger, when stronger liquors were in fashion, had more life and variety than the railway-trains of the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX."

American militia system.—Training day.—A regimental muster.—Military titles.—My first Fourth of July celebration.—Revolutionary soldiers.

My father had been drafted as a militia-man during the war of 1812, and might have fought in the famous battle of Plattsburg, had not his business engagements made it necessary for him to hire a substitute, by which he lost not only much glory, but the bounty money and a hundred and sixty acres of land which was afterwards given to every surviving soldier whose name could be found upon the rolls of the army. But, though compelled by circumstances to forego the honours and profits of serving his country during the war, he was full of a martial spirit, and rose in the militia from the ranks to be corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and finally the colonel of a regiment. We had drills, trainings, officers' drills, and once a year that glorious military spectacle of the muster of a whole regiment, and every few years the general muster of an entire brigade.

The company-trainings on the green before the meeting-house were great days. The spectators gathered in crowds, drank sweet cider and New Eng-

land rum, and ate molasses-gingerbread. Emulous pedlars sold tin-ware and Yankee notions at auction with stentorian lungs, and jokes that made the crowd snicker. Yankees are not given to loud laughter. Our citizen soldiers were dressed in every kind of homespun fashion, and as variously armed, with old Queen's arms which had come down from the colony days of Queen Anne, or been captured with the army of Burgoyne; with fowling-pieces, ducking guns, or rifles. When they were tired of manœuvring, firing by platoons, and burning powder in a sham-fight, full of roars of command, rattle, and smoke, the captain, if oratorically gifted, made a speech, and the company was dismissed, satisfied that there was glory enough for one day, and that they had served their country.

At the muster of a regiment there was, of course, a larger gathering. People came ten or fifteen miles, in waggons and on horseback. The collection of pretty girls, sellers of cider and gingerbread, was larger, and the pedlar auctioneers more vociferous. Several companies were in uniform—no two alike, indeed, but each uniform with itself. There was a company of cavalry and one of artillery, with a four or six-pounder, iron or brass, which had to burn a great many blank cartridges, and was used not only on training-days, but also to fire the salutes on the Fourth of July, and for political victories, as well as on other joyful occasions.

After the morning evolutions came the grand review, and the most interesting ceremony of the day. The regiment formed a hollow square; the chap-

lain made a prayer, sitting on horseback. I do not exactly see why, but the military prayer on horseback, under the blue sky, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery standing motionless in regular lines, and the crowd of spectators devoutly uncovered, seemed more solemn to me than one made in a pulpit.

Then the colonel, if gifted in that line—and there are few Americans who are not more or less so—made a speech to the soldiers, in which he recited the glories won by a citizen soldiery in the two past wars, alluded touchingly to the grey-headed revolutionary heroes then present, and the veterans of the last war. He told them they were the pride and strength of their country, the pillars of the State, defenders of homes and firesides, ever ready to defend them from invasion and punish aggression. Then he wound up with a magnificent spread-eagle flourish about the greatness and glory of the country, which reached from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; with an intimation, perhaps, that they might be called upon to extend its boundaries in either of these practicable directions. The programme is sometimes slightly varied, and I have known a pious colonel, in the absence of a chaplain, to make the prayer, or the speech to be assigned to an oratorical regimental surgeon.

If my father rose rapidly to the post of colonel, he did not hold it long. Being unable to rise higher, he resigned to make way for those below him who were ambitious of promotion. As there was no pay or perquisites but glory, and the expense increased

with the elevation, he prudently declined to be made a general. Many resign on being made captains; others, with a shade more of ambition, attain the title of major, and these titles they always retain. This is the reason why every American of any account has a military title. They all pass through some of the grades, and then resign and are clear of military duty. It is a mode of exemption. In a year or two a man gets the title of captain, and is for ever free from service. Then hundreds of young men are appointed on the military staffs of governors or generals, and all these, after a nominal service of one or two years, retain their titles. In America it is safe to call any decent man—a stage-driver or ostler—captain; and any gentlemanly person—a railway-conductor or tavern-keeper—major or colonel. Republicans visiting monarchical countries, naturally wish to be presented at Court, and as naturally carry with them their militia uniforms, which they display with suitable magnificence on such occasions. No American can be made to understand why he should not be eligible for presentation to queen or emperor. He is the political equal of the president, and, probably enough, his social superior. If he belongs to the highest rank of his own country, why should he not associate on equal terms with the highest rank of any other? Every American who visits Washington calls to see the president, shakes hands with him, and asks him how he does, and how his family is; and sees no reason why he should not do the same by the Queen of England or the Russian Czar.

The military spirit and the spirit of patriotism, in my early days were alike encouraged. We did not think of conquering the world then, but of preserving the liberties our fathers had gained. We had no doubt that ours was the finest, most enlightened, and happiest country in the world; and, in spite of the envy of tyrants, we felt sure that all the rest of mankind would soon be of the same opinion, and only too glad to follow our example. We entertained these sentiments at all times, but devoted one day in the year in an especial manner to their expression. This was the Fourth of July.

The first celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, I can remember, was on the brow of the plateau which overlooked the beautiful valley in which I was born. I remember the shining river winding off into the distance, the cliffs of grey rock more than perpendicular, the blue mountain-peaks far away on the horizon, the meadows with broad elms, butter-nuts, and sugar-maples, the village with its white houses embowered in trees, the sky intensely blue, and the glorious July sunshine.

The music was a fife and drum. The militia company of our district was posted on the field, and later in the day fired off a rattling *feu-de-joie*. I cannot say much for the appearance of the company, as each man wore his ordinary costume, and not much time had ever been given to drill. In the large towns, where there is competition and opportunities for display, there are well-drilled regiments of citizen soldiery. In the country the men are generally satisfied

with knowing how to use their weapons, and care little for evolutions, discipline, or strategy.

There was a salute, to open the ceremonies of the celebration. The hills and mountains were filled with the echoes and reverberations. I have heard the report of a cannon distinctly repeated seven times, besides the roaring thunders of continuous echoes. But we had no cannon. Our company was infantry, not artillery, and not a four-pounder could be procured. All were noisily engaged elsewhere on the great occasion, when gunpowder enough is wasted every year to fight a hundred battles. We had a grand salute, notwithstanding, fired from a fifty-six; not a fifty-six pounder cannon—there was scarcely so large a piece of field-artillery in those days—but a fifty-six pound weight. These weights of cast iron have a hole about an inch in diameter through the centre, into which melted lead is poured until they are of the standard weight. Into this hole a charge of gunpowder was poured, and upon it driven a wooden plug, with a crease cut in its side for priming. It made all the noise that was necessary, and each discharge was accompanied by the screams of the fife, the roll of the drum, and the shouts of all the boys in the neighbourhood.

In America, almost every important public manifestation is opened with prayer. I do not think that people care much about it; but it is a custom. Each day's sitting in Congress and the State legislatures opens with prayer. Political meetings are opened with

prayer. So the captain of the militia company, who happened to be the most pious man about, made a prayer, which, being unpremeditated, earnest, and patriotic, may be presumed to have been suitable to the occasion.

It is wonderful what a deal of work is done in America with these extempore prayers. The chaplain of Congress every day can put a speech into his prayer. A timid clergyman can say things to the Almighty that he would not dare tell his people. He begins with, "O Lord, thou knowest—" and then goes on with his complaints or reproofs. I cannot, of course, remember, but have no doubt that our good captain made the best use of his opportunities.

The prayer was followed by the inevitable reading of the Declaration of Independence, in which Jefferson proclaimed the rights of man, and indicted George the Third for numerous violations of those rights, and declared that the thirteen colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free, sovereign, and independent States;" to which declaration the signers nobly pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

After the reading came the oration. It was given by an intelligent farmer, militia colonel, and deputy sheriff. It recounted the labours, sacrifices, and perils of the past, the freedom and prosperity of the present, and the glories of the coming future; for America, being in her childhood, was more prone to look forward to the future, than back upon the past. She had but little in the past to look back upon, and the less she

had of history the more her sanguine orators indulged in hope. The history of the future was as glorious as we chose to make it.

After the oration came another national salute—thirteen guns, one for each of the original States, from the fifty-six, a *feu-de-joie* from the old flint-lock muskets of the militia, and then an attack upon the bread and cheese and rum-punch provided by the committee. I sat on the breezy brow of the hill, in the shade of the singing pine-trees, looking down the beautiful valley of my world, thinking of all I had heard of our glorious country and its great destiny, and wondering what share I, a boy then of eight or nine years old, was to have in its future—that future which I have seen drenched in blood and tears.

In those days, no military training, patriotic celebration, or political meeting was complete without the presence of revolutionary soldiers, who were to be found in every neighbourhood. Naturally, as the old soldiers of the revolution diminished in numbers, their honours increased. They had pensions from the Government, sufficient to make their latter days comfortable, and on every public occasion were treated with peculiar respect. If a man had but served a few months as a common soldier in the War of Independence, he was a veteran, patriot, and hero, to be apostrophized in Fourth of July orations and political speeches. The party that could get the largest number of these heroes of Seventy-six to attend its gatherings was pretty sure to carry the majority. They went for General Jackson, but they also went for General

Harrison. Whichever the party he belonged to, they naturally preferred a soldier to a civilian. I think even General Scott might have been elected if the Democrats had not had the good fortune to nominate General Pierce.

During the Harrison Hard-Cider campaign, there was a great "Tippecanoe" and Tyler too mass-meeting at Saratoga, the fashionable summer resort in the northern part of New York. The meeting was very large; several counties assembled. Conspicuous on the platform was a group of white-headed revolutionary soldiers, whom the orators duly celebrated, and who were giving their support to the hero of sundry Indian battle-fields. One of the orators, not content with the customary allusions, determined to have something more effective, and, addressing one of the venerable patriots, said—

"You fought in the glorious War of Independence?"

"Yaas," said the old man, with a German accent; "yaas, I vas in te var."

"This white-haired veteran was in that glorious contest for our liberties, fellow-citizens; and here he is, ready to fight or to vote for them once more. And now, my venerable friend, who was your commander—what general did you serve under in that great struggle for freedom and independence?"

"*General Burgoyne!*" was the honest reply; which, after a moment of consternation, was greeted with a shout of laughter. General Burgoyne was the unfortunate British commander who, cut off from supplies, harassed and surrounded, was compelled to surrender

his whole army at Saratoga, and this "Hero of Seventy-six" was one of his Hessians, a prisoner of war, who had settled in the country. He had fought in the revolution—as it happened, on the wrong side for the purposes of the meeting. There were thousands of such heroes of the revolution, who fought under British commanders—soldiers hired from Germany, sent from England, or colonists who adhered to the loyal cause; but, where not too closely questioned, they answered every purpose.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN HATRED TO ENGLAND.

Waterloo and New Orleans.—Songs of victory.—England's conquerors.—National animosities.—"America for Americans."—Invasions of Canada from 1775 to 1837.—Speech of Senator Seward.—Our natural enemy.

THE year of my birth (1815) was that of the battle of Waterloo, and also that of New Orleans, which we Americans have always considered much the most glorious affair of the two, since General Jackson, with a few thousand Tennessee riflemen and hunters of Kentucky, conquered the conquerors of Napoleon. The same troops which were defeated by him on the 8th of January, 1815, returned to Europe and fought under Wellington at Waterloo, but with a different result.

"Old Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles."
CHORUS.—"O Kentucky! The Hunters of Kentucky!"

Every American is proud of New Orleans, only it was a pity that such a battle should have been fought after peace had been made, as it had, by the commissioners at Ghent, the previous autumn. Steam would

have saved the useless bloodshed, and General Jackson might never have been president. England thought little of the repulse. If it caused any mortification, it was lost in the glories of Waterloo. America celebrated it as one of her grandest and most decisive victories.

As we had just come out of the second war with England happy and glorious, having beaten the most powerful nation in the world in two great wars, and alike on land and sea, my earliest recollections are of the boasts of our national prowess. The successes of the new war revived the recollections of the old. The younger soldiers of the revolution were leaders in the war of 1812. One of the earliest songs that I remember began with the lines—

> "Old England forty years ago,
> When we were young and slender,
> Conspired to give a mortal blow,
> But God was our defender."

We also had a famous song which described the victory of the American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, over the British fleet, on Lake Erie, and another which gave a metrical and historical account of a similar naval victory on Lake Champlain. As in more classic or barbaric ages, every hero had his song. Our pretty numerous defeats were not celebrated or much talked about. One of the liveliest of the naval songs which I learned to sing in my childhood was a long description of the taking of the British frigate *Guerriere*, Hon. Captain Dacres, by the American frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull.

It was set to the once popular air of "A Landlady of France," and began in this fashion:—

"It oft-times has been told
How the British seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, O!
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch;
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O!

"The 'Guerriere,' a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, O!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,—
They could beat the Frenchman two to one so handy, O!"

So it went on, giving a full and particular account of the whole transaction, and crowing melodiously over the discomfited Britons.

The men of middle age now living in America all sang or heard these songs in their boyhood. Every Fourth of July, if not oftener, they listened to orations in praise of American patriotism and valour in the two wars with Great Britain, that tyrant power across the ocean, against which our fathers and grandfathers had fought, and which they had conquered. Many of the aged men I knew had fought in the revolution. The middle-aged were the heroes of the last war. Not a few had fought in both. Our whole history was in these two wars. Stories were told of them around the winter fireside. The grey-haired old man in the chimney-corner had fought the Hessians at Bennington under the New Hampshire hero, General Stark, who said, "We must beat them to-night, boys, or Molly Stark is a widow." Or he had been with

Ethan Allen, when he called for the surrender of Ticonderoga, a mountain fortress on Lake Champlain. "By whose authority?" asked the British commander of the file of men that did garrison duty in this post in the wilderness. "In the name of God and the Continental Congress!" said Allen. Not much, according to all accounts, did the Vermont partisan care for either. Then we had long stories of the terrible battles of Saratoga, and the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne. Five thousand men in those days was a great number. The loss of a second army of seven thousand, under General Cornwallis, surrendered to the Americans and French land and naval forces at Yorktown, ended the War of Independence.

Then came the stories of the younger men who were with General Scott on the Niagara, or who shared in the fresh-water naval victories of Perry or McDonough. But the land laurels, excepting those gathered out of season by General Jackson at New Orleans, were, it must be confessed, a rather scanty crop. There were really some smart victories at sea; but in both wars we had at least two defeats to one victory. Washington's great merit was in making good retreats, and keeping an army together under the most adverse circumstances. He wore out armies by compelling them to follow him through difficult and exhausted regions. The extent of the country, the sparseness of its population, the cost and weariness of the struggle, and the aid of France, combined with the prudence of Washington and the valour of my

countrymen, enabled them to gain their independence. In the last war—I mean that of 1812—England was fighting with Napoleon, or it might not have ended so soon, or, for us, so gloriously. There were a good many Americans who thought that it ought never to have been begun. It was declared, in some degree, no doubt, out of sympathy with France, and from motives of gratitude for her help in the revolution; but it is also true that the high-handed measures the British Government thought it necessary to take, in destroying American commerce and impressing seamen from American vessels, gave the Government of Mr. Madison a very sufficient excuse for declaring war.

The war was popular, especially after it had ended. The party that had declared and maintained it made plenty of political capital out of it; while the party that opposed it—the Peace party, the Hartford Convention federalists—have never recovered from the odium of alleged British sympathies. There has not been an election in America in forty years—no, nor in eighty—in which a sustained charge of friendship to England would not have defeated the most hopeful prospects of success. Every one knows the fact. Let me try to give the reason.

America has, properly speaking, no past. Her colonial history is British. Her nonage is scarcely remembered. Her whole history, beginning with the Declaration of Independence in 1776, comprises less than a century. England was the enemy of her independence in a war of eight years. She has had no other enemy. Her whole hatred has been concentred

here. The war of 1812 revived and embittered these feelings, which have not had time to die away. We had a brief war with Mexico, but the Mexicans were despised or pitied, not hated. The war was the consequence of a political movement, the annexation of Texas, and ended in the acquisition of vast territories. But there is England on the north, a perpetual bar to American ambition in that direction.

The British flag floats over one-third of the continent, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the polar regions, including some of the richest and most beautiful territories in the temperate regions of the world.

From the day when the thirteen American colonies were lost to England by the perversity of her rulers, Americans have never given up the desire nor abandoned the design of separating these loyal provinces from the government of Great Britain, and adding them to their confederation. It is the favourite idea of Americans that the "Stars and Stripes" must float over every foot of land on the American continent. "America for Americans!" It is even a political dogma, called the Monroe doctrine.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, and before the Declaration of Independence, in 1775, almost the first act of the revolted colonists was to organize expeditions for the conquest of Canada. General Montgomery marched on Montreal by the route of Lake Champlain; which city, being defended by a small garrison, he took, after a slight resistance. General Arnold, in the meantime, and with almost

incredible labours and hardships, had led a small army through the forests of Maine, and the two rebel generals united to besiege Quebec. Montgomery was killed at the head of an assaulting column, Arnold was severely wounded, the Americans were repulsed with heavy loss, the Canadians remained loyal, and the whole expedition proved an utter and mortifying failure. The Northern army, as it was called, retreated from Canada—according to John Adams, the second President of the United States, "disgraced, defeated, discontented, dispirited, diseased, undisciplined, eaten up with vermin, with no clothes, beds, blankets, medicines, and no victuals but a scant supply of pork and flour." A physician sent to Lake Champlain to aid in the care of the sick, wrote—"At the sight of so much distress I wept till I had no power to weep."

Undeterred by this miserable experience, we had no sooner declared war on England, in 1812, than our old dreams of conquest and annexation were revived. General Hull invaded Canada from Detroit, but his expedition ended in his being driven back and attacked in his own stronghold, where he ingloriously surrendered to an inferior British force.

During the same summer another invasion was made from the New York frontier, near the Falls of Niagara, by General Van Rensselaer. One of his captains was the present General Wool, of the American army. The invading force was met on the heights of Queenstown; a battle was fought in sight of the great cataract; and the heroic British

General Brock, whose monument now crowns those heights, fell gloriously, while the Americans were hurled into the great chasm of the rapids, and few escaped to tell the story of their defeat. While the attacking column of one thousand was being defeated, killed, or taken prisoners by the British troops, a reinforcement of fifteen hundred of their countrymen stood on the opposite bank of the river, spectators of the fight, but, with a poltroonery worthy of the progenitors of the heroes of Bull's Run, utterly refused to cross the river to the aid of their brethren, on the ground that as militia volunteers they were not obliged to leave their own territory.

In 1813, a third attempt, directed this time against Montreal, was made by General Wilkinson with a force of seven thousand men. This force was defeated near Williamsburg, while descending the St. Lawrence, and the expedition was abandoned.

This did not prevent a fourth invasion the following year, under General Brown, on the Niagara frontier. Here Lieut.-General Scott, late commander-in-chief of the Federal army, won his earliest laurels in a sharp engagement at Lundy's Lane. The losses of the British and Americans were nearly equal. General Brown and Captain Scott were both wounded; and the Americans thought it prudent to retire to Fort Erie, which they soon abandoned, making a further retreat to their own territories.

Americans have never abandoned this idea of the annexation of Canada. The disturbances of 1837 came near being magnified, by their sympathy and

assistance, into a formidable rebellion.* They supplied the money, the men, and the provisions. Nine-tenths of the insurgent forces that gathered at Navy Island, Prescott, and in the Detroit river, and all the officers, were Americans. Powder and arms were furnished from American arsenals. While organized companies of sympathizers invaded Canada, the American farmers along the frontier made liberal contributions for their support. The rebels on Navy Island were commanded by Van Rensselaer, a grandson of the general who, in 1813, had commanded the invading Americans at the battle of Queenstown. The defences of the island were planned by an American graduate of the West-point Military Academy.

Not only have the great body of the people of the United States, during a period of eighty years, looked upon the annexation of the British Provinces of North America as a most desirable event, and one certain, sooner or later, to be accomplished, but American statesmen, and those of the highest positions, have a thorough sympathy with these popular ideas. I cannot cite a better instance than that of Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, who has very recently given bold expression to this idea on several occasions, and particularly in his remarkable speech at St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, September 18, 1860, during the political canvass for the election of his successful rival and present chief, Mr. Lincoln, to the Presidency. When Mr. Seward made this speech he doubtless expected to become what he is, the leading mind in the Government.

Mr. Seward said: "I find myself now, for the first time, on the highlands of the centre of the continent of North America, equidistant from the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico—from the Atlantic Ocean to the ocean in which the sun sets—here, on the spot where spring up, almost side by side, so that they may kiss each other, the two great rivers; the one of which, pursuing its strange, capricious, majestic career through cascade and river and rapid, lake after lake, and river after river, finally—after a course of twenty-five hundred miles—brings your commerce half way to the ports of Europe; and the other, after meandering through woodland and prairie a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, taking in tributary after tributary, from the east and from the west, bringing together the waters of the western declivities of the Alleghanies, and those which trickle down the eastern sides of the Rocky Mountains, finds the Atlantic Ocean in the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the central place where the agriculture of the richest region of North America must bear its tribute to the supplies of the whole world. On the east, *all along the shores of Lake Superior*, and on the west, stretching in one broad plain, in a belt quite across the continent, is a country where *State after State is yet to rise*, and where the productions for the support of human society in other crowded States must be brought forth. This is, then, a commanding field; *but it is as commanding in regard to the destinies of this continent*, as it is in regard to its commercial future, for power is not to reside permanently on the eastern slope of the

Alleghany Mountains, nor in the seaports. Seaports have always been overrun and controlled by the people of the interior. The power of this Government is not to be established on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast. The power that shall speak and express the will of men on this continent is to be located in the Mississippi valley, and at the sources of the Mississippi *and the St. Lawrence.*

"In other days I have cast about for the future, the ultimate central seat of power of the *North American people. I had looked at Quebec* and New Orleans, at Washington and San Francisco, at Cincinnati and St. Louis, and it had been the result of my last conjecture that *the seat of power for North America* would yet be found in the valley of Mexico; that the glories of the Aztec capital would be renewed, and that it would become ultimately the capital of the United States of America. But I have corrected that view, and I now believe that the ultimate, last seat of power on this continent will be found somewhere within a radius not very far from the spot where I stand, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi river. I had never, until now, occupied that place whence I could take in and grasp *the whole grand panorama of the continent, for the happiness of whose present people and future millions it is the duty of the American statesman to labour.*"

In this remarkable speech Mr. Seward has embodied the ideas, hopes, and ambitions of the American people. He adopts their motto—

> "No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours."

Canada and Mexico, the British possessions and Central America, all help to form the empire of his aspirations, and for which he seeks a fitting capital. He examines and rejects Quebec and Mexico with an impartial consideration.

Up to the present time there has been one insuperable obstacle to the annexation of the British Provinces, supposing that they could be conquered. The South would never, of late years, have consented to such a preponderance of Northern and Free States. Only by adding a Southern State for each Northern one could her co-operation have been secured. This obstacle no longer exists. Either the Southern Confederacy will be separated from the North, leaving the latter free to carry out, if she be able, her dreams of annexation or conquest, or the Southern States will be subjugated to the North and unable to resist her will. If the Southern States are lost to the Union, the eyes of Northern statesmen will look more greedily than ever to the possession of the great territories on their Northern border, and the control of the St. Lawrence and the lakes, which may compensate them for the loss of the cotton regions of the South and the mouths of the Mississippi.

Yes, England was a tyrant, which America, after a long struggle, had overcome. England, full of rage and jealousy, began again to insult and outrage America, which led to a second war, in which America was also victorious. But England still hinders American progress by keeping her grasp upon large neighbouring territories. Americans believe that Eng-

land dreads their growing power, and is envious of their prosperity. They detest and hate England accordingly. They have "licked" her twice, and can "lick" her again. I cannot remember the time when the idea of a war with England was not popular in America. I never, except for a brief period, heard a threat of war with any other power. France was our earliest friend. We like Russia, perhaps, still better. In the Crimean war, as England was the ally of France, we gave our best sympathies to the great northern power. We hoped the allies would be driven out of the Crimea; or, if they met with any success, we wished the French off all the glory.

This was the feeling of America when I was born, and it is the feeling to-day of, at least, the Northern half of it. The South does not border on Canada—it was not the scene of so many conflicts in either war, and there is not in the South a great mass of Irish citizens whose votes carry elections, and who participate in, if they do not increase, the anti-English feeling in the Northern States of America.

I do not mention these facts to revive hard and hateful feelings on either side. Nations of the same race, language, civilization, and religion ought to be friends; but we see them the bitterest and most relentless of foes. I lament the fact—but why seek to hide what will not be hidden?

That there are great numbers of Americans who have a real love and genuine reverence for the great country of their ancestry is not less true, and I wish to be understood as making all needful exceptions.

CHAPTER VI.

EDUCATION AND THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

Common schools and teachers.—Sold at auction.—Boarding round.—The universal stimulus.—Our chief lesson.—Lyceums and lectures.—Lecturers and systems.

THE founders of the New England Republics believed that the safety of democratic institutions depended upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. In the early days of the colonies, no one was allowed to vote who did not belong to the Church. In Connecticut, to-day, every voter must be able to read the constitution he is bound to support. Provision was made in the early times for both preaching and teaching.

In my native State, and in all the States of New England, there was a school-house every three miles, an academy in every considerable village, and colleges enough to supply the demand for a classical education. We went, first of all, to the common or free school. There were very few private or pay schools; and boarding-schools, except in the largest towns, were unknown.

As none were very rich, and none had any need to be poor, and as all were equal in theory, and not very far from it in practice, we all went to the same schools, and were taught by the same schoolmasters in winter,

and the same "schoolma'ams" in summer. At the age of four years I trudged off a mile and a quarter to the district school-house, at the foot of a sandy hill, near the bank of the beautiful river, with fields to play in shaded by spreading pine-trees, with winter-green, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild cherries, and grapes in their season, all free to us. Trespass! we never knew the meaning of the word.

In the winter we had the deep snow to wallow through and play in, sliding down-hill on our sleds, and skating when the ice was not too deeply covered.

We had no professional teachers in those days for our common schools. Some bright, well-taught girl, who loved books better than spinning, taught our school in summer. In winter we generally had a student from the nearest college, who paid his fees and expenses by keeping school three months in the year, and graduated none the worse for his pedagogic experience. If a young man had the ambition to get a collegiate education, poverty was no obstacle, and only a slight inconvenience. He had only to teach school three or four months a year to get his degree and finish his course in law or medicine. In divinity there were foundations to help him. Hundreds of the most eminent men in America have educated themselves in this manner.

The character of our teachers gave us boys who wished to get on a better chance with our studies. The college-student teacher did not object to our learning Latin or Greek. To the ordinary English studies of the common schools many added natural

philosophy, chemistry, algebra, geometry, and surveying. After the regular branches we could add as many as we liked.

The expenses of the schools are raised partly by a direct tax, voted in each district, and partly from a general educational fund. In some States, especially the newer ones, where lands were reserved for the purpose, this fund is very large, and ample for all educational purposes. In New Hampshire the people taxed themselves generously, and to make the money raised in or coming to the district go as far as possible, the teacher was either put up at auction and boarded with the lowest bidder, or boarded round.

Every year, at town-meeting, the paupers of the town were sold at auction to those who would keep them cheapest, taking into account the work they were capable of doing. The pauper was a slave, sold for a year at a time, but sold yearly as long as he lived. The schoolmaster was treated in the same inglorious fashion. The cheaper he could be boarded, the longer the money would last, and the longer the school-term continue. A well-to-do farmer, with an abundance of food, and children who might have some extra assistance in their lessons, would be glad to board the master for a very trifling consideration. I have known one to be sumptuously entertained for less than three shillings a week.

But even this amount was often saved to the district by the master or mistress boarding round—taking turns of a week or two at the houses of his or her pupils. This gave a pleasing variety to the life of

the teacher, and enabled the people of the district to vie with each other in their hospitalities. I think that this was the most popular system. It gave all the young misses a fair chance at a possible admirer, and though the teacher might have long walks when boarding at the extremities of his district, he was treated everywhere with the attentions due to a transient and honoured guest. The best room in the house and the best fare that could be provided were ready for the schoolmaster.

The one perpetual incentive to hard study in our schools was ambition. Every boy knew that he might be the governor of the State, or a member of Congress. There was nothing to hinder him from being President; all he had to do was to learn. No position was beyond his reach if he chose to work for it. Franklin was a printer's boy; General Putnam was a farmer, and left his plough in the furrow to take command of the troops that were so gloriously beaten at Bunker Hill; Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, and Andrew Jackson a poor boy who worked his way up from the humblest position. What was Patrick Henry, whose eloquence thrilled us as we spouted his famous speech in the Virginia Assembly? A country tavern-keeper. Our history was full of men who had risen from the ranks, and what in other countries would be called the lowest ranks of life. We knew that where there was a will there was a way, and our teachers constantly stimulated us by the glittering prizes of wealth, honours, offices, and distinctions which were certainly within our reach.

This constant stimulation of hope, emulation, and ambition, produced its natural result of feverish effort and discontent. Few were content to live at home and cultivate the niggard soil of New Hampshire. If we wished to be farmers, there were the fertile bottom lands and broad prairies of the West. But we could be doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants; there were a hundred avenues to wealth and fame opening fair before us, if we only chose to learn our lessons. Of course we learnt them.

The education we got was solid enough in some respects, and very superficial in others. In arithmetic, geometry, surveying, mechanics, and such solid and practical matters, we were earnest students; but our geography was chiefly American, and the United States was larger than all the universe beside. In the same way our history was American history, brief but glorious. We despised monarchical countries and governments too thoroughly to care much about their histories; and if we studied them, it was that we might contrast their despotisms with our own free and happy institutions. We were taught every day and in every way that ours was the freest, the happiest, and soon to be the greatest and most powerful country in the world. This is the religious faith of every American. He learns it in his infancy, and he can never forget it. For all other countries he entertains sentiments varying from pity to hatred; they are the down-trodden despotisms of the old world. There is a certain admiration for France, and that respect for Russia which one great and growing power gives to

another. But a genuine American does not think much of Europe anyhow.

How should we? Great Britain was the most powerful country of Europe, and had we not beaten her twice? One of our great lakes would drown the whole United Kingdom. And what could we think of a people who submitted to be governed by a hereditary aristocracy,—who did not own the land they worked on, and were not allowed to vote,—who had not even guns, a great many of them?

Our education was adapted to intensify our self-esteem, and to make us believe that we were the most intelligent, the most enlightened, the freest, most Christian, and greatest people the sun ever shone upon. Ours was the model Government of the world; our institutions were the model institutions, our country the model Republic. I do not in the least exaggerate. We read it in our books and newspapers, heard it in sermons, speeches, and orations, thanked God for it in our prayers, and devoutly believed it always.

We thanked God, when we remembered to be thankful for anything, that we were not as other men, and especially that we were not like the ignorant down-trodden victims of European despotisms. It has sometimes appeared to me that American self-glorification in these matters is an intensification of a similar feeling which may be sometimes detected in English books, newspapers, and speeches, only that Americans habitually place themselves as far in advance of England as England considers herself in advance of all other nations.

Some influence—what, I never knew, or do not now remember—led the American people, commencing in New England about thirty years ago, to form lyceums, debating clubs, library associations, societies for mutual improvement. The fashion may have come across the ocean, and it spread over the whole country. Every town, every village had its literary society. In the larger towns handsome halls were built, and large libraries collected. The New York Mercantile Association has a fine building, a library of fifty thousand volumes, and a large reading-room and lecture-room. A thousand miles westward, in St. Louis, a similar society has a noble edifice, a splendid lecture-room that seats twelve hundred persons, a large library, and works of art. .

The mutual improvement and debating societies had their day. People tired of them, but courses of lectures in the winter became a national and pervading institution. Never, probably, had the lecturing system such a development; nowhere has the platform such a powerful influence.

Many circumstances contributed to favour the growth of this institution. In America, every town of five or six thousand people is likely to have five or six different religious societies, called churches. The distinction of church and chapel is unknown. Formerly, those who are called Dissenters in England, talked of their meeting-houses. Now, every place of worship, except those of the Friends, or Quakers, is called a church. A village of five thousand inhabitants may have an Episcopal church, belonging to the American

daughter of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic church, and Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches. All the so-called Evangelical denominations discourage public amusements; and the one resource of the people, in which they can all join, is the course of public lectures, which are therefore attended by old and young, and all who wish to be considered intelligent and respectable.

A literary society, or a committee raised for the purpose, makes the necessary arrangements. A public hall, or commonly one of the churches, is engaged. Tickets are issued for twelve lectures—one a week, during the winter. These season tickets are sold for, say, eight shillings for the twelve lectures, the price of single tickets being a shilling.

There is no distinction of prices or places, no *fauteuils*, no stalls, no reserved seats. "First come, first served." The one who comes earliest takes the best seat. The only exception to this is, that in many cases, either by regulation or custom, the front seats are reserved for ladies. They pay the same price, or often a less price, but, being ladies, they are entitled to the first and best place. This rule prevails on the steamboat, in the railroad-cars, at the theatres—everywhere. An American habitually yields his seat to a lady when only one can sit, and gives her the best seat when there is any preference.

Next to the sale of the tickets in importance is the engagement of the lecturers. There are in America two or three hundred who are ready to be engaged every winter—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors,

men of letters, scientific professors, philanthropists, reformers, politicians. Of course, some of these are more popular, more attractive, draw larger audiences, and command higher prices than others. There are stars in this profession as in every other. A political, or religious, or literary notoriety is always a star. Mr. Thackeray drew well. Mr. Dickens, in spite of his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, would attract crowded houses. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, are among the most attractive.

The ordinary price paid to a lecturer for his hour's discourse is ten guineas (fifty dollars), and his expenses. He may have to travel a thousand miles to give the lecture, but lecturers seldom make single engagements. They arrange with lecture-committees so as to fill up nearly every night for a month or more. The most attractive or popular lecturers command twenty, or even forty, pounds for a lecture, and can easily clear one or two thousand pounds during the season of three or four months. Mr. Beecher, who is one of the best as well as one of the most popular of public lecturers, has a salary of some twelve hundred pounds as a preacher, and probably receives twice as much as lecturer and writer. One must give him credit for great industry and powers of endurance.

The character of the lecturers and lectures depends, of course, upon that of the community. It is determined by the law of supply and demand. In literature, in preaching, and in lecturing, people get, not

what they need, but what they wish for. They exercise the right of private judgment, not only in religion, but in politics, literature, and philosophy, under the modifying influences of general opinion and the government of majorities. There are towns where a lecture-committee would not dare to invite Beecher or Phillips to lecture. There are others, where Frederic Douglas, a dark mulatto, and once a slave in Maryland, would be an acceptable speaker. Notoriety, of almost any kind, is a passport to favour. Bayard Taylor has travelled over a large part of the world, to no great profit, that I could ever see, either to himself or the readers of his travels; but the mere fact that he had been so far and seen so much made people eager to see him, and secured him as many engagements to lecture, at twenty pounds an evening, as he cared to fill. Let a man write a popular book or a popular serial in a widely-circulated newspaper, and the curiosity to see him makes him a good card for lecture-committees. A reflected notoriety has a certain value. Crowds flocked to see an old negress, palmed off by Barnum as the nurse of Washington. This reminds me that Barnum himself, from the mere fact that his name has been so much in the papers, and because he has dealt so successfully in humbug, is an attractive lecturer; and, to do him justice, he is rather a clever one. He was a preacher and editor before he became the great showman.

Besides the regular courses of lectures in hundreds of cities and villages, there are independent lecturers, who go from place to place, giving courses of lectures

on scientific or reformatory subjects. Some of these are employed by temperance or abolition societies. Some are spiritualists or speaking mediums, professing to give their discourses in a state of trance, or by direct influence or inspiration of departed spirits. These lecturers, or spirit-speakers, are of both sexes, and some of them speak with great fluency, and in verse as well as prose. There are also ladies who lecture upon Slavery, Woman's Rights, and other popular subjects.

Spurzheim, one of the founders of Phrenology, led the way for a host of Lecturers on that subject, which, ably expounded, with skilful public examinations of the heads of well-known persons, is an attractive theme. Sylvester Graham, an eloquent expounder of human physiology and the vegetarian system of dietetics, gave hundreds of lectures, and made thousands of converts; and many have followed in his footsteps, denouncing physical sins, and illustrating, more or less truly, the laws of health.

Many years ago, Robert Owen lectured in America on his System of Communism. He had a more eloquent and attractive advocate of his doctrines, social and religious, in Fanny Wright, who gave courses of lectures in all the principal cities of the Northern States. Then came the disciples of Charles Fourier, and set the excitable and novelty-loving Americans to building phylansteries, into which the crotchety, idle, and restless gathered, soon to come to grief. A scheme that required the best of human discipline, character, and ability, and conditions to succeed, if success was

possible, was very sure to fail when it only found the worst. How could one expect to build a new and improved social edifice out of the rejected or worst materials of the old?

Then came the lectures on Woman's Rights, Bloomerism, Free-love, and Heaven knows what of revolutionary doctrines, tending to abolish all distinctions of vice and virtue, and turn the world, already confused and chaotic enough, quite topsy-turvy.

CHAPTER VII.

OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

The New England Puritans.—Multifarious denominations.—Religious liberty. — Calvinism. — Church membership. — A camp-meeting.—Revivals.

THE religious character and institutions of the American people are deserving of consideration. The early settlers of the New England States were English Puritans, equally given to godliness and gain, and equally determined to have religious freedom for themselves and to deny it to all others. Escaped from persecution in England, they remorselessly persecuted all who differed from themselves. They hanged Quakers, and whipped heterodox women at the cart's tail from town to town through Massachusetts—the women carted from village to village, and stripped and whipped at each, to the delight of pious crowds and Puritan ministers. Episcopalians, or members of the Church of England, were banished, and Roman Catholics would certainly have been hung, had they ventured among them in search of that "freedom to worship God" which they so sturdily defended and fanatically denied.

While adopting the Bible as their code of laws: robbing and murdering the Indians on the plea that

the earth was the heritage of the saints; compelling men to go to meeting on Sundays under pain of fine and imprisonment; permitting none but Church members to vote for magistrates; driving Baptists out of the colony; hanging witches by dozens, according to the laws of Moses; enslaving the Indians, or importing negroes from Jamaica, and doing very much as their brethren were doing on the opposite side of the Atlantic—the Yankee colonists were laying the foundations of that group of free, prosperous, and happy Republics which Mr. Bright expects to spread over the Western hemisphere.

Of the settlers of New England—those grim Pilgrim Fathers—Mrs. Hemans sings:—

> "What sought they thus afar?
> Bright jewels of the mine?
> The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
> They sought a Faith's pure shrine.
>
> "Ay! call it holy ground—
> The spot where first they trod.
> They have left unstained what there they found—
> Freedom to worship God."

Really, I think they sought several things. They had a suitable regard to the "wealth of seas" in a productive and profitable cod-fishery. The "spoils of war" were vast and fertile provinces wrested from the Indian. "Freedom to worship God," was their own freedom, resolutely and savagely denied to Episcopalians, Baptists, Quakers, and Roman Catholics.

They were Calvinists of the sternest and most uncompromising sort. Of all gloomy, fanatical, and horrible creeds, this seems to me the worst. Men

revolt against it, and run into strange extremes; they become Universalists, Deists, Atheists—America is full of protestants against Calvinistic theology. Prove that Calvinism is the doctrine of the Bible, and they deny and denounce the Bible. Those who are less logical take one portion of the Scriptures to combat doctrines drawn from another.

The Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in matters of faith had little recognition in early New England theology. The man who did not worship at the Puritanical Church by law established, was sent to prison, and the man or woman who presumed to worship in some other fashion was whipped, or hanged, or, at the mildest, banished. But the right of private judgment, demanded by the reformers as against the Pope and Councils of the Church, came, after a time, to be claimed by the people against their own little popes and pulpits. Deism took the mild form of Unitarian Christianity, merging gradually into the Rationalism of Theodore Parker. The Unitarians became powerful enough to seize upon the oldest and best endowed of American colleges—Harvard College, of Cambridge.

This form of theology, Deism—under the name and with the forms of Christianity—has not had much success in America out of New England. There are two churches called Unitarian in the great city of New York, to fifty, perhaps, in Boston. In the South they are scarcely known. The reason I take to be this. It was respectable and fashionable in New England for people to go to some church—

to be members of some religious organization. There Infidels or Deists called themselves Unitarians, and kept up the forms of religious worship. But in New York and the more southern States, there is more of social freedom, and people make less pretences. The southern people, moreover, are of a more simple and religious character than the northern, and have adhered much more to what is called the orthodox theology. The great bulk of the southern people are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catholics. The great bulk of the northern people at this day are none of these. They are Rationalists and Spiritualists.

While the Puritans were governing New England in their own happy fashion, the Dutchmen planted their variety of Calvinism in New York, the Quakers and Lutherans settled in Pennsylvania, English and Irish Catholics made a colony, under the leadership of Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, Church of England Cavaliers founded the State of Virginia, and French Huguenots settled in South Carolina. Later, English Episcopalians settled in all the colonies, and especially in the large towns, where the Established Church flourished under the influence of the Royal governors and officers of the Crown, and became, as it remains to this day, the most aristocratic religious organization. The Scotch introduced Presbyterianism, which has become one of the most extended denominations; the Baptists have increased from the days of Roger Williams, and are probably the most numerous of the existing sects, but closely pushed by the Metho-

dists, planted by the preaching of Whitfield. The Roman Catholics of Maryland spread westward through Kentucky and Missouri; the purchase of Louisiana brought in a large Catholic population of French creoles, while the great immigration from Germany and Ireland has spread Roman Catholic churches, convents, and colleges over the country. Besides these, there soon sprang up Lutherans, Unitarians, Universalists, Shakers, Swedenborgians—so many sects, that religious liberty became a political necessity. No sect could command a majority when the others combined against it. It was necessary, therefore, to treat them all alike, and to sever them all from any connexion with the Government.

Finally, when the colonies became independent States, and the Federal Union was formed, the leading men of the period were of no religion. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and nearly all the ruling spirits of the American Revolution, were Free-thinkers in religion as well as in politics, and there were among them more disciples of Voltaire and Rousseau than of Luther and Calvin. Congress is prohibited by the Constitution of the United States from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. There is nothing in the Constitution or laws to prevent a Mormon being elected President, and there are Mormon delegates in Congress. The American Constitutions generally ignore religion, or provide for its entire freedom. All denominations are supported upon the voluntary principle. Still, there is a not

altogether consistent recognition of religion in the appointment of chaplains in the army and navy, and in the Houses of Congress and the State Legislatures, whose daily sessions are regularly opened with prayer. But these chaplains may be of any religious faith that the members may choose. In the army and navy, most of the chaplains are of the American branch of the Church of England. In Congress and the State Legislatures, as it may happen. Any popular minister, who has influential friends among the members, may be elected. Sometimes the several clergymen of the town officiate in turn, and the prayers are made successively by Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, and so on. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky—Henry Clay—not his patriotic namesake Cassius Marcellus—once got a clerical friend of his elected Chaplain to the House of Representatives at Washington by telling the members he had a fellow who would preach them all to h—ll and back again in fifteen minutes. As they could not expect to find a faster preacher, he was elected.

In my boyhood, New Hampshire was Puritan, or Congregational, with some Scotch Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. In a few of the large towns there were Episcopal Churches, but few or no Roman Catholics. Calvinism of a very blue order was the prevailing type, but not without a strong universalist and infidel reaction. The Calvinistic Congregationalists were called the orthodox, and had the best, educated ministers, from Yale College or Andover. The Methodists were ardent, but illiterate,

and adapted to the rough and exciting work of camp meetings, and the wilder country districts. The Baptists ranked between the two extremes. The Puritanic lines were drawn so close that they broke and let a great many out of the fold. So many pleasant things were denounced as sinful that many people felt that "Jordan was a hard road to travel." The community was divided into professors of religion and non professors. The professors were communicants of some orthodox or evangelical Church. All the rest, however moral their lives or regular their attendance upon religious services, were considered unconverted. Here was plenty of ground for spiritual pride, and some, it is to be feared, for hypocrisy.

In the estimation of the pious, most of the pleasures, amusements, and recreations of life were sinful. It was a sin to dance, or even to play a dancing tune, but right enough to play marches. A quick step would pass muster, but not a hornpipe or jig. It was wicked to play at cards, even where there was no gaming; but one might have a game of drafts or fox and geese, but not billiards or nine-pins. In my childhood everybody drank rum or brandy and cider; ale or beer was but little known. But drunkenness becoming common, the temperance reform sprang up, and was carried out so unsparingly that spirits were banished, the apple orchards cut down to prevent the making of cider, "Maine Laws" were finally passed, and drinking any intoxicating beverage, ever so temperately, was thought a sin of such a magnitude as to justify excommunication. Sunday was kept in the

fashion of the Scottish Presbyterians. No travelling was allowed. Attempts were made to stop the Government mails on Sunday. No music but church music, no recreations of any kind. All was solemn and drear. Laughter was considered irreverent. There was a ban upon everything like mirth, pleasure, festivity on all days, but especially on Sunday. Life was too earnest and solemn a thing, and eternity too terrible, according to the Calvinistic theology, to allow of jollity, or any but the most serious happiness. All this was softened among the Methodists, and still more among Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists, and Catholics. These, and the more independent of the unconverted or non-professors, indulged in dancing and other profane amusements. I have not mentioned the theatres, for there were none nearer than Boston, more than a hundred miles away, but the stage was held in holy horror. Yet pious people, who would have thought it sinful to go to the theatre to see a play of Shakespeare, would crowd the circus, just as I saw, some years later, Puritanical people flocking to Niblo's to see vaudevilles and the ballet, because the theatre was called a garden. Even clergymen went, with pious ladies, to see the most objectionable performances of the modern stage, so long as the place where they were given was not called a theatre.

In the European Churches, Greek, Lutheran, Roman, or English, children, baptized in infancy, are afterwards confirmed, considered members of the church, and receive its sacraments. In America, among what are called the Evangelical denominations,

there must be, at some period, what is called a conversion, getting religion, a change of heart, followed by a public relation of religious experience, a profession of faith, and formal reception into the church. The non-professor becomes a professor, and a church member. But this change is commonly the result of periodical and epidemic religious excitements, termed revivals. These sometimes appear to come spontaneously, or, as supposed, by the special outpouring of the Divine Spirit, but they are more often induced by peculiarly earnest and excited preaching, camp meetings, protracted meetings, and systematic efforts to excite the community to religious feeling. Certain energetic and magnetic preachers are called revival preachers, and are engaged to preach day and night in one place until there is a revival, and then go to another. Some of these receive considerable sums for their services, and cause revivals wherever they appear.

The camp meetings are mostly held by the Methodists. They gather from a wide district, with tents, provisions, and cooking utensils; form a regular camp in some picturesque forest, by some lake or running stream; a preacher's stand is erected, seats are made of plank, straw laid in a space railed off in front of the preachers for those who are struck with conviction or who wish to be prayed for to kneel upon, and then operations commence.

Ten or twelve preachers have collected, under the leadership of some old presiding elder or bishop, who directs the proceedings.. Early in the morning, the blowing of a horn wakes the camp to prayers, singing,

and a bountiful breakfast: then the day's work begins. The people flock in from the surrounding country. Sonorous hymns, often set to popular song-tunes, are sung by the whole congregation, pealing through the forest aisles. Sermon follows sermon, preached with the lungs of Stentors and the fervour of an earnest zeal. Prayer follows prayer. The people shout, "Amen!" "Bless the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Glory! Hallelujah!" They clap their hands, and shout with the excitement. Nervous and hysterical women are struck down senseless, and roll upon the ground. "Mourners" crowd to the anxious seats, to be prayed for. There is groaning, weeping, shouting, praying, singing. Some are converted, and make the woods ring with joyful shouts of "Glory," and these exhort others to come and get religion. After three or four hours of this exciting and exhausting work, a benediction is given, and all hands go to work to get dinner. Fires are burning behind each tent, great pots are smoking with savoury food, and, while spiritual affairs are the main business, the physical interests are not neglected. After dinner comes a brief season of gossip and repose. Then there are prayer-meetings in the different tents, and the scenes of the morning are repeated at the same time in a dozen or twenty places, and the visitor who takes a place in the centre of the camp may hear exhortations, prayers, and singing going on all together and on every side, while at times half a dozen will be praying and exhorting at once in a single group, making "confusion worse confounded." More are converted and the shouts increase.

Then the horn blows again, and all gather before the preacher's stand, where the scenes of the morning are repeated with increased fervour and effect. A dozen persons may be taken with "the power"—of the Holy Ghost as believed—falling into a state resembling catalepsy. More and more are brought into the sphere of the excitement. It is very difficult for the calmest and most reasonable person to avoid its influence.

At night, after an interval for supper, the camp is lighted up by lanterns upon the trees and blazing fires of pine-knots. The scene is now wild and beautiful. The lights shine in the tents and gleam in the forest; the rude but melodious Methodist hymns ring through the woods; the ground is glittering with the phosphoric gleam of certain roots which trampling feet have denuded of their bark; the moon shines in the blue vault above the tree tops, and the melancholy scream of the loon, a large waterfowl, comes across the lake on the sighing breeze of night. In this wild and solemn night-scene, the voice of the preacher has a double power, and the harvest of converts is increased. A procession is formed of men and women, who march round the camp singing an invitation to the unconverted. They march and sing—

"Sinners, will you scorn the Saviour?
Will you drive Him from your arms?
Once He died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms."

Or they fill the dim primeval forest with that tumultuous chorus—

"I am bound for the Kingdom!
Will you go to Glory with me?
O Hallelujah! O Halle-hallelujah!
I am bound for the Kingdom!
Will you go to Glory with me?
O Hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord!"

The recruits fall in—the procession increases. When all are gathered up who can be induced to come, they bring them to the anxious-seats, where they are exhorted and prayed for, with tears, groans, and shouting, and cries of "Glory!"

Then there are prayer meetings in the tents again, with the accumulated excitement of the whole day and evening. At ten o'clock the long, wild note of the horn is heard from the preacher's stand: the night watch is set. Each tent is divided into two compartments, one for men, the other for women; straw is littered down, and all lie down in close rows upon the ground to sleep, and silence reigns in the camp, broken only by the mournful note of the water-fowl and the neighing of horses, fastened, with their forage, under the trees. These meetings last a week or longer.

In the protracted meetings of other denominations, and revivals accompanied by daily religious services held in the meeting-houses, the same phenomena, but of a milder type, are exhibited. The phenomena of trances, or the power, are less frequent. A revival begins with an increased seriousness; then there are one or two cases of hopeful conversion; from them it spreads to others. It is, in effect, whatever may be the cause, a spiritual epidemic, appearing with known

or unknown exciting causes, spreading, reaching its height, and then subsiding and passing away. It is sometimes of a mild character, affecting only a few of the most susceptible; at others there is an excitement that seems to swallow up every one within its reach, and nearly every person yields, for the time at least, to its influence.

In a village where there are several churches of different denominations, a mild revival may be confined to one; but a powerful one takes in all. Sometimes the ministers work together, making as many converts as they can, and dividing them afterwards. After conversion comes instruction in doctrines; and each sect gathers what it can of the common crop. Some are sprinkled by the Presbyterians, some dipped by the Baptists. The Methodists are obliging enough to use either method, at the choice of the recipient. Most are gathered into some Church, where they can be watched over and kept in the right way. They are committed before the whole community. With the Calvinists they are hopefully reckoned among the elect: with the Methodists they are under watch and care.

In spite of all this, there are many backsliders. A few are converted again. Among the Methodists, who believe in falling from grace and in being brought back again, there are numerous re-awakenings—every camp-meeting gives the hard cases a new start: but among the Calvinists a man who falls, after an apparent conversion, is liable to be excommunicated as a reprobate, and driven into the world, or among Uni-

tarians or Universalists, who have no special faith in the phenomena of conversion.

It must be admitted that many of those who are converted in these revivals lead, ever after, sober, consistent, Christian lives, and give good evidence that there was a real change in their feelings and conduct, and one of a permanent character. It may also be remarked that they had been educated to believe in such a change, and to expect it at some time; and that, having become "professors," they naturally wished to live up to their professions.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN MORALS.

Morals and religion.—Lack of temptation.—Drunkenness.—The temperance reform. — Teetotalism. — The Maine Law. — Breaches of trust and defalcations.—Failures and repudiations. —The social evil.—Infanticide.

WHY is it convenient to treat of religion and morals in separate chapters? Because the separation exists. I may be sorry that it is so, but I cannot make it otherwise. A strong religious faith and an earnest zeal are not sure guarantees against dishonesty. There is a Yankee anecdote—possibly it is an English one—which runs something in this way: "John!" calls the shop-keeper to his assistant; "have you watered the rum?". "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Have you wet the cod-fish and tobacco?" "Yes, sir." "Then come to prayers!"

I am not, I hope, an irreligious man. I am not an infidel; but it is a sad truth that while some of the most reliable, honest, honourable, and benevolent men I have ever known had no belief in God or immortality, some of the greatest knaves have been "professors of religion" and "members of the Church." The reason may be that some men are naturally good

—that is, kind and honest; while those who are naturally bad, when it is for their interest, add hypocrisy to their other vices.

The New England people whom I knew were generally religious, but they made hard bargains. To cheat in swapping horses, or in trade generally, was considered a kind of game, not prohibited, at which the winner was merely a cute fellow. Barnum's autobiography was no severe shock to the conscience of New England; and Barnum himself is only a rather strong specimen of a speculating Yankee.

But it is also true that theft is so rare that I can scarcely remember an instance in my early knowledge. The axe was left in the log, and other tools about. Granaries were unlocked, and not a house for miles would ever be fastened at night. Orchards of fruit were safe; and if melon patches in the neighbourhood of some college or academy were liable to robbery, it was because the boys had established a custom of indulging in this kind of plunder, and considered it a sort of practical joke. The rule about orchards was that every one had a right to all the fruit they could eat or carry away in their pockets; and I considered it a very good joke, when a boy of seven or eight years, to tie strings round the bottoms of my trousers, and, by means of a hole in the pocket, fill them full of apples, and then, with a big hat full, waddle off in sight of the owner, who only laughed at the manner in which I had extended the permission.

There was, in fact, no temptation to steal, for every one had, or might easily have, plenty. The common

price of potatoes was sixpence a bushel. Other articles were in proportion. It was very difficult to find an object of charity, or to give away provisions. I remember a family debate on the subject when we had a spare turkey one Thanksgiving day. The question was whom we could send it to, who was not provided, or who would not be likely to feel hurt at the offer. The result was, that in a district of two or three miles' distance not a family could be thought of to whom it would do to send it, and we were compelled to eat it ourselves.

The greatest vice I knew was drunkenness. The hospitality of the people induced them to offer every neighbour who called in something to drink. The rum-bottle stood upon the sideboard, and rows of cider-barrels were always on tap in the cellar. Whoever called, if only the next neighbour to borrow a hoe or a shovel, was offered a bowl of apples and a mug of cider, if not something stronger.

Then liquors were very cheap. There were duties on foreign wines and spirits, but no excise on those of native growth. Cider was free as water. As I have no remembrance of any being sold, except the new cider, at trainings or town meetings, at a halfpenny a glass, I cannot tell the price; but the ordinary spirits, New England rum, whisky, and cider-brandy, cost from sixpence to a shilling a gallon. Every farmer who chose to do so could erect a still, and convert his potatoes, corn, rye, cider or peaches into spirits for his own use, or to sell to his neighbours.

While the means of intoxication were so abundant,

the gregarious and social habits of the people tended to foster drunkenness. Everybody asked everybody to drink. To drink alone was unsocial and a kind of meanness. The man who went up to a bar to buy a drink, asked his acquaintance to drink with him: often he invited all present, whether he knew them or not, if he wished to be considered a good fellow, to be popular, or to run for an office.

The cheapness of the liquors prevented them from being measured. A decanter and tumbler were set before the customer, and he poured out a glass, a gill, or half a pint, if the tumbler held as much. Davy Crockett said General Jackson was the politest man he ever saw, because, when he asked him to drink he made some excuse to turn away, so as not to see how much he took.

Treating, drinking in company and in crowds, and this free dealing with cheap liquors, led great numbers of people into habits of drunkenness, many of them men of the highest ability and promise. There were drunken lawyers, drunken doctors, drunken members of Congress, drunken ministers, drunkards of all classes—if one may classify a people who claim to be "free and equal." A reaction came; the good and pious were alarmed, and the temperance movement began. A drunkard of our own neighbourhood, a man of education and property, whom I had often seen staggering along the streets, one night staggered into the river. My father went to his funeral, and from that day all liquors were banished from his dwelling. He became a teetotaller, and remained one

to the end of his days. A drunken lawyer of the name of Kittridge became a prominent reformer. When people, in order to be temperate, refused to drink even a glass of cider, the farmers cut down their great, beautiful orchards, and ploughed them up for corn-fields. They would not taste a drop of the purest or lightest wine, forgetful of the fact that where wine is most plentiful drunkenness is scarcely known; they even went in some cases to the extent of banishing wine from the religious ordinance of the Lord's Supper, making use of some unfermented substitute, as if they were too holy to drink what our Lord and his Apostles drank, and what He even performed a miracle to supply at the wedding-feast of Gallilee.

Total abstinence became a fanaticism, and when moral suasion failed to make it universal, the teetotallers procured the passage of the Maine Law, which failed of its intended effect because it went utterly beyond the bounds of constitutional legislation. It not only failed to answer the end proposed—it undoubtedly increased the evil of drinking and drunkenness. When the retailing of liquor was prohibited, men bought by wholesale; the express companies were loaded down with orders for kegs of liquor brought from other States. A thousand devices of smuggling were resorted to; people had no respect for a law which they looked upon as an unconstitutional violation of personal rights. They openly defied or secretly nullified it. In a few months it became a huge joke and a dead letter. The temperance reform, by moral suasion, did great good everywhere,

and especially in the small villages and rural districts. The Maine Law increased the consumption of liquor and hurt the cause of temperance.

I shall have occasion in a later chapter to say something of the immorality and corruption which has gradually found its way into American politics; but this has not come alone. It was preceded, perhaps, and certainly aided, by a laxity in what may be called financial morality. In my boyhood, I believe that dishonesty in places of trust was very rare. For many years it has been very common; the store-keepers—traders—of large towns found checks so ineffectual that they calculated on a certain percentage of losses from the dishonesty of their assistants, and discharged them only when they found them too extravagant. The omnibus-drivers were expected to "knock down" a certain proportion of the receipts, and could not be watched closely enough to prevent it. The railroad conductors, who formerly collected fare of the passengers who neglected to buy tickets, grew rich on the money they could not be made to account for, until the companies were forced to make the purchase of tickets at the offices compulsory on every passenger. A place under Government was said to be worth a certain amount, including "pickings and stealings." The Government was plundered remorselessly in contracts, in smuggling, in every possible way. There was a loose idea that a man was only taking his own, or taking money out of one pocket to put it in the other. Cases of conscience, in which men returned money of which they had defrauded the revenue, were

very rare. Peculations were very common; sometimes there were immense defalcations, as that of Sam. Swartwout, the collector of New York, who robbed the Government of millions. I saw him one day at a hotel dinner-table, after his removal. There was no law to punish him, but a very stringent one was passed by Congress afterwards. It is not five years since the post-master of New York, a leading politician and lawyer, was a defaulter to a large amount. His friends helped him away to Cuba, and he went to Mexico, where he found employment as financier of a mining company. He was "a good fellow," and more pitied than blamed.

It has been said that ninety per cent. of American merchants fail. A boundless credit system, active competition, and the frequent occurrence of financial crises, are sufficient causes for commercial failures; but dishonest bankruptcies—bankruptcies deliberately planned to make money, are far too common. True, Americans are sanguine, and hope to succeed in the wildest speculations; but if they do not, they have little scruple about repudiation. A man cares little for being ruined, and as little about ruining others. True, ruin there is not like ruin in older countries. Where a man can fail a dozen times, and still go ahead and get credit again, ruin does not amount to much.

Englishmen wonder at the apathy displayed by the people of the Northern States, while the Federal Government, by its extravagant expenditures, and by playing into the hands of rapacious and swindling

contractors, is piling up an immense weight of debt; but it is not at all clear to me that the people ever expect to pay this indebtedness. It is a common opinion that in some way it will be repudiated or got rid of. Hitherto there has been very little of actual repudiation by State Governments. Michigan and Mississippi declared certain bonds, of no very large amount, fraudulent or unconstitutional. Pennsylvania brought upon herself the ire of the witty Dean of St. Paul's by neglecting for a time to provide for the regular payment of interest, which has since been paid. Whether the Federal Government will have the power to meet its engagements with the holders of its promises to pay, depends upon its power to maintain itself, and to tax thirty millions of people who have scarcely known, hitherto, the meaning of the word taxation. If they knew more they would fear more.

In regard to morality of another character at an early period, I can give only a good report. There was the greatest possible freedom in the social intercourse of young people; absolutely no espionage and no restraint. Manners were as free in America as in Scotland or Wales, without the bad consequences which sometimes result from such freedom. A young woman needed no protector, chaperon, or duenna; she could walk or ride with a gentleman, travel alone, keep whatever company she pleased, and was the guardian of her own honour. The instances of an abuse of this freedom were so exceedingly rare that I can scarcely recall one to memory. I believe the

number of illegitimate children born in New England at that period to have been as small as in any country in the world.

In later years, and in the larger towns, the "social evil" has had a large development. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston may not equal London, Liverpool, and Dublin in this respect. I think they do not; still the number of the victims of civilization of this kind is very large. The floating populations of American cities are larger than those of Europe. In New York are congregated many thousands of sailors, emigrants, travellers from all parts of the world, and merchants or traders from the interior within an area of more than a thousand miles. Such a congregation of men makes a demand which, as usual, does not fail of a corresponding supply. America, in her laws and municipal institutions has copied England, and great vices are tolerated without being regulated. On the Continent, Governments, I think wisely, regulate and moderate what they cannot wholly prevent or suppress.

In England and America it appears to be held that to regulate anything, or place it under the direction of the police, is to sanction and encourage it. I do not so view it. A Government should do the best it can under the circumstances, and ameliorate what the experience of thirty centuries has shown it cannot cure. The occasional and spasmodic efforts made by the police of American cities to suppress certain vices common to all large towns in all civilized countries, have had no beneficial effect. The system pursued

on the Continent would give to both English and American towns at least a greater external decency.

America has also followed the English fashion of denouncing foundling hospitals, on the supposition that they encourage vice, while the lack of them produces an amount of infanticide utterly disgraceful and hideous to contemplate. It is my solemn belief that the establishment of a foundling hospital, or the restoration of perverted foundations once piously made for such hospitals, would not only be a work of Christian charity, but would diminish murder to a far greater extent than it would increase licentiousness. Infanticide is less common in America than in England. Procuring abortions by the use of drugs, or by mechanical means, is probably more frequent in America. In New York, from the want of a foundling asylum, infants are exposed in the street, found by policemen, and taken to the station-houses. They are then sent to the nurseries on an island in the East River, are well cared for, and educated until old enough to bind out as apprentices. This is one of the city institutions exhibited to strangers by the municipal authorities of New York with a justifiable pride. This institution answers, in an imperfect way, the purposes of a foundling hospital; but it may be doubted if the children are any the better for having been exposed on door-steps, or in ash-barrels, and picked up by policemen, rather than taken comfortably to the gate of an asylum prepared to receive them.

If I were put in the witness-box, and obliged to give my opinion as an expert (ordinary witnesses being only required to give evidence) on the morals of America compared with those of other nations, I should say that they were less strict than the English in respect to money and trusts; while there were less of the ordinary crimes against property. There is less poverty, and less of the vices of poverty. Intemperance is more common than in the southern countries of Europe, and less so than in the northern; while virtue—in the sense in which it is applied to women—exists in a higher degree than in most civilized countries. The stranger who becomes really acquainted with the American people will see much in their private character to disapprove and regret, but still more, I hope, to approve, admire, and love.

CHAPTER IX.

BOSTON, AND A MOB I SAW THERE.

City sights.—Wharves and shipping.—Honest customs.—Boston society.—A merchant's story.—George Thompson and William Lloyd Garrison.—Opposition to abolition.—A mob in broadcloth.—The peril and the rescue.

THE first city (as we call our large towns in America) I ever saw, was Boston. It had then a population of some 60,000 inhabitants. It was the commercial capital of New England; the political capital of its most important State, Massachusetts. I was nine years old, and everything was wonderful. It was the birth-place of my mother, the residence of my uncles; full of riches and splendour. There was the great domed State-house, up to the cupola of which I climbed alone before we had been an hour in town, and took my first view of the sea and shipping. What an outlook was that to a little boy, who had only read of them! Then my father led me down to the wharves, and pointed out the ships and flags of different countries across the sea; he took a boat, and rowed down the harbour, and close beside a great black man-of-war. We walked reverently around Fanueil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," which once rang with the speeches and cheers of congregated

rebels. There were the portraits of George Washington, and of John Hancock, the gentleman whose handwriting I so greatly admired, as it appears in the first bold signature to the Declaration of Independence; and we saw also the battle-ground of Bunker-hill, and the grass-grown marks of the redoubts upon the heights of Dorchester, by the occupation of which General Washington compelled the British army to evacuate Boston; and their ships sullenly sailed out of the noble harbour, glittering there in the summer sunshine, carrying with them hundreds of Tory families, who left all they knew and loved behind, and went to settle in bleak Nova Scotia. The generous Government of George III. did what it could—paying millions in recompence of the losses incurred by their loyalty.

There were curious things to me about the Boston of those days. Miles away there was the smell of the salt water; nearer, there was the pungent odour of bituminous coal imported from Liverpool. Wood was yet the common fuel, for there were vast forests unconsumed. All Maine almost was a forest, and hundreds of small vessels brought the wood down her bays and rivers, and to the Boston market. There was anthracite smokeless coal in Pennsylvania, but it had not yet come much into use. The coal from Liverpool was brought as ballast.

It is hard to tell whether the windows of the book and print-sellers, and the stands of second-hand books, were more attractive to me than the long ranges of molasses casks, with their bungs out, on Central

Wharf, by the West India traders. Every boy who came along had the unquestioned privilege of putting his pine-stick into the bunghole of these casks, and licking off the molasses or treacle and sugar that adhered to it. Some was thin, sour, and fermenting; some thick, sweet, and, to the unsophisticated taste of childhood, delicious. It was easy to tell the best casks; they were covered with the drippings of our predecessors. The juveniles heeded not the stories of negroes' toes, said to be sometimes barrelled up by accident in Jamaica, or even young negroes entire, who had the misfortune to fall into the vats, and were found woolly and grim when all the molasses had been drawn off and sold to sweeten our beloved pumpkin-pies and gingerbread. Taste was stronger than imagination, and we licked the molasses and smeared our clothes and faces.

The people of Boston, so far as I could see, were as honest in those days as the residents of the rural districts. When I wandered out in the early morning, losing no time to see as much as possible of the town before our brief visit was over, I saw on almost every door-sill loaves of bread, vessels of milk, and the morning papers. Bakers, milkmen, and newsmen left their treasures on the door-step. There was smoking brown bread of rye and Indian corn, hot rolls, and loaves of wheaten bread waiting for the dilatory housemaids.

How long, I wonder, would piles of bread and newspapers lie upon London street-door steps in the early morning, over all its quiet streets? There

were no policemen then in Boston that I ever heard of. Two or three constables kept order in a town of sixty thousand people. There were watchmen, for I heard them in the night crying the hours: "Twelve o'clock, and a cloudy night; all's well!" And they shouted "Fire!" and sprung their terrible rattles sometimes; and the volunteer fire-engine companies, with torches, speaking-trumpet bellowings, and shoutings of "Fire!" thundered over the cobble-stone pavements. I went up through the skylight upon the flat roof of the house, and saw the smoke and flame, and heard the roar, with the clamour of fifty bells all ringing their alarum, and torch-lit engines dashing in from distant suburbs.

Boston is the city of America that Englishmen like most, because it is, they say, most like England. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and its people cold, shy, stiff, and exclusive, but genial enough at home, and very likeable when the ice is broken and you get acquainted with them. It is for the same reasons, probably, that Boston is the city which Americans out of New England love the least.

No Northern city of anything like its size has so solid, and what may be called aristocratic, a population as Boston. There are richer people in New York; there are people who live in more splendour of display; there are also old Knickerbocker families of mingled Dutch and English descent, who would be noble if there were a hereditary nobility; but there are not so many rich, old, and thoroughly respectable families, in proportion to the population, as in Boston.

Their fine old mansions cover Beacon Hill, cluster around the Common, or fill the beautiful suburbs across the water and all around the peninsular city and harbour.

I remember a story told me by a Boston merchant in my boyhood. His son and I were schoolmates in an academy in the country, and I went to pay him a visit when I went to town. His father was a very handsome man; he had elegant manners, and a prosperous business had made him rich. This was his story:—

"I was born in a little country town in Massachusetts," he said, "and my father, who was a poor farmer with a large family, used to come to Boston to market. One day, when I was twelve years old, I came with him, hoping to find some work to do, to earn my living. We got in early in the morning, by driving nearly all night; and while we were in the street, waiting for somebody to buy our load, I took a newspaper off a door-step and began to read it. Almost the first thing I saw was an advertisement of 'Boy wanted.' When father had sold his load we went to look for the place. It was a large house, on a handsome street, belonging to a merchant; and the boy was wanted to work in the kitchen, help the cook, clean knives, black boots, and wait at table. The work seemed easy enough, and the pay good, so I stayed. The merchant was pleased with me, and after awhile took me into the store to do errands and such light work. Then I became a clerk, then a partner. The merchant's daughter was as partial to

me as her father always had been, and I got married; and here I am—and all from looking into a newspaper one frosty morning in the streets of Boston!"

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands of men in America who could tell similar stories. And such men, as a rule, fill worthily the positions to which they rise. They have no rusticity of manners, no peculiarity of speech to mark their origin. Their poverty was an accident, and they befit wealth as if they were born to it.

Baltimore has been called the City of Mobs. I never chanced to see one in that beautiful city of "my Maryland," but I once "assisted" at a mob in Boston, of a somewhat remarkable character.

It was, I think, in 1834. George Thompson had been sent to America to preach Abolition. He had given lectures in and around Boston, and the newspapers of the South were beginning to protest against an agitation which was increased by the addresses of this emissary of a foreign society. The merchants of Boston were aroused to the dangers which might arise from such an agitation, and which it was then believed by many would eventually produce a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Garrison, who published the *Liberator* in an office in the lower end of Washington-street, did not care much for that. He said, in his mild way, that "the Constitution was an agreement with Death, and a covenant with Hell," and that all slave-holders were thieves, robbers, murderers, and many other disreputable things, too numerous to mention. He wished to

abolish slavery; and failing that, to turn the Southern States out of the Union.

The merchants of Boston, whose fathers had, like the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol, made fortunes by the slave-trade—the merchants who were then making fortunes by Southern trade and the manufactures of cotton, in which they were beginning to embark—were opposed to the agitation. They were indignant that the English, who had planted slavery in America; who had forced negroes on the colonies in spite of their protests against them; who had fostered and extended slavery since the War of Independence, by becoming the greatest consumer of the products of slave-labour in the world—that these English, who had been partners with the South in the profits of slavery, should send emissaries to stir up sectional strife, perhaps civil war, between the States of the Union.

At that day, Abolitionists in Boston and in New England were few and far between. Garrison's most earnest supporters were a few women—Mrs. Child, Mrs. Chapman, and others—good pious souls, who formed a female Anti-Slavery Society, and held prayer-meetings for the slave.

The merchants and bankers of Boston, assembled on 'Change in State-street, got into a great excitement one day about Mr. George Thompson—since M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, agent for various Indian princes, temperance orator, &c.,—and believing him to be at the office of Garrison's *Liberator*, they gathered tumultuously, and came round from State-street into

Washington-street, determined to put a stop to the eloquence of the English Abolitionist.

I do not remember how it happened, but I was in the editorial office of Mr. Garrison when the crowd began to gather in the street below. It was a wonderful spectacle. There were hundreds—then thousands. It was a mob of people dressed in black broadcloth; a mob of gentlemen—capitalists, merchants, bankers; a mob of the Stock Exchange, and of the first people of Boston, which then, as now, considered itself as the nicest of cities, and intellectually the "hub of the universe."

I looked down upon this mob from the front window of the second floor, while the street became black with a dense crowd of people, shouting, "Thompson! Thompson!" and very evidently intending mischief to that gentleman had they found him. Mr. Garrison was writing at his desk. He was very calm about it; he had been in a state of chronic martyrdom for several years, and did not seem to mind a slight exacerbation. He came to the window, however, poked his shining bald head out for a moment, and looked down on the howling mob below; and then advised me not to expose myself to observation, as the crowd at that distance might mistake me for the object of their search.

It happened that some of the ladies I have mentioned were holding a meeting in a room of the building that afternoon. They were interrupted and ordered out. They passed through the crowd, which

opened for them. There were some jeers and scoffs, but no personal molestation.

Meantime the authorities began to bestir themselves. The city marshal made a speech, begging his fellow citizens to quietly disperse, and not disgrace their great and noble city. They informed him, with such politeness as a mob usually exercises, that the man they wished to see was George Thompson. He told them he would ascertain if he was in the building. The official went to Mr. Garrison, who assured him that Mr. Thompson was not in town; he had fortunately left in the morning to visit a friend in the country. The officer reported to the mob, and was answered by a howl of disappointed rage, and then a cry for Garrison! The whole fury of the crowd—of all Boston there concentrated and represented—seemed in one instant to turn upon the editor of the *Liberator*. Had they all been constant readers of his paper, they could not have been more violent.

The marshal interposed in vain. A more powerful municipal officer now made his appearance—the mayor. He was a Boston merchant—a merchant prince. How well I remember his tall, handsome form, his noble features, his silvery voice, and graceful elocution. I have always thought him a man of men. True, he did not read the Riot Act; he did not bring up the police—there were none to bring. The watchmen were at home asleep, and the constables were serving writs on unwilling debtors. He did not order out the military. There was no time to call

out the militia, and I have a strong suspicion that the flower of them were on the spot and foremost in the mischief.

The eloquence of the mayor, Theodore Lyman, jun., was of no avail. At best he only gained a little time. At every pause in his speech the cry rose louder and fiercer for Garrison. The mob would have searched the building, or torn it down, had not the mayor given his pledge, that if Garrison was in it he should be forthcoming; but he had the moment before sent the marshal to get him out by a back-way, and, if possible, secure his escape; and when Garrison had unwillingly consented to escape the threatened martyrdom, the mayor announced that he was not in the building.

There was a howl of rage; but, a moment after, it became a yell of triumph. Garrison had been seen to go from the building into a narrow lane behind it. Pursued, he took refuge in a carpenter's shop, only to be dragged out and carried into the midst of the mob, where it seemed for a moment that he would be torn in pieces. I saw him, his hat off, his bald head shining, his scanty locks flying, his face very pale, his clothes torn and dusty, and a rope round his neck.

"To the Common!" shouted the mob; "to the Common!" The first thought of the whole vast crowd—all maddened as one man is mad—was to drag the poor man to Boston Common—a beautiful park in front of the State House—there to hang him upon the great elm, the "Tree of Liberty," on which

Quakers had been hanged in the early Puritan days, and under which Tories had been tarred and feathered before the Revolution—to hang him upon the sacred tree, or at least give him the traditional coat of tar and feathers. So the whole mob, as by common impulse, moved toward the Common.

But to get there they had to pass by the City Hall, in which was the mayor's office, at the head of State-street. At the moment Garrison was brought opposite that point, the mayor, with a dozen or so of strong fellows to back him, dashed into the crowd, opened it like a wedge, striking right and left, gallantly seized Garrison, and carried him triumphantly into the mayor's office. The mob surged round the building with cries of rage. The mayor came out upon a balcony, looking nobler and handsomer than ever after his exploit, and told his respected fellow-citizens, when they demanded Garrison, that he would shed the last drop of his blood before a hair of his head should be injured: not that he cared for him or his cause—they knew well that he sympathized with neither—but for the honour of Boston, and the office he held. Then two coaches drove up to the doors of the building. The crowd was divided. A cry was raised to draw the crowd on one side, while Garrison was taken out the other, shoved into the carriage, and a strong coachman lashed his horses into the crowd. They seized the wheels to turn it over; but as they seized both sides at a time they only lifted it from the ground. They took out knives to cut the traces. The driver, who was in the pay of the mayor, felled them with

the loaded handle of his whip. The spirited horses dashed forward, the mob opened, and then ran howling after it. It was too fast for them. Up Court-street, down Leverett-street. Ponderous gates swung open—the carriage dashed in. The gates closed with a bang, and Garrison was safe—in Leverett-street jail, where he could only hear the howling of the pack of human wolves that had pursued him.

Very early next morning, to prevent another and a more dangerous riot, he was sent out of Boston, to a place of concealment and safety.

This was Boston less than thirty years ago—Boston, where Phillips has lectured and Parker preached, and which sends Charles Sumner a senator to Washington—Sumner, whose father was sheriff and governor of the prison, that was at that day the only safe place in Boston for William Lloyd Garrison.

And the men who twenty-five years ago were ready to lynch Thompson and hang Garrison, as abolition agitators and fanatics, are now urging on a war of extermination against the South.

CHAPTER X.

LOWELL.

"The Manchester of America."—Factory girls.—Petticoat government.—Visit of General Jackson.—A Yankee family.—Massachusetts abolitionists on Louisiana plantations.—Merrimack river.

About the year 1835 I resided in Lowell, Massachusetts, a manufacturing town some twenty-five miles north of Boston. It was the first important manufacturing town in America, and is still the largest. The falls of the Merrimack river furnish abundant water-power. There is a dam across the river above the falls, and the water from this basin is brought to the factories, machine-shops, &c., by a canal sixty feet wide. These works are owned by an incorporated company, and each of the ten manufacturing companies pays this company for its site and water-power.

At the time of my residence in Lowell, the population did not exceed ten thousand. Two-thirds of the whole were operatives, and a large proportion of these young women, not residents, but daughters of farmers, &c., from the country a hundred miles around, who had come to the factories to work a few months or years, and lay up money for their marriage-portions.

Great covered waggons—such as are called vans in England—went about the country collecting the rosy maidens from villages and rural districts, and conveying them to the factories.

Among these girls were many of exceeding beauty—that delicate beauty nowhere else found in greater perfection—too delicate often to last. It is too often the delicacy of the scrofulous diathesis and incipient consumption. Many were well educated. Some of them were contributors to a monthly magazine, called the *Lowell Offering*, from which a small volume has been published in England, entitled, *Mind among the Spindles*. Some of these young ladies—factory operatives—cultivated music in their leisure hours, and had pianofortes in their private parlours. Many of them no doubt read French and Latin, possibly a few had a smattering of Greek, and tended their looms none the worse for it. It is certain that while the greater part came to earn money for their own setting-out in life, many came to relieve a father from debt, to help a widowed mother and younger orphan children; and there were instances of brave girls who earned in the cotton-mill the money which supported a brother in college—the brother who afterwards became a senator, perhaps.

The Lowell of that day was a very curious place. The girls all boarded in blocks of regularly built boarding-houses, owned by the manufacturing corporations, and managed by persons in their employ, and under very strict rules of their making. No girl was allowed to be out after a certain hour. Up to

that time the brilliantly lighted shopping streets would be full of girls; then the bells rang, they hasted home, the shops closed, and the streets were desolate. The boarding-house regulations were as strict as those of a fashionable boarding-school.

The churches on Sunday had a very singular aspect. There would be a thousand girls from fifteen to twenty-five—rarely one older—all dressed with neatness and even a degree of elegance, and, scattered about, a hundred men perhaps, who seemed quite lost and unprotected, as forlorn as one man with eleven women in an omnibus. On a warm Sunday, what a whirr it was, with the flutter of a thousand fans! And how the Methodist hymns rang out with a thousand soprano and contralto voices, and the almost inaudible undertones of bass and tenor!

In the congregational churches the girls, being in such an overwhelming majority, asserted their right to vote; and as the few men were of no account against them, they deposed disagreeable ministers, and invited those they liked better, at their own sweet wills; and as they paid their salaries, why not? They paid their money, and they took their choice; and if they preferred a young, handsome, and agreeable preacher, to an old, ugly, and sour one, who shall blame them? The Methodist girls were obliged to take those who were sent them; but the bishops and presiding elders had enough of the wisdom of serpents not to appoint those who would thin the seats, or drive these lambs of the flock to other and more gentle shepherds.

Not in the churches only did these self-reliant

Yankee girls act for themselves. It was at their peril that the factory corporations added half an hour to their time of work, or took sixpence from their weekly wages. The girls would turn out in a procession, hold a public meeting, make speeches and pass resolutions, and hold the whole manufacturing interest at their mercy. Every mill was stopped; there were no other hands to be had; there was not a girl in New England would come to take their places. The officers had nothing to do but quietly knock under. The men took no part in these émeutes, except as sympathizing spectators. And what could be done? I should like to see the magistrate who would read the Riot Act to four or five thousand Yankee girls, or the military that would charge upon them. So they had their own way in these matters, while they submitted without a murmur to the regulations which were made for their benefit and protection.

When General Jackson visited New England during his presidency, the Lowell factory-girls, all dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers, went out to meet him. They walked out two and two, under their own marshals; the tallest and loveliest girls from the white hills of New Hampshire, the green mountains of Vermont, and the lovely valleys of Massachusetts, with bands of music and songs of welcome for the old chieftain. When they met him, their leader made a patriotic speech. The gallant old man thanked her, and kissed her for all the rest; and then, with his head bare to the mountain breezes and the sun shining on his silvery hair, the old veteran rode

between two files of white-robed girls for miles, all the way to the City of Spindles, whose mills were closed for a great holiday.

The population of Lowell, aside from the factory-operatives, was small. There were the families of the agents, engineers, clerks, &c.; tradesmen, professional men, editors of newspapers, &c.; and the mechanics and labourers of a fast-growing city. After this lapse of nearly thirty years, there is but one family that I can vividly remember. It was that of a retired Methodist preacher, who lived in a pretty white cottage on the banks of a small river, in what was then a suburb of the town. He was a gentleman of character and intelligence, and had a family of four children—two sons and two daughters, of fifteen to twenty-five. The young ladies—whom I saw the most of, and greatly admired—were two of the most beautiful, intellectual, and amiable girls I ever knew. The young men were tall, handsome, energetic, enterprising, and destined, I believed, to make their way in the world. The fortunes of these four young people were those of thousands of Americans, and curiously illustrate the character of the country.

The eldest son studied law, removed to New Orleans, married a lady who owned large plantations on the Red River, was elected to Congress, and is now a leading statesman of the Confederate States. The second son became an engineer, invented machinery and firearms; and the last I heard of him was at Washington, a strong Union man, contracting to supply an improved rifle. The two girls—who went

to visit their elder brother in Louisiana—both married rich planters there. Just as the war broke out in 1861, and before the mails were stopped, I received a letter from the elder sister. I knew her handwriting, though she signed a strange Creole name. I had not seen or heard directly from her for twenty-five years, and now, just as the bloody, horrible war was beginning, she wrote to me with the fervour of our old sweet friendship of early days.

She had been married, and was a widow. Her eldest son had just gone to college. The country all round her was flying to arms. There was, she averred, but one feeling with men and women, old and young —the determination to repel invasion and be independent of the hated North. I could form no idea, she said, of the unanimity or intensity of this feeling. As she wrote, a steamer passed down the Red River to the Mississippi with a regiment *en route* for the seat of war —one of those Southern regiments, not made up of foreigners, mercenaries, or outcasts, but in which fathers, sons, and brothers are banded to fight and die for country and home. On the steamer were twenty-five women—mothers, wives, and sisters of the regiment—at work with seven sewing-machines to help them, making up uniforms on the passage, that those they loved might lose no time in meeting the invader. "Can such people as these," she asked, "ever be conquered?"

She has lived, if she still lives, to see the capital of her own adopted State burned and plundered; to see New Orleans under the rule of a Butler, a lawyer from

this very town of Lowell, where she formerly resided. She has seen the southern portion of Louisiana ravaged by Banks, formerly a Massachusetts shoemaker. Ere this her own plantation may have been plundered, her servants scattered, and her dwelling given to the flames; and she has the terrible bitterness of knowing that one of her brothers is a Northern partizan, supplying, perhaps, the very arms that may slay her dearest friends. Such is this war. There are thousands of such cases. Northern men, and still more, Northern women married to Southern husbands, are spread over the whole South. I have never heard of a case in which they were not true as steel to their adopted land.

There is another feature of the case I have described above. This lady, my correspondent, when we were friends in her Northern home, was an ardent Abolitionist. She was, and is, noble, pure minded, and earnestly religious; but she became, notwithstanding, mistress and owner of many slaves, and her conscience would now revolt as urgently against the cruelty of turning them out to take care of themselves, as it once would have done against holding a fellow creature in bondage. This is one of thousands of cases which prove that the most thorough Abolitionists generally change their opinions when they come into actual contact with slavery and the enslaved race.

I have not visited Lowell for many years. Those who have tell me it has greatly changed. The population has increased to over thirty-six thousand. It is so largely Irish that there are four Roman

Catholic churches. There is a large resident population of operatives, who must be quite a different class from the rosy country girls who used to come in their white sun-bonnets, packed into those long waggons. Many other large manufacturing towns have grown up, fostered by high protective tariffs, that give a virtual monopoly of many kinds of fabrics, and which enabled the American mill-owners to buy cotton at Liverpool, while half a million of operatives in Lancashire were reduced to pauperism for the want of it.

Lowell has now ten manufacturing corporations, having an aggregate capital of about 3,000,000*l.*, 12,234 looms, 400,000 spindles, 12,500 operatives, and makes two and a half million yards of fabrics a-week. There are twenty churches, an abundance of schools, and four or five newspapers.

I must say a word of this beautiful Merrimack river. The name is Indian, and was also given to the United States steam-frigate, converted by the Confederates into an iron-clad, which did such terrible execution in Hampton Roads, Virginia. The Merrimack is formed by the union of two roaring mountain-streams, at the southern base of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; then it runs, with a clear swift current, through beautiful valleys, down a series of rapids to the Atlantic Ocean, running south some eighty miles to Lowell, and then east thirty-five miles, and at its debouchment making a harbour for the pretty town of Newburyport. Besides hundreds of mills and factories, the Merrimack supplies water-

power to four large towns, Nashua and Manchester in New Hampshire, and Lowell and Lawrence in Massachusetts, doing the work of more steam-engines, or horses, or men than I have time to calculate, or the reader would be likely to remember.

CHAPTER XI.

BUFFALO.

A frontier town.—The canal-packet.—The ups and downs of life.—Deep cuts and Irish labourers.—A hospitable reception.—A taste of war.—Lake-steamers.—Lake Erie.—Red-tape and fresh-water sailors.—Steamboat captains and pilots.—A night in Buffalo.

I WENT to the little frontier city of Buffalo, in Western New York, at the outlet of Lake Erie into the Niagara river, about twenty miles south of the great cataract, in 1837. Railways had not at that time stretched across the Empire State. There were two modes of reaching Buffalo—the mail-coaches and the canal-packets. I chose the latter mode as the cheaper and pleasanter.

The canal-packet is out of date, and would be considered very slow in these days; but it was not a bad way of getting through the world to one who had his whole life before him, who was fond of beautiful scenery, and was in no hurry. Our sharp, narrow, gaily painted boat was drawn by three fine horses, each ridden by a smart boy, and we glided along at the regular pace of five miles an hour. A greater speed washed the embankments, and was not permitted. But when opposition boats were running

they sometimes doubled this pace, and the boats would run on the swell wave they had first created, as fast as the horses could travel.

We wound through a varied, fertile, and beautiful country, through romantic valleys, and by the side of silvery streams. In level countries canals are straight and uninteresting; but a canal which must keep its level in a broken country, winds around the hills, crosses the streams, and becomes a very picturesque object. We passed through great farms and pretty villages, all bright with new, white cottages with green blinds, gardens and shrubbery.

All rose early, and after ablutions in the wash-room, which was not very large, went on deck for fresh air and a promenade. Our luggage was ranged along the centre, but there was a space to walk on each side. If inclined to take a run, the steersman would lay up to the tow-path, and with a spring on shore we trotted after the horses.

Then breakfast was announced by a very noisy hand-bell, rung as obstreperously by the demonstrative negro steward as if his boarders were a mile away. The long narrow table through the centre of the cabin is covered with Yankee luxuries — hot Indian-corn bread, milk-toast, hot rolls, beef-steaks, veal-cutlets, fricaseed chickens, fried potatoes, ham and eggs, apple-sauce, and all the rest, washed down with many cups of hot coffee. The "captain" sits at the head of the table, and his lady passengers are to the right and the left of him, whom he converses with affably, and helps politely to the dainties around him. This

captain of a canal-boat, be it observed, is a character. He dresses a little too much for a gentleman, perhaps. His diamonds are too large, and his waistcoats of too loud a pattern. But, as he rises in the world, commands a steam-boat, keeps an hotel, and then goes to Congress, or runs for governor, he will tone down to the proper standard; and, if he gets rich enough, may become, in his old age, as shabby as a millionaire.

After breakfast, a turn on deck, while the waiters and boat-hands breakfast and the tables are cleared. We walk, or sit on the trunks, talk politics or business, get up a flirtation at short notice with a pretty girl going to Wisconsin, having and needing no protector, or read, or look upon the ever-changing scenery through which we are so noiselessly gliding.

In either case, we are liable to interruptions. Every farmer-proprietor who owns land on both sides of the canal has a right to a bridge across it. These bridges, for the sake of economy, were built just high enough to let the boats pass under them with two feet or eighteen inches to spare. The luggage is ranged on the deck so as just to clear the beams of the lowest bridges. So, as we glide along, in the midst of an animated discussion, or a delightful chat, or an absorbing passage in the last novel, when the pursuing post-chaise is just about to overtake the trembling runaways flying for Gretna Green, the steersman shouts, with startling emphasis, "*Bridge!*" Down we all go upon our marrow-bones, crouching low, until the boat shoots out again into the daylight, and we gallantly assist the ladies to their feet and

resume our occupations. In ten minutes more there comes another cry, sharper and sterner, from the watchful steersman, but for whose care we might all be crushed to jelly on our portmanteaus. This time the cry is, "*Low bridge!*" and this time it is not enough to kneel and crouch, but down we go, flat and sprawling on the deck. Happily, crinoline had not been invented. The danger passed, we scramble up again, laughing at our ridiculous positions, and getting better acquainted with every bridge we pass under. Luckily, the "raging canal" makes few persons sea-sick, and our ups and downs give us good appetites for our dinner.

The dinner is plentiful and good. Roast turkey, chickens, beef, ham, vegetables, pies, and puddings make an ample meal; and we wonder how it was ever cooked in the little closet aft, devoted to culinary operations. The dinner is a mid-day meal, not later than one o'clock. The Americans have kept to the fashions which prevailed in England when their forefathers emigrated. Only of late years, in the larger towns, and among the more fashionable classes, have people dined as late as five or six o'clock.

On the packet-boat we had a substantial tea at six o'clock, and then watched, perhaps, a glorious sunset fading into twilight. In those deep blue skies the great mirrors of the Western lakes make such gorgeous sunsets as I have never seen elsewhere. I wish that Turner could have seen them. He alone of painters could have done them some faint justice on his canvas, with such poor colours as our earthly

minerals give, and such dim light as they are able to reflect.

When it was dark we found the long cabin lighted. Some read, some played at cards; gaming was not out of fashion then, and the steward knew the secret of mint-juleps. We glide on with soft-washing and gurgling sounds. At ten o'clock a heavy curtain is drawn across the cabin, separating the ladies' portion from the rest; berths are put up along the sides of the cabin, the lights are diminished, and the wash and gurgle lull us to sleep.

True, it takes us twenty hours to go a hundred miles. We are three days from Albany to Buffalo; but what a nice journey it is! We never forget it. A thousand landscapes fill the gallery of our memory. We have passed over dizzy viaducts, and through miles of deep-cut ravines, where hundreds of lives were lost in making them; we have ascended steep hills, through a succession of locks. At Lockport we are gently lifted up the very precipice over which Niagara rolls, fifty miles away, and are on the level of Lake Erie, whose waters have floated us up, up, up, to their own level. But to keep that level there are miles of a deep, dark cutting through the hard, blue limestone, where tons of gunpowder were burnt, and the Irish labourers grew so reckless of life that at the signal for blasting, instead of running to the shelter provided for them, they would just hold their shovels over their heads to keep off the shower of small stones, and be crushed every now and then by a big one.

And so gliding along the Tonewanda Creek, and by

the great rushing Niagara river, which seemed hurrying down to the foaming rapids and the tremendous fall below, we glided into Buffalo.

A gay and hospitable city, I thought, as we swept slowly into a suburb, where young ladies, dressed in pink and blue, with plenty of rouge and ringlets, welcomed us from their open windows and balconies. I soon found, however, that this portion of Buffalo was about as fair a representation of the city as the stranger who lands at the London Docks finds in Ratcliff Highway.

Still, it was a curious, interesting, and piquant town, this Buffalo. Why they called it so I never knew. The American bison, commonly called the buffalo, vast herds of which—millions and myriads—used to cover the western prairies, could scarcely have been known so far east as the Niagara river, in a country covered with dense forests. So far east, I say, compared with the great interior of the continent beyond the Mississippi. But how well I remember when New England people were emigrating to the Genessee country, which was then called going west, though a hundred miles east of Buffalo.

At the period of the war of 1812; Buffalo was a little frontier village of lake-sailors, trappers, whisky-sellers to the Indians, smugglers, and outlaws. Opposite, on the British side of the Niagara, was Fort Erie. Lower down, on the heights near the falls, was some of the hardest fighting in the war, at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; and at Queenstown Heights, where General Brock was killed, after he had driven the

American invaders into the Niagara, while the American general was vainly imploring the volunteers on the opposite bank, and in full sight of the combat, to cross over to the assistance of their countrymen. There was brave fighting on both sides. Here the veteran General Scott earned his first laurels, and was wounded and taken a prisoner. Fort Erie was taken by assault, and then abandoned. A Canadian village was burnt by the invaders, and in retaliation Buffalo was laid in ashes; only three houses escaped the flames. Indian allies on both sides added to the horrors of a merciless frontier warfare.

But Buffalo was too good a site for a town not to be built up again. It was the eastern harbour for twelve hundred miles of lake-navigation, and when the Erie canal connected the lakes with the ocean it grew with great rapidity. Steamboats covered the lakes, and canal-boats thronged Governor Clinton's big ditch. The vast emigration of the north-west flowed through Buffalo, and it was not long before the inexhaustible harvests of the rich prairie-lands also poured down, a steady and ever-increasing torrent.

When I arrived in Buffalo, in the autumn of 1837, there was a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. There were broad streets, handsome squares, fine buildings, a nice theatre, spacious hotels, and a harbour full of steamboats. Each boat had its band of music playing on deck to attract the passengers as they came in on the mail-coaches or canal-boats. The bells rang, the music played, the

steam roared from the escape-pipes, the runners or touters lied and swore, praised up their boats to the seventh heaven of speed and safety, and run down the others as being at once too slow ever to get to their destinations, and sure to burst their boilers.

When this contest of noise, music, and lying had gone on all day, the boats would bank their fires and lay over until the next, and so on until they had a full complement of freight and passengers. These had little care; they were "found"—that is, fed abundantly, from the hour they came on board; and the longer they stayed, before starting or on the way, the more certainly they got the worth of their money.

Lake Erie is some two hundred and fifty miles long, by sixty miles wide in the widest place, diminishing toward either end like a French roll or a weaver's shuttle. It is generally less than a hundred feet in depth. Its northern shore is the southern boundary of Canada West, a great and fertile province not sufficiently appreciated in England. On its southerly shore are a part of New York, a few miles of Pennsylvania, and the great State of Ohio. At the western extremity lies Michigan; its waters are sweet and pure; there is just limestone enough in solution to give them a deep, rich tinge of blue. Lake Huron, above, occupying a region of granite or metamorphic rocks, is clear as crystal. The blue of Lake Erie becomes vivid as a dye of ultramarine, when it has passed over Niagara, and is seen in the foam of the rapids below.

The Buffalonians tell a good story of English red-

tape routine connected with these waters. They say that when the materials were sent out for the fleets which were to defend these inland seas—two of which fleets were beaten—the Admiralty sent out a full supply of water-casks, when a bucket over the side would have answered every purpose. There is another story of a boat's crew of old salts who returned to their ship, after a long pull under a burning sun, almost perishing with thirst, because they had never thought of tasting of the cool, pure water which their oars were every moment flashing into the sunshine.

There is no inland town like Buffalo for cool summer breezes. It lies at the lower point of the lake, which opens out like the nose of a bellows; and as the western winds are the prevailing ones, they are cooled by the water, and sweep up through the streets of the town with an indescribably invigorating freshness. The sea-breezes in the narrows at Staten Island, or on the battery at New York, are scarcely more delightful.

Buffalo in summer was a lively as well as a cool and lovely place. We had a clever little company at the theatre, with all the stars that came from Europe and made the grand American tour. We had delightful quadrille parties, with ice-creams and champagne in a pretty public garden, our Vauxhall or Cremorne. And then we had steamboat excursions. Every new steamboat that came out, larger, faster, and more magnificent than its predecessors, gave a grand excursion. Sometimes we went fifty miles up the lake and back. If the weather was too rough outside for dancing, we

went twenty miles down the Niagara, making the circuit of Grand Island, and boldly steaming across the river, on the very edge of the rapids, where one minute's stoppage of the engine would have sent boat and passengers over the great cataract. The boats had their ground-tackle, but before an anchor could have been cast off, she would have been in the rapids, where, as I imagine, the limestone stratum is like polished marble, and no anchor would hold for an instant. But our steamboat men, in those days, were as reckless of life as military commanders and politicians have shown themselves in more recent periods.

The broad upper decks of our steamers afforded ample space for dancing on these excursions, and everybody danced. There are good bands of music everywhere. Sometimes our excursions were longer, and we danced from Buffalo to Mackinaw, Milwaukie, Chicago, and then home again, landing with our band at every pretty city on the lakes for an afternoon promenade or a moonlight serenade. They were gay old times.

The captains, pilots, engineers, clerks, and runners of these steamboats, were characters—generous, impulsive, reckless, extravagant, they formed a very curious society. The captains and clerks, in constant contact with all kinds of people, were obliged to be gentlemen. They sat at the head of the table; they made themselves agreeable to the ladies; they were bound to support the credit of the boat. A spare state-room and a bottle of wine were always ready for a friend. They danced, sang, flirted, raced—their steamboats I

mean; and it is hard to tell what they did not do. The pilots, like those on the Mississippi, were men of responsibility. It was their business to control engines and helm, to navigate the boat, in fact. The engineers had better salaries than the governors of some of the States; and I should like to see the man who would dare to offer one of them a gratuity or gratification. There is no need to put up notices in America forbidding the servants of the company to receive gratuities, or requesting travellers not to offer them. An American employé is too proud to accept a gift. He will drink with you, but only on equal terms, and with the understanding that you will drink with him in return.

And they were brave fellows, too. I remember the runner or agent of a boat, who in a terrific gale, when she was working off a lee-shore, sat on the safety-valve of the straining boiler to increase the pressure of steam. And I remember a pilot, too, when his boat was on fire, who stuck to his wheel when the flames were raging round him, and ran the boat on shore to save the lives of the passengers, while he was burnt to death in the wheel-house. He was not a saint, perhaps, but he was a hero and a martyr.

Lake Erie generally freezes over in winter. I have known it to close up early in December, and present only a vast plain of ice until the 1st of May. This, however, is longer than usual, and there are winters when there is scarcely ice enough to hinder navigation. In summer the weather is generally delightful, but there are occasional storms worthy of old Ocean, and

the waves rise quicker and higher in fresh water than in salt.

There are south-westerly autumnal gales that sweep the lake from end to end, two hundred miles and more, with the force of a tornado. In these gales, which last two or three days, the whole body of the lake, in some places sixty miles broad, seems swept before the tempest, and the water rises several feet in the harbour of Buffalo, and falls as much in that of Maumee or Toledo at the other extremity. It is like a tide. The vessels at Buffalo are carried into the streets; at Toledo they lay in the mud, in the bed of the river.

Well I remember such a storm. It was coincident with a political event which fastened it in my memory. William H. Seward, then a rising lawyer of Western New York, had been elected governor of the State. It was the first triumph in that State of the party which has since made him senator, and but for Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, would have made him president, and which he serves as secretary of state to his rival, Mr. Lincoln. As this political triumph had been won by a great exertion of the right of suffrage, and a great expense in giving this right a proper direction, it was celebrated with remarkable enthusiasm. On an appointed day, over the whole State, cannon thundered, speeches were made, and at night a hundred towns were illuminated. "Bill Seward," or "Little Billy Seward," was elected governor of New York. It happened to be worth a million of dollars to a few men in Buffalo that he should be governor. He could give

them power and wealth—he could save them from ruin and disgrace. But this is not my present story.

However, no city of the Empire State celebrated the great event with so much enthusiasm. On the day appointed I heard the roar of artillery—at night I saw the illumination. The broad streets were in a blaze of light. But all day an autumnal gale had been blowing on the lake. As far as the eye could see there were huge foam-crested waves, that broke upon the beach with a noise like thunder, and dashed in great masses of foam upon the lighthouse-pier that protected a portion of the harbour. On the low sandy shore, between the harbour and lake, was a small village inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and the poorer class of labouring people.

All day the storm had increased, blowing steadily down the lake. The steamers up for Detroit and Chicago dared not leave. Those which came down were in great peril. Schooner after schooner came driving down before the gale under bare poles or a bit of storm staysail. The most of them rounded the lighthouse, went over upon their beam-ends, righted again, and were safe in harbour. Some failed to answer their helms, and were dashed on shore. The more prudent ran down the Niagara river, and found safe harbour there.

As the night fell, and the city burst into light, the gale increased. I could scarcely walk in the streets. The water rose rapidly; it flowed up into the lower part of the town. The crowded shipping was no longer safe in the harbour. The waters still rose and

the gale increased, until the waves made a clean breach across the low land outside the harbour. The village was in danger. The people shrieked for help; it was too late; the steamers were powerless, boats were swept away as in the torrent of Niagara.

And now, while the lights of the joyous illumination were still burning, throwing a strange glare upon the scene, we, helpless spectators, heard the crash of the houses over the creek, and the wild shrieks of their drowning inhabitants. Some came safely over on the wreck of their houses; some were rescued by the sailors and firemen; others were crushed by the falling buildings, or jammed between vessels and wrecks, or thrown drowned upon the shore. I have never seen a sight more terrible than this mingling of the horrors of a shipwreck with the rejoicings of a festive city. At last the shouts for rescue ceased. All were saved or lost. Men slowly gathered the dead as they were washed on shore, and carried them to a hall of the market-house. I saw them there, laid out in long rows of almost naked corpses, waiting for recognition.

In the first light of the morning I went down to the harbour. The storm was over—the inundation had subsided. Large vessels were high up the streets, and there were a thousand marks of wreck and ruin. The harbour was covered with the timbers, roofs, and broken furniture of the destroyed village, and the bodies of pigs, poultry, and other domestic animals. People were anxiously searching for the bodies of

their friends; and I have seldom seen a sadder sight than was presented by an old man, feeble, chilled, almost senseless with exposure and grief, searching in the floating ruins of what had been his home, in the hope of finding the bodies of his two children.

CHAPTER XII.

BUFFALONIANS AND THE NAVY ISLAND WAR.

A Texan colonel.—The hero of San Jacinto.—Christy's minstrels. Benjamin Rathbun.—Winter in Buffalo.—Mackenzie's rebellion.—Occupation of Navy Island.—Burning of the *Caroline*.—Neutrality at Washington.—Hunters' lodges.—Defeat of Mr. Van Buren.

SINGULAR characters gather in these frontier American towns. One of my most intimate friends was an ex-Texan colonel of cavalry, who had fought in the famous battle of San Jacinto, when the Mexican army was massacred, rather than beaten, by a force of only seven hundred Texans, under General Sam Houston. This little army had just retreated three hundred miles in such a panic that they destroyed their baggage. Houston, my friend the colonel declared, would have gone on retreating, had not his men forced him to fight. And he described the half hour's conflict, or rather butchery, as the keenest delight which humanity is capable of enjoying; and yet this man was as gentle, as sensitive, as modest as a girl.

Sam Houston, hero of San Jacinto, conqueror of Santa Anna, who called himself the Napoleon of the West, first President of the Independent Republic of Texas, and after the annexation of the United States,

governor, senator, and candidate for the presidency, was, according to my friend the colonel and other confirmatory accounts, an extraordinary character. A few months after his marriage with the daughter of an ex-governor of Tennessee, he abandoned her without giving a reason, and went to live among the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi, by whom he was adopted as a chief. In Texas he was known as an inveterate gambler, a drunkard, a liar, whose word could never be trusted, and, as my friend asserted, as great a coward as he was a rascal. His adopted Indian fellow-citizens gave him the name of "Big Drunk." But he was tall, handsome, plausible, eloquent in the highest degree, and swore with equal profanity and sublimity —swore as a Homer or a Milton might. This man, who was often seen dirty, drunken, living with debased Indians and squaws, borrowing half a dollar of any stranger who would lend it, and losing it the next moment at the gaming-table—this man, so utterly debased and so utterly cowardly and dishonest, had yet that gift of eloquence that he could control the people as he willed, and induce them to elect him to the highest offices in their gift.

Is this a correct representation of the character of that extraordinary man? Making due allowance for partizan feeling on the part of my informant, I believe it is. I made inquiries, when in Texas a few years ago, and received sufficient confirmation of the story.

But there is something to be added. General Houston, some years ago, married a young and beautiful wife, who is said to have had influence

enough to change his character. He became a temperance man; he abandoned gambling; he joined the church—that is, some religious denomination. That he became an honest politician, would be, perhaps, going too far. A writer must not too heavily tax the credulity of his readers.

During my first summer at Buffalo I saw, every afternoon, riding up the main street on a nice iron-grey saddle-horse, with a cigar in his mouth and a little overdressed, a tall, dark, and handsome young man, whose constant appearance excited my curiosity.

"Who is he?" I asked of one of my friends.

"Who? That? Why, that is Ned Christy."

"And who, pray, is Ned Christy?" said I.

"If you will go with me this evening I will show you," said he.

In the evening we walked down across the canal into the Wapping of Buffalo, which had given me and my fellow-passengers so cordial a welcome on the arrival of the packet-boat. The houses were much alike in their appearance. There was a bar-room in front and a dancing-room in the rear; with steamboat men, sailors, canallers, not to say *canaille*, mingled with some of the wilder young clerks from the forwarding houses and "stores." The ladies, who dressed low and rouged high, drank and danced with equal *abandon*. And there, conspicuous by his almost Apollo-like beauty of form and feature, was the horseman of Maine-street, playing the tambourine. There was a buxom lady, said to be his wife, with several children in a private parlour. This man, playing the

tambourine so skilfully, not long afterwards organized the first make-believe negro band of singers and musicians, and the most successful one — Christy's Minstrels. He bravely gave his first public entertainments in Buffalo, where every one knew him and his antecedents. A few months afterwards his minstrels were all the rage in New York, where they attracted overflowing houses for years, and made a handsome fortune for Ned Christy. He lived like a prince, it was said, with the woman who had befriended him, and whose children he carefully educated; and I was sorry to read, a few months ago, that he had become insane — with that strange insanity of men who have risen from poverty to wealth—the insane terror of coming to want.

But the most notable person in Buffalo in those days was the man who had done more than any other to build up the place and lay the foundations of its prosperity. His first achievement made him a model American—a man that could keep an hotel. This is the standard of executive ability. A man who can keep an hotel can do anything. No other qualification is needed for the highest office or the most important trust.

Rathbun's Hotel at Buffalo was for years quoted by all American travellers as the *ne plus ultra* of hostelries. Clean, orderly, elegant, with the best table and the most perfect attendance, it was a miracle of administrative skill. Mr. Rathbun was a quiet, gentlemanly man, seldom seen or heard by his guests, but seeing everything.

The mail-coach service in Western New York was not organized according to his ideas of order and efficiency, and he took it in hand, and soon had coaches by the score and horses by the hundred. The growing town needed a master hand to give it shape, and he became engineer and contractor on an immense scale. He bought land, built streets and squares, and carried out public improvements with a Napoleonic energy. As all these operations rather encroached upon his time, he employed his brother in the financial department, owning two or three banks, and raising large loans in New York. His paper, to the amount of several hundred thousands of pounds, was readily discounted, as, besides his own credit, it bore the endorsements of Buffalo capitalists who had been benefited by his operations. These notes were so often renewed that a clever young clerk, who was an adept in imitating signatures, to save himself trouble began to endorse the notes which were required to renew others. By some means it became known. Rathbun went to the endorsers, told them what had been done, placed in their hands an assignment of his property to the amount of some millions of dollars, to secure them against loss, and went to work to take up the forged paper.

He was treacherously arrested, on the complaint of the men who had promised him their aid. The temptation of the immense estate he had assigned to them was too strong for them to resist. He was committed to jail. After two years, and on the third trial, held in a distant county, and, as I then believed

and still believe, by bribery and corruption, he was convicted. His brother and the two clerks were safe in Texas. I was in the court-house when he was convicted, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. W. H. Seward happened to be present, and also happened, chiefly through the influence of the assignees of Rathbun, to be made governor, in which capacity he refused to pardon the criminal, though his pardon was solicited by thousands of the most respectable people in the state. His creditors were defrauded, and the whole property divided among the men who sent him to prison. It is a curious fact that the attorney of these assignees became vice-president, and afterwards, by the death of General Taylor, president of the United States.

Buffalo in the summer time was a very lively place, but what shall I say of Buffalo in the winter? Only that the whole army of industry went into winter quarters. Before the railways had penetrated through this region, the roads in winter were almost impassable for mud, and the sleighing not to be depended upon. The canal was closed to navigation—the water being drawn off. The lake was frozen over from end to end, the ice forming two feet in thickness around the ships and steamers in the harbour. Navigation was ended; and there was nothing for the steamboat men and canallers, and the mercantile interests generally, to do, but to have a good time, spend their money, get up any possible excitement, and wait for the opening of navigation, which might be early in March or late in May, according to the season.

The winter of 1837 brought with it an unusual and welcome excitement—the outbreak of the Canadian Rebellion. Mackenzie, having escaped from his defeat at Toronto, came to Buffalo, and the whole frontier was aroused to sympathy with the Patriots, who had at last thrown off the galling yoke of British tyranny. Meetings were held in Buffalo and all the frontier towns. Money was subscribed, supplies were furnished, and arms taken from the State arsenals. Mackenzie issued stock of a provisional government. Van Rensselaer, grandson of the American general defeated by General Brock at Queenstown, volunteered, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the Patriot forces, which were, however, still upon the soil of New York, and consisted almost entirely of Americans. I doubt if there were fifty Canadians among them.

It became necessary, however, that they should take up a position on British ground. This was done by taking possession of a small, uninhabited, densely wooded island in the Niagara river, just above the cataract, which happened to be west of the line in the centre of the channel which divides the two countries. Here Mackenzie raised the flag of the Provisional Patriot Government, and here General Van Rensselaer established his head-quarters, in one of two abandoned log-huts on the island. Hither flocked the recruits to the Patriot army; the restless and excitable winter idlers of Buffalo and other towns of the frontier. One captain of a volunteer company in Rochester marched with his whole company, with the

arms of the State of New York in their hands, and entered the Patriot service. Cannon and ammunition were boldly taken from the arsenals; and an American, educated at the Westpoint Military Academy, planned the construction of the defences of the island. His reason for doing so was that a large force was gathering on the Canadian shore, intending to dislodge them, and he wished to give "the boys" some chance to defend themselves and make a decent fight of it.

Navy Island was, in fact, a perilous place either to attack or hold. The river all around it was deep and rapid; a disabled vessel or boat was sure to go over the Falls, and carry all on board to destruction. Colonel M'Nab, an energetic Scottish Canadian, aided by several half-pay British military and naval officers, planted batteries along the river-bank, opposite Navy Island. The Buffalo steamboat-men cut a small steamer, the *Caroline*, out of the ice at Buffalo, and ran down the open river to a landing on the American shore opposite Navy Island, where she plied as a ferry-boat, carrying men and supplies to the island. A British naval officer took three armed boats one night, crossed the river, took the boat, cut her loose, towed her out into the stream, set her on fire, and sent her blazing down the rapids and over the great cataract. It appears, from the accounts on both sides, that two or three men were killed in the assault and confusion. There was no opposition worth mentioning; but it was an invasion of American soil by an armed British force, acting under authority, and the whole frontier was aroused to a state of the highest excitement. The

militia of the surrounding country poured into Buffalo. General Scott, commander-in-chief of the American army, was sent from Washington to preserve the neutrality of the frontier and protect it from invasion. A small militia force was sent to occupy the lower point of Grand Island. Everybody believed, and almost everybody hoped, there would be immediate war with England, when the frontier States would have poured two or three hundred thousand men, more or less—as many, at all events, as were necessary—into Canada, and settled the question of its future relations. The outrage on the *Caroline* stirred the anti-British feeling to its depths.

It happened, however, that the Government at Washington was not controlled by Northern feeling. Mr. Van Buren was president—the successor of General Jackson. The leading statesmen of his cabinet were Southerners. It was not for the interest of the South to have a war with England, and it never has been; for two reasons, the one political, the other commercial. The acquisition of Canada would increase the growing preponderance of the North, and England was the largest purchaser of their great staples. Southern politicians may sometimes have "talked for Buncombe," when it suited them, about war with England. If they did so, it was to get Northern votes. Since the war of 1812 it has been their interest to be at peace. Mr. Van Buren acted with energy in preserving the neutrality of the frontier. General Scott, while he resolutely protected the American territory, prudently cut off the supplies

of the Patriots. While shot and shell and Congreve rockets rained upon Navy Island from the Canadian batteries, they found it impracticable to get a sufficient supply of pork and beans from the American shore. They could not cross over to Canada; they had no adequate means of crossing the river, and a superior force confronted them on its banks. Worse than all, the Canadians themselves, so far as the Upper Province was concerned, took no part in the rebellion, but were gathered in large numbers to put it down.

Under these circumstances the Patriot army on Navy Island evacuated that position, crossed over to Grand Island, where they formally surrendered to General Scott, laid down their arms, and went about their business.

The first resort of Americans, in any emergency, is to secret societies. While the Government at Washington was doing its utmost to pacify the frontier and keep a decent neutrality, the people were forming "Hunter's lodges," the members of which were sworn to secrecy, and took an oath to aid in the spread of Republican institutions everywhere, and especially over the American continent. These lodges were formed in all the frontier States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and were estimated to have not less than eighty thousand members.

The rebellion in Canada was first suppressed by force, and, in the Lower Province, as I thought then, and still think, with barbarous and needless cruelties. The simple-hearted French Canadians had their vil-

lages burnt in the depth of winter, and were driven into the forests to perish, or find refuge in the neighbouring States.

If Mr. Van Buren put down the rebellion, or rather the war of the frontier States on Canada, he was in turn defeated by these ardent patriots, who, in 1840, voted for General Harrison, whose only claim was that he had fought against the British in the war of 1812.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXCURSION ON THE LAKES.

The steamboat *Erie*.—A nice party.—Cleveland.—Detroit.—Perry's victory.—Lake Huron.—Mackinaw.—Indians.—Green Bay.—An aboriginal dandy.—Milwaukie.—A party and a pow-wow.—Chicago.—Twenty years after.—A thunder-storm on Lake Michigan.

My first steamboat excursion round the great American lakes which lie between the United States and Canada, and which are amicably, though not equally, shared between them—Lake Michigan lying entirely within the great Republic—was in the summer of 1839. A new and beautiful steamboat, the *Erie*, Captain Titus, made her first trip, and I was invited to be of the party. A very nice party it was. We had a band of music, and danced every pleasant afternoon and moonlit evening. Every day was a festival. We chatted, played, sang, ate excellent dinners, drank the captain's wines, enjoyed beautiful scenery, visited all the flourishing cities springing up around the lakes, enjoyed a profuse and hearty hospitality everywhere, and had, as Americans say, "a good time generally."

When I think of it all, I cannot get rid of the constantly obtruding fact that this fast and beautiful steamer, two or three years later, loaded with passen-

gers, was burnt near Buffalo, and that the captain and a large number of his crew and passengers perished.

Leaving Buffalo, we touched at Erie, stopped a few hours at Cleveland, then a pretty village of five thousand, now a city of thirty-six thousand inhabitants. We ran into the picturesque bay of Sandusky, passed the scene of Perry's victory over the British flotilla on Lake Erie, and steamed past the low, densely wooded banks of the Detroit river to the old French city of Detroit, in Michigan, where the American General Hull surrendered his entire force to the British commander. It is a curious fact that in the war of 1812 the Americans were generally beaten by the British on land, while they won numerous victories on the lakes and ocean. It was alleged in excuse that the American ships of war were more than half manned by English sailors. This was true, and no particular credit to England or Englishmen; but, as William Cobbett asked at the time, how account for the American ships, with half English crews, beating the English ships with all English crews? Probably the sailors fighting against their country were better paid than those who were fighting for it. Possibly volunteers fought better than the victims of the press-gangs.

The ugly consequences that might have ensued had the American ships been beaten, may have stimulated these unpatriotic and disloyal Britons to extraordinary exertions. Finally, size of ships and guns may have had something to do with it.

When we left Detroit, we steamed northward

through Lake St. Clair into the wild region of Lake Huron. One can imagine what that great inland sea will be a hundred years hence, but then it was surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness. A century hence a hundred cities will gem its shores or crown its islands. They are covered now with shaggy firs, pines, and hemlocks, the picturesque evergreens of this northern clime.

The change from Lake Erie to Lake Huron is very striking. The waters of Erie are "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" those of Huron are clear as crystal and black as the darkness in their depths. In a calm day I have dropped pieces of white earthenware or shells from the steamer, and watched them sink a hundred feet, perhaps. This perfect transparency of the water is very striking at Mackinaw. As I stood on the shore, the keel of the steamer, laying off at anchor, was almost as distinctly seen as her gunwale; so was the cable which held her, and the anchor hooking into the sand. I could even see the large fish swimming about beneath her. The steamer, and the canoes of the Indians who were fishing for the Mackinaw trout and white fish, seemed to be floating in the air.

Mackinaw is an old French trading port and missionary-station, established more than two hundred years ago, an antique portion of a new world. When I was there the beach was covered with the smoking wigwams and bark canoes of the Indians, who had come down from their wild hunting grounds to receive their Government annuities of powder, lead, and

blankets, and to buy also and drink "too much whisky." Soft, smiling squaws came round us to sell strings of wampum and beaded mocasins. Their voices were low and musical, and their language full of open vowels.

We ran down to Green Bay, Wisconsin, then a small military post, with Indian traders and a large gathering of Indians. There were some tall, stately, dignified warriors, in their paint and feathers—splendid savages, not quite spoiled by the pale faces and their fire-water—warriors not unworthy of the romances of Cooper or the poems of Campbell. There were also two or three chiefs' daughters, who, with the slight additions of pearl-powder and crinoline, would not do discredit, with their stately figures and aquiline noses, to the drawing-rooms of Belgravia: not that I know much about these, but I have caught glimpses here and there of those I imagine may be their occupants.

The repose of the savage differs very little from the *nonchalance* of fashionable life; and a young Indian dandy I saw at Green Bay, in the brightest of paint, his face streaked red and blue, and the daintiest of leggings, flashing with beads and wampum, his head a glory of feathers and tinsel, had manners that would have done honour to the front stalls at the Opera.

We went ashore at Milwaukie. There was no harbour, but a small steamer came off and took us and what freight we had on shore. There was a store-house on the creek, and five or six cottages on the bluff. That was Milwaukie in 1839. Just twenty years afterwards I found on the same spot an excellent

harbour, miles of warehouses, a city of forty-five thousand inhabitants, and one of the most beautiful towns in the western hemisphere.

When I first landed, a sallow Indian trader, named Juneau, came off in his little steamer to welcome us. Twenty years had passed; Juneau was in his grave in the cemetery of the cathedral, in the centre of the city; but I read his name on streets, squares, and banks. The past decades seemed but a day, and the city to have risen around me by magic while I had slept.

I was invited—at my last visit, I mean—to a fashionable party, given by one of the early settlers, who had grown rich, if in no other way, by having bought a few acres of land when it cost a few shillings, and kept it until worth many thousands of pounds an acre. Where the war-dance had been the fashion a few years before we danced cotillons, polkas, and schottisches, which are certainly more graceful and more agreeable. There were no freshly taken scalps displayed, but I think there were three or four wigs, possibly the property of dead men, and certainly accompanied with dyed whiskers. The paint, no longer daubed on in vivid streaks, now only gave to beauty its heightened flush or its "dim alabaster gleam."

I went down late to a supper of oysters, salads, ices, and champagne, and found the master of the house at the head of a table well strewn with empty bottles, with some of his old Indian trading friends around him, making them a speech in Indian, and they cheering in the Indian fashion with a succession of whoops

not so dissimilar as one might suppose to the "hears" and "cheers" of the House of Commons.

Chicago, the extreme point of our voyage, was in 1839 a village of a few hundred inhabitants. I remember its one brick hotel, at which some of us slept. I found the same building quite overshadowed and almost lost, twenty years later, in an obscure quarter of a splendid city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, the great entrepot of the garden of the West—that garden whose surplus produce in a few years will be sufficient to feed all Europe.

Twenty years had made Chicago a noble city—the mart of a magnificent commerce. The shores of the lake that I had seen so solitary were lined with palaces. The prairie, spreading off towards the south-west, the first I had ever seen, was covered with broad streets and stately edifices; railways stretched away south, west, and north, hundreds of miles. Twenty years more may see here a city of well nigh a million of inhabitants.

In those twenty years what had become of the companions of my pleasure excursion? The graceful steamer was burnt; the black-eyed *spirituel* girl, who enjoyed so much the romance of the voyage, married an officer of the United States army, who fell in 1845, bravely fighting in Mexico. The fair blue-eyed young wife, who charmed us with her sweet voice, must be a staid and stately matron now. How few I remember of all our gay company!

We had a grand thunder-storm on Lake Michigan returning, with real western lightning. It is said that

an English traveller in America was enlarging, as Englishmen sometimes will, on the superiority of every possible thing in the old country. The bread, and beef, and beer, and horses; everything, in short, was better in England, as most Englishmen devoutly and happily believe, than in any country in the world. There came up a thunder-storm, and a tall pine-tree by the roadside was shivered into toothpicks, with a crash that shook the earth and the heavens. "There! Gaul darn it!" exclaimed an irritated Yankee, who had listened to him, "do you pretend that your English lightning beats that air?"

I have seen many wild, magnificent, and terrible thunder-storms in America; I have never seen one in England that compared with them; and yet the statistics of mortality show a considerable number of deaths by lightning. It is just possible that I may be partial to my native land, and imagine that because it is a great country, with great natural features, the elements act with proportionable vigour. It is, however, natural to suppose that where the thermometer goes up to ninety or a hundred degrees in the shade, electric action will be in some proportion.

Let me say a word more of these great inland seas of pure fresh water. There is nothing like them in the world. Here I steamed twelve hundred miles on three out of the five. The Great Superior had not then been opened to steam by the ship-canal around the *Sault Ste. Marie.* But take this Lake Michigan, which lies entirely within the United States. It is three hundred and twenty miles in length, seventy

miles in average breadth, and contains an area of more than twenty-two thousand square miles. It is a thousand feet in average depth, and five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea. This great lake has its tides—very small ones indeed, but real lunar tides of *three* inches. A canal connects its waters with the Mississippi, through one of its branches; and this canal is fed from the lake, the water being pumped up a few feet for that purpose. When the rivers of Wisconsin are high, the waters which flow into Lake Michigan connect with those which swell the Mississippi. Some think the lakes once had an outlet through the Mississippi valley into the Gulf of Mexico. Four great States border on Lake Michigan—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. These four States contain an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. The sun does not shine upon a more fertile and magnificent country. It is capable of sustaining a population of fifty millions. It will contain half that number during the present century, which will still be a comparatively sparse population. Two hundred to a square mile would give a population of four hundred millions.

Americans are considered sanguine and exaggerative; but their past increase of population in new and fertile regions affords the best possible indications of the future. The actual present is beyond the hopes of the past. With peace and freedom, we might look with confidence to the future. What civil wars and military despotisms may bring, it is of course not easy to calculate.

CHAPTER XIV.

CINCINNATI.

A working men's city.—Mrs. Trollope.—Dinner costume.—Growth and progress.—Staples of trade.—Too much corn.—Hogs.—Whisky.—Catawba wine and Nicholas Longworth.—Tobacco.—A land of plenty.

My first visit to Cincinnati, which has been named the Queen City of the West, as Buffalo was called the Queen City of the Lakes, was in 1845, when it was a thriving town of some fifty thousand inhabitants. It seemed to me a city of working men. Its capitalists were master mechanics who had grown rich, but had not had time to put on their Sunday clothes or study manners. I do not wonder at the scandalization of poor Mrs. Trollope, who took up her residence in this infant metropolis of the great West, a self-appointed missionary of manners and civilization. She came home to England in despair, and wrote her *Domestic Manners of the Americans;* doing at once for the whole American people what she had vainly tried through discouraging years, trials, and losses, to do for Cincinnati alone. We were dreadfully angry at Mrs. Trollope, but we read her book all the same, or all the more, and profited in no small degree by its lessons. Many a time when some one in the boxes of

the theatre has thoughtlessly turned his back upon the pit, or placed his boots upon the cushioned front, have I heard the warning and reproving cry go up of "Trollope! Trollope!" until the offender was brought to a sense of the enormity of his transgression. I fear that Americans will never be as thankful as they ought to their amusing monitress.

The Broadway Hotel was at that day the best in Cincinnati. It is still a very good one, but quite overshadowed in size by its neighbours. The weather was warm, and I think half the male guests, many of them regular boarders—solid business men of Cincinnati—dined comfortably in their shirt-sleeves.

And, now that I think of it, was it after all so bad a fashion? What principle requires a man to swelter in broadcloth over a hot dinner, with the thermometer at ninety degrees Fahrenheit? Still, the shirt-sleeves made these worthy gentlemen look like a party of butchers.

When I visited Cincinnati again, it had expanded to a city of one hundred and sixty thousand—a solid, handsome place, full of wealth and industry. The town is densely built; many of the streets are wide, but there are no squares or open spaces. It was a great oversight. The bold, grand hills around are covered with villas, gardens, and vineyards. The city has thrown itself across the Ohio, and spread out on the Kentucky shore. Add the populations of these Kentucky extensions to the great Ohio mart, and the population is over two hundred thousand. Five or six railways diverge from Cincinnati, and a hundred steam-

boats along the river-bank connect her with the Mississippi and its branches; that is to say, with twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation.

It is one of the most industrious places in the world. No trouble there about the nobility of labour. I never saw a place where so many were workers. There are great iron foundries and machine shops, immense manufactories of furniture and agricultural implements, waggons and carriages, stoves and tinned ware —of almost everything, in fact, required by the vast expanse of new country around and beyond.

Then there are the great staples of trade besides. Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana send hogs to Cincinnati by the hundred thousand. There they are killed, packed, and converted into bacon, hams, lard, lard-oil, candles, brushes, Prussian blue, and I know not what beside.

The next great staple is whisky. It is a country where corn—and corn in America means maize—grows in the greatest abundance. You pass through single corn-fields miles in extent. In these rich bottom lands upon the rivers crops of corn have been raised for fifty, and in some places for a hundred successive years, without an ounce of manure or a sign of exhaustion. The stalks grow from fifteen to twenty feet high. I have seen corn-fields in which a tall man could not reach the ears, which grow below the middle of the stalk, without a step-ladder. It will seem strange to English farmers, but it is true, that vast quantities of barn-yard manure in this region have been "dumped" into the rivers to get it out of the way.

And much of the land is too rich for wheat, making it run to straw. The Indian corn has no such difficulty.

What to do with this enormous quantity of corn? It is eaten everywhere in America as human food, and considered sweeter and more nourishing than wheat, but men cannot begin to consume it. It can often be bought for sixpence a bushel. When coal and wood are scarce upon the prairies, it is sometimes burnt upon the cobs, as the cheapest and most convenient fuel. The demand for it is limited—the production universal. It is necessary to convert it into other articles—to transform or condense it.

Accordingly, a vast quantity is converted into hogs. The rich oil of the corn becomes lard, and its farina bacon. An Ohio farmer will have a thousand hogs. They run in the woods in vast droves. They browse, root, and devour rattlesnakes. In the fall the woods are full of nuts—beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, walnuts. Mast is their generic designation. On these the hogs revel and fatten. Then they are turned into the corn-fields. They follow the cattle. The corn is not gathered; that would be too much work; it is broken down and eaten by the cattle, and what they leave is gathered by the hogs, until cattle and hogs are fat enough to send to market. The corn, as beef and pork, is in a marketable condition. It can be barrelled up and sent over the world.

But this does not use up all the enormous quantity which the amazing fertility of the Western lands produces. The rest is made into whisky. Cattle

and hogs are also fed upon the refuse of the still. This whisky comes to Cincinnati in large quantities, where it is worth from eight to tenpence a gallon. Here it is rectified—freed from its impurities—chiefly by being filtered through animal charcoal, and sent to the eastern cities or to New Orleans. Whisky used to make up a large portion of the down freight of the Ohio and Mississippi steamers. When there is a bad grape season in France, great quantities of whisky go there, which, after being coloured and infused with a grape flavour, is exported as Cognac or Otard, *première qualité;* and the brandy drank in the bar-rooms of Cincinnati is its own whisky after two sea-voyages and sundry manipulations—if, indeed, it have not undergone a less troublesome and less costly transformation.

Next to whisky—not in quantity or importance indeed, but as a potable stimulant of a milder sort—wine is a staple; and I mention wine, as complimentary toast-givers at public dinners say, in connexion with the name of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, the most widely known of the pioneers in the vine culture in America, who died in 1862, at a good old age, the richest man in Western America—a little, crooked old man, an intelligent agriculturist, a liberal patron of the arts—surrounded by a genial family, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and yet haunted at times with the fear of poverty and the dread of dying in the poor-house, when he "was worth" nearly two millions of pounds sterling in productive real estate and other solid investments.

Nicholas Longworth was not a bad type of Yankee possibilities. He was a New Jersey shoemaker. When a young man he emigrated to Cincinnati, then a little village—a mere landing on the Ohio river. At or about that time, the whole land on which the city is now built could have been bought for sixty pounds. Longworth had not the money to buy it; but he had an ambition above heel-taps, and studied the law. I do not know how long he studied this great science. Six weeks used to be considered a pretty fair term in the West in those days. A man who had read Blackstone and the local statutes had no difficulty in being admitted to the bar. But there are no Benchers, no Middle Temple, and no horse-hair wigs.

One of Longworth's first cases was the defence of a man for some petty misdemeanor, who had no money to pay his fee. Instead of money he offered the young Crispin advocate an old still which had been employed in making whisky for the settlers and Indians. He took the old coppers, as they were all he could get, and soon after exchanged them for a hundred acres of land, which he kept, and which are now covered by some of the best rent-paying property in Cincinnati. It is in this way that some men make fortunes, or have fortunes thrust upon them. Such was the luck of Astor and Girard, and the mad millionaire of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who was nicknamed Lord Timothy Dexter, in whose hands everything turned to gold; so that when a practical joker advised him to send a cargo of warming-pans to the West

Indies, and he followed the advice, they were sold at an immense profit—the pans, with their long handles, for ladles to dip out syrup in the process of making sugar, and the covers for strainers. With men of such luck, sending a cargo of fans to Nova Zembla would somehow prove a good investment.

Mr. Longworth built him a handsome mansion, with gardens and greenhouses, to which strangers and citizens were freely admitted. He was the earliest patron of the American sculptor, Powers, and many other artists. Perhaps I ought not to say the first patron of Powers, for before he worked in marble, he made wax figures for the Cincinnati Museum, including a picturesque and mechanical representation of the infernal regions that would have astonished the soul of Dante.

But Mr. Longworth's most important work was the introduction of the vine culture, and the manufacture of wine on the banks of the Ohio. The grape chiefly grown is a native variety, called the Catawba. The European grapes generally require a longer season than the American summer. American plants must bear great heat and intense cold. The Catawba grape has a peculiar flavour, and the wine is similar to hock, and is either still or sparkling. Much of it is harsh and sour; but much, also, is of excellent quality and delicious flavour. The produce of the vineyards is so great that, as a large grower near Cincinnati assured me, if it brought only sixpence a gallon no crop was so profitable. But the consumption of wine is so large in America, compared with

the production, that the French and German imported wines rule the market, and Mr. Longworth's wines in bottle sold for two to three pounds a dozen; the sparkling Catawba bearing the same retail price as champagne—eight shillings a bottle.

There was no lack of competent vine-dressers and wine-makers in Cincinnati, for one-third of the population is German; and German speech, institutions, and festivals may be studied as well on the Ohio as on the Rhine. The time is not distant when America will be a great wine-producing country, especially in the States of Maryland, Virginia, the regions on the Ohio and Missouri, and, more than all, perhaps California, which, besides its gold, bids fair to be the garden of the world as a country of fruits and wine.

Another great staple of Cincinnati, ranking next to pork and whisky, is tobacco. Kentucky and Southern Ohio and Indiana produce an immense quantity of this wonderful narcotic, which the New World has given to the Old, and which in three centuries has spread over the eastern hemisphere much faster than any Gospel ever did. What is the magic of the nasty weed, that it should be chewed, and smoked, and snuffed over two hemispheres, and alike in the most civilized and most savage regions? Ladies pronounce it a filthy weed; physicians class it with the most virulent of poisons; kings denounce; legislators prohibit; councils condemn. It is of no avail. A Virginian Indian chieftain teaches Sir Walter Raleigh to smoke, and he teaches England's Virgin Queen—dauntless Elizabeth. There is an Anti-tobacco So-

ciety in London, but it cannot prevent smoking even in railway carriages, with the aid of parliamentary bye-laws, and fines, and penalties.

The tobacco warehouses of Cincinnati, where the cured article may be worth sixpence a pound, would gladden the heart of an English or French Chancellor of the Exchequer, or any man who proposed to tax and govern nations by means of their—vices, shall we say, or luxuries?—by tobacco, beer, and whisky. What is the demand in humanity which these supply? Physiologists do not inform us. Is the world the better for tobacco? Is it an element of progress? Did tobacco have anything to do with the Reformation?—or with what the *Times* calls the fighting, hanging, and burning part of it, which lasted for one or two generations? What has tobacco really done of good or ill for Germany or Turkey, for France or England, besides helping to raise a sufficient revenue?

It is a very solid means of wealth to Cincinnati, at all events, and is sent forward to New York, or down stream to New Orleans, in vast abundance.

There are certain things in which an American town like Cincinnati differs from an English provincial town of a similar size. It is less provincial. The shops are as spacious and well stocked as those of New York or London. The hotels are on the grandest scale. There are two or three theatres, four daily newspapers, several large publishing houses, libraries, picture-galleries, colleges — a city, in short, with a character of its own, and very little dependent upon any other.

The markets of Cincinnati were something wonderful to me. They extended a mile along the streets, and the abundance and cheapness of food would astonish a denizen of *the* great metropolis. Chickens, sixpence a pair; eggs, threepence a dozen; beef, fourpence a pound; pork, twopence. Apples, peaches, and pears in much the same proportion. Spare-ribs of pork were given away at the great packing establishments to all who chose to apply for them. Fish is brought mostly from Lake Erie, some two hundred and fifty miles, by rail. Oysters come from Baltimore; game from the prairies. Cincinnati, when I knew it, combined the advantages of plenty of work, good wages, moderate rents, and cheap provisions, lager beer and whisky—of the latter, more than was needful.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS.

A Navy Island Patriot.—A fight for life.—A long journey.—On the Monongahela.—Convenient coal-mines.—Flat boat navigation.—Low water on the Ohio.—Fever and ague.—Cairo. Gambling on the Mississippi.—The father of waters.—Sugar plantations.—Negroes.—Cotton and cane culture.—Facts and figures.

It was in the autumn of 1845 that I made my first visit to New Orleans. The reader may remember that in some account of the Canadian rebellion, and what we called the "Patriot War" of 1837-8, I spoke of an enthusiastic young captain of volunteers in the city of Rochester, who marched with his entire company, and invaded Canada at Navy Island. I met him one day, when I dined with the Patriot governor and the general commanding—Mackenzie and Van Rensselaer—at their head-quarters on Navy Island. We had pork and beans for dinner, eaten from tin dishes, with the whizz of an occasional shot, or the bursting of a shell, for music.

In the autumn of 1840 I was in Rochester, engaged in editing a political journal, and making speeches in opposition to the Log Cabin and Hard Cider candidate for president. I found my young Navy Island captain practising as a lawyer in Rochester. We lived

at the same hotel, and became very intimate. Five years after, when living in New York, I received a letter from him, begging me to come and see him at the Howard Hotel. I went, and found the ghost of his former self. He was dying of consumption — making a strong courageous fight, but sure to be beaten. As usual, he had been sent off to die in a warmer climate. His physicians must have seen that he could not live, unless his resolute will deceived them. But he was full of that kind of hope which is one of the surest symptoms of a fatal issue, at least in this disease; for there are others which confidence and resolution cure.

He asked me to go with him to Washington, and thence to the West Indies or to Florida. I could not refuse him. It would be a hard journey, and, so far as his recovery was concerned, a useless one, but he was resolved to go. He would not allow his wife to go with him. If he must die, he said, his wife and children should remember him as he was before he left them. I started with him at a day's notice.

We went leisurely, stopping to rest at Philadelphia and Baltimore, and several days at Washington; and then began our toilsome route over the Alleghanies. The railway took us up the Potomac, through Harper's Ferry, and as far as Cumberland. It had not then gone over and through the mountains. We hired a carriage and went over the National road by easy stages, as befitted an invalid, to Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, one of the two mountain streams that unite at Pittsburg to form the Ohio.

Here we embarked on a little steamboat which drew twelve inches of water, and whose single wide paddle-wheel was at the stern, and extended the whole width of the hull. A succession of dams made the river navigable at that season of low water, and at each dam we were let down by a lock to a lower level. At the high stage of water, dams and locks are all buried deep beneath the surface, and larger steamboats go careering over them.

What I best remember, in crossing the Alleghanies and descending this river, was the beds of coal. It seemed to be everywhere just below the surface. We saw it along the route, where people dug the fuel for their fires out of a hole in the yard, ten feet from the door. Along the high perpendicular banks of the river there were strata of coal ten or twelve feet thick. Men were digging it down with picks, and sliding it into flat boats, which, when the river rose, would float down with the current to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans. These frail flat boats—long boxes made of deal boards nailed together, and loaded within a few inches of the top—would many of them be lost. The swell of a passing steamboat, or a snag or sawyer in the river, would sink them. They would ground on sand-bars. A sudden hurricane sometimes sinks a hundred of them. Perhaps a third of the whole number are lost, but the coal costs almost nothing — three-halfpence a bushel — and brings a price proportional to the distance to which it floats in safety.

At Pittsburg, a city of coal and iron, smoky and

grimy as Newcastle or Birmingham, we took a larger boat, but still a small one, for Cincinnati. The Ohio was very low. We passed slowly down, getting pleasant glimpses of the towns upon its banks, and especially of the flourishing cities of Cincinnati and Louisville. I wrote at the time a series of letters descriptive of this my first Southern journey, which were published in a New York paper, and from these I copy the record of my first impressions.

I was disappointed with the Ohio for a few hundred miles from its source, most unreasonable tourist that I was. I recall whatever I may have said to its disparagement. The Ohio, charming in all its course of a thousand miles, becomes grandly beautiful below Louisville for the lower half of its course. Were it but deep as well as broad and splendid in its great reaches, and graceful curves, and picturesque banks, nothing would be wanting to its pleasing souvenirs. But I have tried its current at an unfortunate period. The river is at its lowest point. At its highest it would be fifty feet deeper—a great torrent pouring onward toward the sea.

We were all of us in high spirits on the *Fort Wayne*. The crew was firing up, and singing merrily below; and in the cabin, we were sitting round our good coal fire, chatting, reading, and some playing poker, calculating the next morning but one to wake upon the Mississippi. So passed we down merrily, until, sunk upon a bar, we saw the wreck of the steamboat *Plymouth* which two nights before had been run into by another boat, which sunk her in-

stantly, and her deck-passengers woke up under the waters of the Ohio. Twenty unfortunates were drowned; and our passengers, accustomed to the river, spoke of it with perfect indifference, as a very common affair.

We passed this bar safely, touching bottom indeed, as we often did; but in passing over the next we grounded firm and fast. The engines were worked at their greatest power, but in vain. Efforts were made all day to get the boat off, but without moving her; and older voyagers began to tell pleasant stories of boats lying for three weeks on a sand-bar, and getting out of provisions and wood. For us passengers there was but patience, but for captain and crew there was a hard night's work in a cold November rain. They went at it heartily, and when we woke up in the morning the steamboat was afloat, and as soon as she had got in a fresh supply of wood we went merrily down the Ohio again, putting off by a day our arrival at the Father of Waters. So we went, talking on morals and politics, reading the *Wandering Jew*, and playing poker, until dinner came; and just after dinner, we came to another bar, on which we ran as before, giving our crew a second night of hardship and toil, and us a more thorough disgust of low-water navigation. We got off by morning as before, by great exertion and the steady use of effective machinery, the boat being hoisted over the bar inch by inch, by the aid of great spars, blocks, and windlass.

There was still, but a short distance below this spot, the worst bar of all to pass. If you will look

upon the map you will see that the Ohio, near her mouth, receives two large rivers from the south, which empty within twelve miles of each other, and for a long distance are not more than twenty miles apart. These are the Cumberland and the Tennessee. At the mouth of the Cumberland is a little straggling, wild, half-civilized river-town called Smithland, and at the mouth of the Tennessee is a more important village called Paducah, both of course in Kentucky. Between these are the most difficult shoals in the lower Ohio. The river is broad, the sands are shifting, and the river changes its channel at every rise of water. Having been twice aground and lost nearly two days, our captain determined to take every precaution. He hired a flat boat, into which were discharged many tons of whisky and butter, and which was lashed alongside. A boat was sent down to sound the channel and lay buoys. This done, just as breakfast was ready, all the male passengers were summoned to go on board the flat boat, fastened alongside, with the butter and whisky, so as to lighten the steamer as much as possible, and when we were all aboard we started down. As luck would have it, the current carried the boat a few feet out of her proper course, and she stuck fast again. The wheels could not move her, and we jumped on board again to eat our breakfast, now grown cold from waiting.

This dispatched, we went out on the promenade deck, and to our chagrin saw the *Louis Philippe*, which left Louisville one day behind us, coming down,

looking light and lofty, with a flat boat alongside. She came down rapidly, and passed close by us, her passengers laughing in triumph at our predicament. The *Louis Philippe* had not got her length below us before she too stuck fast and swung round into a more difficult position, lying broadside upon the bar with the strong current full against her. The laugh was now on our side, and the *Louis Philippe* gave rise to the more jokes, because her hurricane deck was entirely covered with cabbages, with their stumps sticking up, giving her a droll appearance; while our hurricane deck was filled with chicken coops. It was time now to go to work in earnest. More freight was discharged into our lighter, and all the passengers, except the women and children, were sent on board her. We thickly covered the barrels of whisky and kegs of butter, and the captain, to keep us off the steamer, cast us loose, and we floated off with the current, and were safely blown ashore on the Kentucky side about a mile below, leaving the two steamers above to get off as soon as they were able.

When our flat boat touched the Kentucky bank of the river, her ninety passengers jumped joyfully ashore, and with noisy hilarity scattered along the beach. The morning was beautiful. The clear sunlight glittered upon the river, and lighted up the forests with a golden radiance. The sky was blue, and the air cool and bracing. The land was high, well wooded, and fertile. Seeing a substantial-looking double log house a short distance from the river, about a dozen of us went up to warm our fingers at its fire.

The door stood open, and we entered a comfortable apartment; but what a terrible scene of wretchedness was presented to our view! Two human beings, neither apparently more than twenty-five years old, sat at either corner of the chimney fire. Pale, wan, emaciated, they were bent up and shivering, and seemed so forlorn, wretched and despairing, that I shuddered to look at them. Both were young, and the wife had been strikingly beautiful. The man held something in his lap; I looked down and saw the most frightful little baby I ever beheld. Its blue arm was no bigger than my thumb—the little wan, pale thing looked more like a baby of rags than one of flesh and blood, and weighed no more than seven or eight pounds, though more than four months old. Yes—for four months, ever since its birth, father, mother, and this their only child, had been suffering from the chills and fever. I could not have imagined and I never can forget this picture of despairing misery. A terrible miasma broods over these streams. On their upper branches are these intermittent fevers, with their living death—below is the frightful pestilence, the yellow fever.

In a few moments our lucky boat swung round and came down for us, leaving the less fortunate *Louis Philippe* to get off as she could, and her passengers to learn not to halloo before they got out of the wood. And now — now, by the first light of the morning for this grand, this terrible Mississippi!

It was a misty, moonlight night when we came to

the confluence of the Ohio with the Mississippi. We had come down a tedious, and in some degree perilous, course of one thousand miles—we had still a thousand miles to go before arriving at New Orleans, which is the next stage of our Southern journey.

The Mississippi and Ohio come together at an acute angle, and their waters flow down in unmingled currents, differing in colour, for a long distance. Even at night we could distinguish the line which divides them. The Ohio water is filled with fine sand and loam—the Mississippi is discoloured with clay besides, and the water looks like a tub of soap-suds after a hard day's washing.

Whoever looks upon the map with an utilitarian eye, sees at the confluence of these great rivers a favourable point for a great city. A few years since an English company took possession of or purchased this site, and, with a capital of nearly a million of pounds sterling, commenced operations. They lithographed plans of the city and views of the public buildings. There were domes, spires, and cupolas, hotels, warehouses, and lines of steamboats along both rivers. How fair—how magnificent it all looked on the India paper! You should see the result as I saw it in the misty miasma, by the pale moonlight. Cairo is a swamp, overflowed by every rise of either river. The large hotel, one of the two buildings erected, is slowly sinking below the surface. The heaps of railroad iron sent out from England for the great central road to Chicago, of which this was to be the depôt, are many feet beneath the surface. Piles will not stand

up—and, however deep they are driven, sink still deeper. The present business of the place, consisting of selling supplies to steamboats, and transferring passengers from the down to the up-river boats, is done on floating store boats, made fast to the shore. Cairo has since been built into a considerable town by dyking out the rivers, and has been an important naval and military port during the civil war.

Were I to build a town, at almost any point on the Mississippi, every house should be afloat; they would rise and fall with the river, and be at all times equally easy of access. They would not cave in and be washed away, as whole villages sometimes are, and as some we have passed bid fair to be before next spring. If I got tired of my location I could cut loose, get towed up the river, or float down until I found a point to suit me, and with a navigation extending a thousand miles in almost every direction, I should be hard to please if I could not be satisfied. In this way a town, as large as any I have yet seen on this river, might all go off together. There are no churches, but the tavern would take the lead, and all the little stores and negro huts could follow in its wake.

This is my thirteenth day of steamboating—the usual time across the Atlantic—and I have four days more at least. You may well suppose that a hundred passengers are put to their trumps for amusement. The *Wandering Jew* did very well as long as it lasted. Some keep on reading novels, having laid in a stock or exchanged with other passengers, but cards

are the resource of the majority. The centre tables, as soon as breakfast is over, are occupied with parties playing poker or loo, and are covered with bank-notes and silver. Many who do not play look on to see the frolics of fortune. Several of these players are professional gamesters, and quite cool, as men who hope to win by chance or skill ought to be. Others, in their flushing cheeks and trembling hands and voices, show how the passion is fastening upon them. These are driven by weariness, and tempted by the smallness of the game, to commence playing. The passion increases day by day, and so do the stakes, until, before reaching New Orleans, the verdant ones have lost all their money, and with it their self-respect and their confidence in the future. Depressed by shame, disheartened at being in a strange city without money, they are in a miserable condition, and ready to throw themselves away. They become dependent upon the blacklegs who have led them on, are instructed in their evil courses, made their tools and catspaws, and perhaps induced to enter upon courses of crime of a more dangerous character. All this comes of playing cards to kill time on the Mississippi.

While those who need the excitement of betting play at games of bluff and poker, some amuse themselves with whist, and old-fashioned fellows get into a corner and have a bout at old sledge; and now, at eleven o'clock, the great cabin of our boat presents a curious appearance. Playing around the tables, with noisy, joyous laughter, are half a dozen merry little boys and girls. These have all got well acquainted

with each other, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

I can give you little idea of this portion of the Mississippi. The river is very low, and does not seem large enough to be the outlet of the thousand streams above; for the waters on which we float come not only from the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, but there are mingled with them the bright springs of Western New York, a large part of Pennsylvania, part of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and a large portion of the Western States. Yet, with all the waters of this vast area, our boat can sometimes scarcely keep the channel. Last night, running at her full speed, she went crashing into a snag, with a concussion and scraping which woke us all up, and made the timid ones spring out of their berths. Our safety was in our going down stream instead of up—the difference of rubbing the back of a hedgehog the right and the wrong way. These snags are great trees which cave off and are washed down the current; the roots become imbedded in the bottom, and the stem and branches pointing down stream and half or wholly covered with water, form a terrible *steamboat de frise*, which tears an ascending steamer to pieces, but generally allows those going with the current to pass over or through them with safety.

The river is full of islands, so that you often see but a small portion of its waters; it winds along in so many convolutions that you must steam a hundred miles often to make twenty in a straight line. Many of these bends may be avoided at high water, by taking

the cross cuts, called "running a *chute,*" when the whole country for twenty miles on each side is submerged.

Usually, on one side or the other, there is a perpendicular bank of clay and loam, some thirty feet high, and here and there are small plantations. The river gradually wears them off, carrying down whole acres in a season. From this bank the land descends back to the swamps which skirt nearly the whole length of the river. These in very low water are comparatively dry, but as the river rises they fill up, and the whole country is like a great lake, filled with a dense growth of timber. These curving banks, the rude and solitary huts of the woodcutters, the vast bars of sand, covered gradually with canebrake, and the range of impenetrable forest for hundreds of miles, comprise a vast gloomy landscape, which must be seen to be realized.

On the map you will find towns scattered along the banks of the river. I wish you could see some of these. One of the first we came to was Randolph, in Tennessee. I was looking for a busy, bustling village—but what an indescribably wretched-looking place did I find it! There is here, along the river, a bluff about two hundred feet high. The river, washing into a quicksand stratum, has undermined it, so that the bluff has sunk so as to form great steps—acres in extent, and twenty or thirty feet above each other; down these the rains and torrents have washed great gullies and impassable ravines. On such a spot, on the different steps of this caving bluff, is built a collection of black-looking houses and stores. It is frightfully destitute

of shrubbery or vegetation, and the buildings seem to stand awry, as if the ground was sinking, caving downwards, breaking under them. It would not be at all strange to see the whole place go crashing into the river at the next great rise.

One hundred miles below, on the Arkansas side, is the town of Helena (appropriately accented on the first syllable). There is a tavern and three or four small stores—a wretched-looking place. One of our passengers landed here. He was a German Jew, with a large mouth, a large nose, soaplocks that would have astonished the Bowery in the palmiest days of soaplockism, and he played a ferocious hand at poker. He came on board at Cairo, gambled all the way down, and left to take care of his clothing store, at the door of which I saw some Indian blankets, and coats worn commonly here, made of the same material.

This town of Helena is said to be the resort of a wild population of horse-thieves and counterfeiters. The river washes under the bank, and there is already a huge crack opened, just back of the principal buildings which skirt the shore. At the last rise a stranger, who had come here on horseback from the interior, was so apprehensive that the whole place would wash off that he took his horse into a flat boat, and there waited, night and day, for the arrival of a steamer.

While the scene is fresh in my memory, let me describe to you my last morning upon the Mississippi; but why do I speak thus of a scene which can never fade from my remembrance, but in all future

years will glow the brightest picture which nature and civilization have daguerreotyped upon my heart?

I rose before the sun, while all the East was glowing with his refracted light. The steamboat had made excellent progress all night, not being obliged to stop by fog, and was only detained a short time by running plump into the mud on the river's bank—but she soon backed out of that scrape.

We had here, fifty miles above New Orleans, an almost tropical sunrise. The Mississippi, as if tired of its irregularities, flowed on an even current between its low banks, along which on each side are raised embankments of earth from four to ten feet in height —the levee, which extends for hundreds of miles along the river, defending the plantations from being overflowed at high water.

As I gained the hurricane deck the scene was enchanting, and, alas! I fear, indescribable. On each side, as far as the eye could reach, were scattered the beautiful houses of the planters, flanked on each side by the huts of their negroes, with trees, shrubbery, and gardens. For miles away, up and down the river, extended the bright green fields of sugar-cane, looking more like great fields of Indian corn than any crop to which a Northern eye is familiar, but surpassing that in the vividness of the tints and density of growth—the cane growing ten feet high, and the leaves at the top covering the whole surface. Back of these immense fields of bright green were seen the darker shades of the cypress swamp; and to give the most picturesque effect to the landscape, on every side, in

the midst of each great plantation, rose the tall white towers of the sugar-mills, throwing up graceful columns of smoke and clouds of steam. The sugar-making process was in full operation.

After the wild desolation of the Mississippi, for more than half its course below the Ohio, you will not wonder that I gazed upon this scene of wealth and beauty in a sort of ecstacy. Oh! how unlike our November in the far, bleak North was this scene of life in Louisiana! The earth seemed a paradise of fertility and loveliness. The sun rose and lighted up with a brighter radiance a landscape of which I had not imagined half the beauty.

The steamer stopped to wood, and I sprang on shore. Well, the air was as soft and delicious as our last days in June—the gardens were filled with flowers; yes, bushels of roses were blooming for those who chose to pluck them, while oranges were turning their green to gold, and figs were ripening in the sun. It was a creole plantation—French the only language heard. A procession of carts, each drawn by a pair of mules and driven by a fat and happy negro, who seemed to joke with every motion and laugh all over from head to foot, came from the sugar-house to get wood, of which an immense quantity was lying upon the banks of the river, saved from the vast mass of forest trees washed down at every freshet.

I cannot describe the appropriateness of everything on these plantations. These creole planters look as if nature had formed them for good masters; in any other sphere they are out of their element—here most

decidedly at home. The negroes, male and female, seem made on purpose for their masters, and the mules were certainly made on purpose for the negroes. Any imaginable change would destroy this harmonious relation. Do they not all enjoy alike this paradise — this scene of plenty and enchantment? The negroes work, and are all the better for such beneficial exercise, as they would be all the worse without it. They have their feasts, their holidays—more liberty than thousands of New York mechanics enjoy in their life-times—and a freedom from care and anxiety which a poor white man never knows. I begin to think that paradise is on the banks of the Mississippi, and that the nearest approach to the realization of the schemes of Fourier is on our Southern plantations. However this may be, I am satisfied, from what I have seen and heard thus far, that Northern sympathy for the slave is much worse than wasted, and that it can find more appropriate objects nearer home.

For the fifty miles which I saw, and for the hundred more passed in the night, the shores of this mighty river present a continuous line of rich plantations and palace-like residences, each surrounded by the neat and apparently comfortable cabins of the negroes. On some estates these huts, each standing in a little garden, and neatly whitewashed, form a long row parallel to the shore. On others they form a large square running back from the mansion of the planter. In all cases there appears to be a beautiful relation between them; and if one can divest himself

of all prejudice, I can conceive of no pleasanter sight likely to be seen in the present state of humanity.

These negroes are slaves—they are liable to be transferred from one estate to another—they may be flogged—they move to the crack of the whip. True! Did it ever occur to a philanthropist, that a soldier in our army, or a sailor in our navy, is also a slave during the term of his enlistment? that he may be ordered from Maine to Texas, or from one side of the earth to the other—that he is also liable to be flogged, and very often is, for the slightest fault or for none at all —and that he is often subject to hardships, privations, and sufferings, compared with which a sugar or cotton plantation is a heaven? Scenes have occurred on our men-of-war at which the worst overseer in Louisiana would blush. The mind of the reader will revert to cases without any specification.

When did the English Government, so humane where slaves are concerned, ever hesitate to kidnap and impress her own citizens, exporting them to distant and unhealthy climates, and confining them in her ships of war, when she wanted men to fight her battles? But you will scarcely thank me for this declamation; yet it came up so naturally, that I should not feel quite honest if it were suppressed.

A few words on cotton and sugar, and I have done; as stump speakers say when their ideas are pretty much expended.

Cotton is raised in great quantities in nearly all the Southern States, and especially in Mississippi and Alabama. Sugar is almost wholly confined to

Louisiana, and there is cultivated chiefly on a narrow strip of land on the river, and among the lakes and bayous of the south-west portion of the State.

The cotton lands are ploughed into beds in March —the seed is sown in drills, and the plant, when it first comes up, is as tender as the bean, which it slightly resembles in its early growth. It soon becomes hardy, grows very fast, acquires a strong stalk, with widely spreading branches. In May it begins to flower on the lower branches, the blossoms opening white, and in one night turning to a beautiful red. A ball, shaped like a hickory-nut, displaces the flower, and this, as it ripens, opens in four or five compartments, showing the white cotton which envelopes the seeds. The cotton on the lower parts of the shrubs is fit to pick while the upper part is in blossom, so that the picking commences in August and continues until Christmas. As fast as it is picked in the field it is separated—the fibre from the seed, by the gin, a collection of saws acting between the bars of a grate, and the cotton is pressed in bales, ready for the market. Good land produces two bales an acre, weighing four hundred pounds each, and worth, at present rates, about thirty dollars a bale. Planters raise from ten to a thousand bales.

The sugar-cane is planted in cuttings, each joint being planted in a hill, and throwing off several stalks—these resemble Indian corn, but grow much larger and stronger, and have a more solid pith, full of very sweet juice. In November, when the cane is found to yield most juice, it is cut up, taken to the

steam mill, and the juice is expressed by passing the stalks between rollers. This is boiled down to molasses, syrup, and sugar.

Give me credit for a few paragraphs of useful information.

There is something very impressive about the Mississippi river. It rises in Minnesota, 47° 10′ north latitude, where its sources are mingled with those of the great Red River of the North, which flows into Hudson's Bay, and the rivers that empty into Lake Superior, and reach the Atlantic Ocean through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here in the centre of the continent, at the height of 1680 feet above the sea, in a collection of small lakes within a few miles of each other, rise three great water-courses, which flow north, east, and south, and drain a continent. The Mississippi is nearly three thousand miles in length; or if we measure from its mouth to the source of its branch, the Missouri, larger than itself, we have a length of more than four thousand five hundred miles.

This river and its tributaries drain an area of 1,226,600 square miles. It has 1500 navigable branches. The great alluvial plain of the lower Mississippi is 500 miles long and from 30 to 50 miles wide. Only the levees or embankments prevent all this surface of 31,200 square miles from being submerged, excepting a few bluffs, at every flood which pours down from the melting snows of the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains. The channel of the river through this whole valley is about 3000 feet wide, and from 75 to 120 feet deep. It winds like a huge serpent, and

pours its great flood through this immense valley, its surface, at its flood, being higher than the whole country through which it runs, so that forty per cent. of its waters are drained off into the swamps and bayous, and either lost by evaporation or given back at lower stages. It is certain that the floods do not run past New Orleans. Even that magnificent torrent cannot contain them. A glance at the map shows that the lower part of the State of Louisiana has been made from the gulf by the deposits brought down by the river. Mr. Lyell calculates that this process has been going on 75,000 years; but it may be doubted if he have all the data necessary for such a calculation. There are those who think that Lake Michigan at one time found an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. A depression of a few feet, a very slight convulsion, would turn its waters in that direction.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEW ORLEANS.

The town from the river.—Floating prairies.—Buildings without foundations.—Hotels.—Trade and population.—A gay city.—A Sunday in New Orleans.—The cathedral.—French and Americans.—New Orleans revisited.—A French cemetery.—High water.—Northern men of Southern principles.—A charming city.—Generous customs.—Slave auctions.—Trade and prosperity.—Yellow fever.—Its propagation and mortality.—Albert Pike and his "Fine Arkansas Gentleman."

THE view of the magnificent plantations, on the banks of the river, prepared me for the city of New Orleans. The distant prospect of the city is confined to the brilliant dome and cupola of the St. Charles Hotel, the square tower of a cathedral, and two church spires. Next are seen the masts of the shipping, the black pipes of a long line of steamboats, and the tall chimneys of the numerous steam cotton-presses. The Mississippi is here a noble river, of great depth, sweeping along the wooden wharves, and forming the inner curve of the crescent form in which the city expands around it.

The ships, which count by hundreds and measure by miles, are moored with beautiful regularity, in pairs, with their heads all in the same direction, and are found on the upper and lower portion of the levee, the

steamboats, ranging with their bows to the bank, forming the centre. You step upon a very dusty landing, and the city is before you, the streets running back from the river, at a gentle, downward inclination, which brings the pavements of the back streets to the low-water level of the river, which, should it break through its banks at high water, would fill the first stories of all the stores and houses.

The whole city is thus upon almost a dead level, the slight inclination being like that of all the plantations above, downward *from* the river, and *toward* the swamp. It was no easy matter, one would think, to build a town in such a situation. No attempt has been made at filling up, for there was nothing to fill with. There is no such thing as a cellar or a well, or any sort of excavation—not even a grave, as I can learn, in all New Orleans. One foot below the surface, and the mud is full of water. The gutters of all the streets are always draining the soil, and when the river is up they fill to the surface. I do not know what is beneath—quicksands perhaps, possibly pure water—for there is, west of the river, in this State, a prairie, on which you can drive out with a horse and buggy, where you have only to dig a hole two or three feet deep to come to water of immense and unknown depth, where large fish are sometimes caught with a hook and line. These may be the "waters under the earth," spoken of in the Scriptures.

However this may be in New Orleans, it is certain that the city rests upon a plain of soft loam, saturated with water, increasing in moisture as you descend. It

is certain that there is no such thing as digging for foundations, for the deeper they dig the less there is to sustain a weight of walls. In Holland, the public buildings are set on piles, but these are of no use in New Orleans; for the further they are driven, the more easily they descend, and I believe that if forced down far enough, they would sink down altogether, and very possibly float off in the Mississippi.

Knowing all this, one is the more astonished at the massive and magnificent buildings in New Orleans. Resting upon the dead surface of this swamp are blocks of immense warehouses, of brick and granite; hotels covering whole squares, like the Astor House, but built in a much more showy and striking style; cathedrals, public buildings, churches and palaces, built of the most durable materials, and lasting for centuries. It is the singular elasticity of the soil, and that alone, which sustains them. If the first brick or stone will stay where it is placed, the building is carried up fearlessly to its fifth story; and if the ground is too soft for that, all they do is to lay down a plank or the bottom of a flat boat, and all is secure as possible. In paving some of the principal streets, the only way in which the stones could be laid was to first cover the soft mud with a layer of brush and weeds. With all this, the streets are well paved, and in dry weather much too dusty. The side walks are washed clean, and the warehouses, stores, and dwellings will compare with those of any city I have visited.

One thing that strikes a stranger, on entering the city, is the number of the hotels, with their extent

and magnificence. The St. Charles, chief hotel of the American quarter, covers the front of an entire square, and is built in a more showy style than any building in New York. It is of a composite order of architecture, with a profusion of lofty fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, and the building is surmounted with a high, gracefully shaped dome, and a pretty cupola. The whole surface is of stucco, brilliantly white, and it can be seen to a great distance around.

On the next square, diagonally from the St. Charles, is another great hotel, the Verandah, a splendid establishment; and a few blocks' distance, in the French part of the city, is a more extensive and more splendid establishment than either, the great Hotel St. Louis. The Orleans Hotel, Hewlett's Exchange, and a dozen more, are indications of the great commercial importance, the immense business, and the abounding wealth of the Southern emporium.

I have said before, or might have said, that the population of Southern cities is no indication of their commercial importance. This is especially the case in New Orleans. No manufactures but those of necessity are carried on here—the work is that which belongs to commerce. There are extensive cotton-presses, requiring a great many hands, powerful steam-engines, and severe labour—there are, of course, and especially among the creoles, tailors, shoemakers, milliners, &c., but still the North supplies much the greater portion of all the articles of Southern wear, ready made. The indications of commercial importance are to be found in these magnificent hotels, in three theatres, in the

numerous public resorts, where merchants congregate, in the long lines of steamboats and shipping, in the great banking houses, chartered and private, in the commercial daily newspapers, filled with advertisements, and in the immense masses of cotton, sugar, tobacco, iron, lead, flour—in short, the staples of the South and West, and the manufactured products of every quarter of the globe.

But I shall have a thousand things to write of New Orleans, as I intend to study the city thoroughly. I arrive at a most propitious season. Business is just about to assume its greatest activity. Cotton and sugar are now pouring in by floods. The hotels are filling up with merchants and planters. To-night the St. Charles Theatre opens, with Booth for the first rising star, and the promise of the Keans, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Mowatt, Chippindale, Dan Marble, and others. The Orleans opens in a few days with opera by the French company. The divine Pico, with Majocca, Valtellina, and Antonini, announce a series of concerts at the St. Louis. The councils of the first municipality last night passed an ordinance authorizing and regulating the masquerades for the winter; so you see that New Orleans is to be as gay as the happiest-humoured man could wish. I have been here three days, and we have had one duel, a very private affair, which, as it resulted in no injury, caused no excitement; and last night, in the most magnificent public saloon in the city, the public bar-room of the St. Louis, Mr. Wadsworth, in a quarrel with Captain Carson, drew a pistol and shot him through the heart,

and this surrounded by a crowd of people. He surrendered himself to the sheriff, who it appears was present, and was taken to prison; and in the morning papers is the usual notice, inviting the friends of the deceased to attend his funeral. So opens to me life in New Orleans.

A Sunday in New Orleans is a novelty to a Northerner. I do not intend to assume that it is kept better or worse than with us—with you, I should say—in the commercial emporium, where it is not observed with any puritanical strictness. During the summer, some thousands of New Yorkers go to Hoboken, ride in the cars to Harlem, take a trip to the fishing banks, steam down to Coney Island; in short, a large portion of the New Yorkers spend Sunday as a holiday.

I rose early on the morning of my first Sunday in New Orleans, which habit, acquired in travelling, had made easy to me. The breakfast arrangements at the St. Charles are worthy of imitation. You sit at the table empty of viands, and order from a bill of fare, when everything is brought you hot and fresh, from creole eggs to oysters; and with breakfast you may have those admirable papers, the *Picayune* and the *Delta*, each published on Sunday morning rather than Monday, that editors and compositors may enjoy the day of rest, and here, at least, of recreation. Is not this better than making them work on Sunday, when toil seems harder than on any other day?

I walked out into the bright sunshine: the stores were open, it is true, but not the great warehouses. Labour

was suspended, but not enjoyment. Carriages were in the streets, but carts and drays were banished, and people were dressed in their holiday clothes.

I walked to the Place d'Armes, where the music of a military band met my ear, and an artillery company, just returned from Texas, was going through some evolutions, attended by the crowd of spectators which is everywhere attracted by the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The company marched out of town for target practice, and so spent their Sunday in learning to defend their country when called upon. As Sunday is a favourite day for fighting battles, there is some appropriateness in these Sunday parades.

Returning from the parade, I heard a bell ringing violently, as if for an alarm of fire or riot. I looked around and saw before me the towers of the old cathedral, towards which the hasty steps of many passengers were tending. Entering with them, I found myself in a church of a singularly plain and antiquated appearance.

In the porch was seated a group of ancient, grey-haired negroes, waiting for alms, which pretty and pious ladies stopped to give them. As I entered, I saw the glitter of the candles burning on the altar, and on each side a row of old paintings, representing scenes in the life of Christ. Near the door, on either side, were three confessionals, with a curtained place for the priest in the centre, and on each side a nook for the kneeling penitent. A choir composed of five or six male voices, all singing the same part, was chaunt-

ing the service, an indifferent organ furnishing the harmonies.

In all this there was nothing of the pomp and magnificence which one might have expected in a Catholic city—a city as rich as New Orleans—among a people as proud as the creoles. But, if there was little grandeur in the services of the church, there was something very interesting in the appearance of the worshippers. Never did I see such a curious mixture of persons and colours. A radiant creole beauty, with coal-black eyes, long silken lashes, a complexion of the lily, scarcely tinged with the rose, and a form of matchless elegance, dressed in black, with a gold-clasped missal and bouquet of roses, knelt before me. On the other side was a venerable descendant of Africa, with devotion marked on every feature. White children and black, with every shade between, knelt side by side upon the pavement. In the house of prayer they recognised no distinction of rank or colour. The maddest abolitionist could not wish for an exhibition of greater equality or a more perfect amalgamation, than is to be found in New Orleans, where, as in all the South, the negro is treated more like "a man and a brother" than in the North.

Three-fourths of this worshipping congregation were females: a large proportion were of African blood; and here, as everywhere, the negroes are most ardent in their piety. The females, with their clean, stiffly starched Sunday gowns, and handkerchiefs of red and yellow, not only appeared to attend to the services with great devotion, but their children, little boys and

girls, nine or ten years old, showed a docility which, I fear, not many of our Northern children exhibit in religious services.

There was a horse-race, just out of town; but I did not go, preferring for this day to look about the city. The coffee-houses were filled with visitors. Ladies, dressed in gay costumes, were chatting in their balconies, and making their observations on the passers-by. Men were visiting their friends, meeting together in groups, and talking with each other, enjoying the pleasant air and sunshine. Strange groups everywhere, and everywhere a foreign language met the ear, for many of the creoles will not learn English, and there are thousands here who do not speak or understand a word of it—"natives," too; so much natives that they call us Anglo-Americans "foreigners," and are not a little jealous of our coming among them. Indeed, the rich creoles here are quite aristocratic and exclusive, and refuse to mix in society with the Americans at all. They have their own theatre, their own balls, their own amusements of all kinds—their own city, in fact; for except the distance, New York and Paris are not more different than the French and Yankee portions of New Orleans.

Sunday afternoon passes away in walking, riding, social entertainments, and quiet enjoyments. The shops are generally closed, excepting those which in New York are kept open—those for cigars, confectionery, &c. But when evening comes, the town puts on its gayest appearance. The theatres all put forth their best attractions. Concerts are given. The

billiard-rooms are in full employment, and in the season of dancing, more balls are given than on any other night. It is the chosen time for every kind of amusement, and the French theatre, one of the most splendid in the United States, usually opens the season on Sunday night.

Sunday is kept in New Orleans—well or ill—according to opinions. People of the most rigid notions soon grow accustomed to it, and learn to like this creole fashion. Those who feel devout can go to church; and New Orleans is well supplied with places of worship, not only Catholic, but Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Unitarian. There are those who think that the Almighty is pleased with the enjoyment of his creatures, and that gaiety may be accompanied with gratitude to Him and benevolence to their fellow-man. But it is my duty to observe facts, not to settle points of controversy.

But, whatever may be thought of the looseness of Southern morals, as developed here, it is certain that, for all practical purposes, there is no better regulated city in this country. You may walk over New Orleans at midnight, from one end to the other, without the slightest apprehension of danger or insult. A lady may walk the streets alone in safety at any hour of the evening. I have seen nothing of that display of vice which is blazoned, by gaslight, every evening in Broadway. I cannot learn that there are any gambling houses, open and public, like those which tempt every stranger who visits New York, and against which the laws are never enforced. I have

not yet seen the first group of rowdies, like those which have rendered the corners of some of our New York streets almost impassable. From these things New Orleans is free. If you want vicious associations you must go in search of them—they are never forced upon you; and I am told that at the French Theatre they who, in our Northern cities, are confined to a particular part of the house, are entirely excluded.

There was a time, no doubt, when lawless adventurers clustered around this city, and before the police was organized, which they made necessary—when New Orleans was not so well regulated as now; but the creole population is quiet, orderly, and possesses some very interesting characteristics. Indeed, it is notorious that the worst Southerners are Northerners. They are the most immoral in their habits, and the hardest masters to their slaves. Why this should be so, let philosophers decide.

In the winter of 1859 I was again in New Orleans. The Southern metropolis had increased in extent, trade, and population, but in all its essential features it was still the same. The St. Charles Hotel had been burnt, and rebuilt without its dome. Sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps were still drunk in the magnificent bar-room of the St. Louis, a circular-domed room nearly as large as the reading-room of the British Museum. The French side of the city was as quiet and elegant as of old, and the American side as bustling and noisy.

I made another visit to the old French cemetery, where people are buried in ovens of masonry above

ground; and every little grave-plot is a garden of flowers, where the relatives of the beloved dead come on Sundays and feast-days to hang wreaths of *immortelles* upon the tombs, and pray for the souls of the departed—"*requiescant in pace!*" Around the cemetery, forming a high thick wall, are the graves of the poor; each one has an opening large enough to admit a coffin shoved in endways. The opening is closed with bricks and mortar. In a twelvemonth it can be opened again to receive another corpse. All that remains of the last one—corpse and coffin—is a handful of dust, which is pushed back by the new comer. The heat of the almost tropical sun dissipates, in one summer, all that can pass into the atmosphere, and dust and ashes alone remain, the relics of our poor mortality.

The Mississippi was more than bank full. It was a fearful sight to see the vast river, more than a mile wide, rising inch by inch until it reached the top of the levee, and hundreds of ships and steamers were floating many feet above the level of the streets—as high, indeed, as the roofs of the houses in the back streets of the town. What a deluge there would have been if the dyke had given way! The up country was flooded. One of the railroads leading to the city was submerged. One morning, when the river was at the highest, I saw the water running across the top of the levee in several places, and making a short cut through the streets to Lake Ponchartrain and the Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans was full. Hotels, boarding-houses, lodgings were crowded. The population was 170,000

by census. The floating population of planters, merchants, and visitors from the North and West, raised it to nearly 300,000. The theatres, French and English, concerts, balls, exhibitions of all kinds, were crowded. Gold was plentiful, silver a drug. Having accumulated more half-dollars, the most common coin, than I wished to carry, I was obliged to pay two per cent. premium to get them converted into bank-notes.

New Orleans — French and Catholic before it was invaded by Protestant Americans—kept Sunday in the Continental fashion, as a religious holiday. The creoles have not changed their ancient customs. They go to mass, and also go to market, which, on Sunday morning, is more crowded, more noisy, and fuller of creole and negro gaiety than on any week-day. There are also military parades on Sunday morning, and the theatres are open in the evening as at Paris. When the Yankees first went to New Orleans, with their Puritan ideas and habits, they were shocked at this desecration of the Sabbath; but they did not fail to imitate and exceed it; so that the American side of the city is now far noisier on Sunday than the French. As the Yankees go to extremes in everything, when they do break the Sabbath they break it into very small pieces.

This tendency to extremes is shown in the fact that Northerners, from New England or New York, when they emigrate to the South, become the most Southern of the Southerners, and the most ultra of pro-slavery men. As masters they are noted for their

severity to their slaves. As a rule, the Southerners are easy and indulgent; but Yankee adventurers, who have made or married plantations in the South, are hard and exacting masters. They make more bales of cotton and more hogsheads of sugar to the acre than others; and, of course, their negroes must perform more labour.

Not a few men of Northern birth have taken an active part in the formation of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Yancey and Mr. Slidell, for example, were both from New York. A gentleman of New Orleans whose hospitality I often enjoyed, and who had a creole wife and a lovely family of children, was a Yankee from Massachusetts, and is a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. The Southern cities are full of Northern men, and there are none more earnestly devoted to the cause of Southern independence.

There is a charm in the life and society of New Orleans, difficult to understand and impossible to describe. "No place like New Orleans," is the verdict of all who have lived there long enough to know what it is; and this in spite of the river that threatens to drown you, and the swamp filled with mosquitoes and alligators; in spite of the yellow fever every three years, and months of every year with the thermometer above ninety degrees. "I had rather be a nigger in New Orleans, than own New York and live there," would not be considered a very extravagant assertion in the former city. Whatever may be the cause of the feeling, there is no doubt about the

fact. The people are eminently social, generous, genial, and impulsive. The climate during eight months of the year is also indescribably delicious. Roses bloom, bananas ripen, and golden oranges cover the trees in January.

There are little traits of character which may give a stranger some idea of the people. The smallest coin in circulation is the picayune, or five-cent piece. Pennies, or cents, when brought from the North, are used by the boys for pitch and toss, but are of no use in making purchases. Ask a market man if his eggs are fresh, and he will immediately break one to show you, and then throw it into the gutter. A bar-room in New Orleans will hold a thousand people. Men drink a great deal—they say the climate makes it necessary—but they also drink magnificently. In such a bar-room there will be set out every day, free to all comers, a lunch composed of soups, fish, roast joints, fowls and salads, with bread and cheese. You eat as much as you desire, and the dime or the picayune (fivepence or twopence-halfpenny), which you give for the mint-julep or sherry-cobbler, pays for all. Liquors without measure, food free-gratis-for-nothing, every man treating all his acquaintances, flush times, high wages, high profits, and high prices: these were some of the peculiarities of New Orleans.

These great bar-rooms serve the purposes of commercial exchanges. They have news bulletins, and the latest telegrams, as well as the daily newspapers. Men meet here to do business, and cargoes of sugar

and tobacco, corn and cotton, change owners over glasses of "Old Bourbon," or "Monongahela." Here, too, are held auctions for the sale of stocks, ships, steamboats, real estate, and negroes. The people think no more of the transfer of one than of the other, as this legal transfer does not change the condition. The negro was a slave before the sale, and he is a slave after it. The laws of Louisiana prohibit the separation of families, and the change is as likely to be for the better as for the worse. I have seen many such sales, and never one in which the negroes sold did not seem more interested in the price they brought, as evidence of the good opinion formed of them, than in any other consideration. That a man should be a slave, may undoubtedly be a hardship; but, being a slave, the transfer of his service from one master to another is no more, perhaps, than the transfer of a tenantry when an English estate changes owners.

New Orleans, before the war, was the port of transhipment for a vast and fertile country, larger than all Europe, with twenty thousand miles of river navigation. The Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Red River, the Arkansas, and their hundred tributaries, all found their outlet here. Ships went out loaded with cotton, tobacco, sugar, corn, provisions—the hundred products of the great valley. They brought the manufactures of Europe, tea, coffee, wine, and a thousand articles of use or luxury. Many thousands of emigrants also came to New Orleans, and ascended the Mississippi. There were thirty or forty thousand Irish and Germans in New Orleans.

There was but one drawback upon its prosperity. Once in three years on an average, for fifty years, the yellow fever—the dreaded vomito of the West Indies, Yellow Jack of the sailors, the most fatal of tropical epidemics—has visited New Orleans. It has often appeared at Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston at the same time as at New Orleans. It has desolated the banks of the Mississippi at times as high as Memphis. On the Atlantic seaboard it was terribly fatal a few years ago, at Norfolk and Portsmouth in Virginia, and it formerly paid occasional visits to Philadelphia and New York.

A Southern city, during the visitation of the yellow fever, presents a mournful spectacle. The persons attacked are mostly strangers from the North, or emigrants from Europe. Very few born in the South, or acclimated by several years' residence, are its victims. But no stranger is safe; he may fall in the street by day, or be waked by an attack in the night. He is borne to the hospital, attended by the members of a Humane Society, or the Sisters of Charity, and in from three to five days, in a great number of cases, is carried to a nameless grave. His coffin is thrust into an "oven," and closed up with a few bricks and some mortar. How fatal this disease may be among strangers is shown in the returns of cases in the hospitals of New Orleans: in the Tuoro Infirmary, the deaths to the cases have been 40·72 per cent.; in the Lunenberg Hospital, 52·66 per cent.; and in the hospitals of the Board of Health, 33 to 47 per cent. In one season, in which the deaths from yellow fever in

New Orleans were 7011, there were 3569 Irish victims and 2339 Germans. Americans from the Northern States, who are unacclimated, generally leave New Orleans by the first of May. The Irish and German immigrants who settle there do not leave the city at all, but a large percentage perish by yellow fever and other diseases incident to a hot and malarious climate.

From a careful study of its phenomena, I am satisfied that yellow fever is a contagious disease, carried from place to place, like the small-pox or plague. It cannot be shown that it arises spontaneously in any part of the United States. It prevails at all times on portions of the tropical African coast. It exists every summer at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and almost every summer at Havana, Cuba. It is brought to New Orleans from one of these places, and ordinarily carried from Havana to Savannah and Charleston. From New Orleans it spreads to Mobile, Galveston, Vicksburg, and sometimes Memphis.

A rigid and effective quarantine would keep it out of all these places; and it is by this means that New York and Philadelphia have so long been protected from its assaults. When these cities were attacked, the disease began at the ship in which it was brought, and spread from that point through the neighbourhood. A *cordon sanitaire* was drawn around the infected district, and it did not spread beyond. A few years ago a ship from the West Indies, having yellow fever on board, lay at quarantine at New York. One day when the hatches were open, as the ship lay at anchor in the Narrows, the wind blew a faint, sickly

odour into a little village on the shore of Staten Island. In a few days there was a large number of cases of yellow fever, and twenty-one persons died. The result was a mob, which burned down the quarantine hospitals, and the removal of fever-ships to a safer locality.

When the yellow fever has spread from New Orleans to the villages of the interior, it has proved very fatal to Southern residents, and even to negroes. For a safe acclimation, people must have passed through the contagion of the disease; they must have had something like inoculation. It is not enough to live where the disease has been or might be. A person, too, who has passed the ordeal, and considers himself safe, either from having had the disease, or from having been exposed to the action of its mysterious cause, may lose his invulnerability by living in a cool northern climate. This is at least the belief in New Orleans, where Northern residents, having become acclimated, prefer to remain rather than risk the danger of a second exposure.

Physicians, as usual, have disputed upon the question of the contagiousness of the disease, and the manner in which it is carried from place to place. Commercial interests are opposed to quarantines; people believe in such matters what it is their interest to believe; but the facts are too strong for anti-contagionist theorizing. The disease comes with vessels from Vera Cruz or Havana, when the season is far enough advanced to give it a reception—an atmosphere in which to propagate itself. It is killed by the first

hard frost. Some suppose the matter of contagion to be of a vegetable character; some, that it is animalcular. It is certain that, whatever it may be, the frost kills it. As soon as the New Orleans papers announce a black frost—for a mere hoar-frost is not sufficient—the river steamers and railways are crowded with passengers, and in a week New Orleans puts on her winter festivity. But there have been cases in which the *materies morbi* have found protection even from Jack Frost. In a house and room in which there had been in the summer yellow fever, stood a trunk which had been opened during this period. It was closed; frost came; Yellow Jack took his departure, and the house was filled with people. After a little time the trunk was opened, the fever broke out again in the house, and two or three persons died of it.

So death, which comes over the blue sea in ships, and can be locked up in a trunk, may be carried about in the pack of a pedlar. Thus, a Jew pedlar went from New Orleans during the epidemic, when business was dull, into the country villages. At the first house in which he opened his pack the fever broke out. Its next victims were some persons who had visited that house and examined the pedlar's wares. The fever gradually spread over the village, and carried off a large portion of its population. The sanitary condition of this village may have been good or bad—I know nothing of the habits of its people—but there is no reason to believe that they would have had the yellow fever, had it not been brought in the pack of the Jew pedlar, stowed away among his silks and laces.

At any time and anywhere the yellow fever is a terrible disease. If you were to call in, one after another, six of the most eminent physicians in New Orleans, or in any city in which it has prevailed, it is probable that they would prescribe six different modes of treatment, and that the patient's chance of recovery would not be improved by any. The nursing of a creole negress accustomed to the disease is considered by many better than any of the usual modes of medical treatment.

The mortality of yellow fever is by no means uniform: while it has risen in the New Orleans hospitals to fifty-two per cent., in private practice, among the better class of patients in the same city, it ranges below twenty per cent.; and I have known the mortality, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, to fall as low as five per cent. If the food, the air, and the habits of men could be controlled, they might be insured at a low premium against this as well as all other epidemic diseases. Even the malarias of the African coast or the rice-swamp may be met with proper precautions. The short railway across the Isthmus of Panama, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, cost the lives of five thousand men; yet one contractor on that work assured me that he had never lost a man during its prosecution, because he had insisted on certain sanitary conditions.

There was once a tall Yankee poet, named Albert Pike, who wrote "Hymns to the Gods," in *Blackwood*, I believe. Poetry did not pay, and he studied law, and went to Arkansas. Here he became a thorough

South-western Southerner. He got the confidence of the Indian chiefs in the great Indian territory beyond Arkansas, gained a tremendous lawsuit for them, and when last heard of, had engaged them to join the Southern Confederacy, and was leading a contingent of a few hundred warriors in one of those obscure campaigns of the far West, of which, if he lives, he may some day write a history.

On a visit to Washington a few years ago, at a patriotic dinner, this poet chieftain sang the following song of his own composition, which, aside from its other merits, may give some idea of New Orleans and one class of its winter visitors, before the reigns and robberies of Generals Banks and Butler:—

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Now, all good fellows, listen, and a story I will tell,
Of a mighty clever gentleman, who lives extremely well,
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whisky, and immediately sobers himself completely on the very best of wine;
A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a great deal some day or other, if he don't kill himself too soon, and will only condescend to wait;
And four or five dozen negroes that had rather work than not,
And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry, that he never pretends to know how many he has got;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house,
On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer, and hares, and grouse;

And when he wants to feast his friends, he has nothing more to do
Than to leave the pot-lid off, and the decently-behaved birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot 'em if they don't, and he has a splendid stew;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some other d——d contingency, his crop is short, or fails;
And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it in a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree, while down to New Orleans he and his cotton float;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing-store,
And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;
Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats
Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other d——d vagabond he meets;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

The last time he went down there, when he thought of going back,
After staying about fifteen days, or less, he discovered that by lending, and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hosiers, tailors, servants, and many other individuals, white and black,
He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,
And had nothing to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

Now how this gentleman got home, is neither here nor there,
But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair;
And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath,
That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards; and moreover, for want of decent advisers, he forswore whisky and women both;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,
And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other
mighty comfortable thing;
But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a bet, whether
he coppered or not, so his cash was bound to go;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

So when his moneys all were gone, he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Reyburn* physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had
great affection for him, with her arm held up his head;
And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,
And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all, and
didn't care a curse if he didn't, came praying for him, too;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

They closed his eyes, and spread him out, all ready for the tomb;
And, merely to console themselves, they opened the biggest kind of a
game of faro right there in his own room;
But when he heard the checks, he flung the linen off his face,
And sung out, just precisely as he used to do when he was alive:
"Prindle,† don't turn! hold on! I go twenty on the king, and
copper on the ace!"
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

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* A famous Washington physician.

† The Crockford of Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

GALVESTON.

Texas.—Routes from New Orleans.—A crevasse.—Semi-tropical vegetation.—On the Gulf of Mexico.—Uncomfortable economy.—The coast.—Galveston Island.—A city on the sands.—Grand sea-beach.—Mixed population.—"G. T. T."—Yellow fever.—A land of promise.—Comanches.—Texan society.—A French socialist and a frontier bishop.—Battle of San Jacinto.—Sam Houston and Santa Anna.—A Slave State.—Negro ball.—Perils of the Gulf—Mouths of the Mississippi.

When you are as far South as New Orleans, it is a pity not to get a glimpse of Texas. It would require a long and rough journey to see it all, for this single State extends over nearly twelve degrees of latitude and longitude, and contains more than two hundred thousand square miles (237,504) of territory; a country capable of sustaining the entire population of the United States, when all the States were united, or which could supply cotton to all the manufactories of Europe.

Galveston is the principal seaport town of Texas. Much of the trade of the Northern portion of the State comes to New Orleans by the Red River and Mississippi; but Galveston is the entrepôt of a great central region, rich in sugar, cotton, grain, and

cattle. The direct communication at the period of my visit was by two lines of sea-steamers. One line goes down the Mississippi, and thence across the Gulf of Mexico; the other makes its point of departure at Berwick Bay, which is reached by railway from New Orleans.

It was a clear, bright January morning when I crossed the Mississippi at New Orleans, and took the train for Berwick Bay. The river, whose surface was level with the roofs of many houses on both sides, seemed ready to flow over its embankments. It had done so a few months before. A *crevasse* opposite New Orleans had deluged hundreds of square miles, and utterly destroyed for the time a great number of plantations. A new and very strong levee had been built, and the water was slowly draining off and drying up from the swamps. The shrubbery by the roadside was composed of the exotics of Northern conservatories. The most frequent was a dwarf palm, of whose tough, glossy leaves fans and hats are made, and which should be a good material for cloth and paper. Another was the muskeet, of which there are scanty specimens in some English gardens, but which, in that moist hot climate, grows twelve or fifteen feet high, and is crowned by a tuft of showy crimson flowers. This is a plant of such wonderful vitality, that when cut down, and lying upon the grass, it will lift up its head, grow with vigour, and throw out fibres from its body for roots. There is a similar energy of vegetative life in the climbing plants, as the Cherokee and other roses, which seem to rush upon and overspread

great trees, like an assaulting army taking a fortress. The tree is overpowered, and its vitality destroyed, leaving only an immense heap of the conquering roses.

Arrived at Berwick Bay, we find the steamer lying at her wooden pier. The station is close beside her, and we have only to step on board. The sky is blue; the waters are blue; gulls wheel about and follow us far out at sea, feeding on the remains of our sumptuous dinner. It is mid-winter, but as warm as our warmest summer day; for we are gliding over the great tropical cauldron that pours the warm Gulf-stream on the Northern shores of Europe. The soft night follows the bright day, and I retire to the narrow berth of my pretty state-room. Some Yankee economist of space has built it. It is narrow—so am I. But it is only five feet ten in length, and I am one inch longer. Was ever anything so stupidly tiresome as the lack of that one inch? And what must it be to these tall Kentuckians, these gaunt Tennesseans, these giants of the Mississippi and the plains of Texas, where men grow larger, one would think, just because they have plenty of room for expansion? No doubt they have some way of folding themselves up like carpenters' rules, or shutting up like jack-knives.

In the morning we were in sight of land—a narrow line of white sand along the horizon. Then came spires and the masts of shipping. Galveston cathedral is one of the chief landmarks for mariners. If you take the trouble to look at a good map of North America, you will find the coast from Long Island near New York to Vera Cruz in Mexico lined with

long, narrow islands—banks of sand thrown up by the surf, often with large bays behind them, full of fish and sea-fowl, and giving to some portions of the coast an extensive sheltered inland navigation. The rivers empty into these inclosed bays; and the inlets, when deep enough, form the mouths of excellent harbours. Galveston Island, on the easterly point of which the town is situated, is one of these sand-bars. It is forty miles long, not more than two miles across in the widest place, nor twenty feet, in the highest, above the Gulf. It is merely a long and almost perfectly straight bank of sand, pebbles, and shells, thrown up by the easterly gales of the Gulf of Mexico. Behind this bar is a bay fifteen miles across, into which several rivers empty. But for the shallowness of the water it would be a noble harbour. Steamboats bring cotton, sugar, and cattle down the rivers and across this bay, where they are transferred to ships and the New Orleans steamers.

The pretty town of Galveston is built here on the sands of the sea. The wide streets are sand, rounded pebbles, and shells. The bricks and stones for building are imported from the mainland. The lovely tropical gardens, where the Palma Christi, instead of being an annual shrub, as at the North, grows to a great spreading tree, where the orange-trees mingle golden fruit and odorous flowers, and the banana was drooping its rich clusters of delicious fruit, were made with great trouble by scraping together the scanty soil. Town, gardens, everything was bright and new. Trade was brisk. Immigration poured into the country,

and its great staples were flowing out. Here was the germ of an empire.

The beach on the outer edge of Galveston Island is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is an almost perfectly straight line of forty miles. It is smooth and level, and the sand so hard that the foot of a horse or the wheel of a carriage scarcely makes a mark upon it. The sea-breeze is delicious, and the surf rolls up in great waves that extend as far as the eye can reach. In a gale the surf breaks with a sublime thunder; and at every shock the whole island trembles, while the long banks of foam, bursting and breaking, have the grandeur of a thousand Niagaras. Fancy a canter on horseback along this line of foam, with every wave washing your horse's feet, and the spray driving over you in showers! Or fancy a calmer carriage-ride by moonlight, when the wind is off shore, or in a gentle breeze. The young Galvestonians have fitted up carriages with sails to run along this beach, and in the steady trade-wind breezes could run down to the other end of the island and back at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. On a similar island, farther down the coast, the beach, seventy miles long, is used as a post-road, with a daily line of mail-coaches, and no thanks to Mr. M'Adam, since the road was finished in the time of Adam without the Mac.

At the opening of the civil war, Galveston had increased to a population of over eight thousand inhabitants, of such a mixture as a new town and the entrepôt of a new and rich country was likely to gather. There were people from every American

State, with English, French, Irish, Germans, and Mexicans. Wherever, at one period, a smart Yankee failed in his business or expectations, he made himself scarce in his ancient locality, leaving behind him only the mystical letters "G. T. T.," gone to Texas. Such materials make an enterprizing, go-ahead population, where there is anything to work upon. Here were Englishmen ready to import goods, buy cotton, or raise loans to build railroads, realizing ten per cent. interest, with a trifling risk of repudiation; here were Germans, keeping little shops, or plying modest handicrafts, careful of their gains, and getting rich where an Irishman would starve. And of these latter there was no lack, deep in bricks and mortar, great with pickaxe and spade, and doing, as elsewhere in the South-west, work which men would not allow their negroes to do, because they cost money. The Irishman gets his two dollars a day. Suppose he falls sun-struck, as they do by scores, even in New York—it is no loss; no one misses him. But if anything happens to the negro, his master loses a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and he is sincerely regretted and deeply lamented.

Galveston is subject to yellow fever, when it is brought there from New Orleans, the most likely place, or from Vera Cruz or Havana; and it is very fatal. It matters not that there is only clean sand, bright water, and pure breezes—as healthy a situation, to all appearance, as need be; the vomito comes and takes its victims. The acclimated escape, the newly-arrived of Northern or European birth are more than

decimated. A homœopathic physician assured me that his was by far the most successful mode of treatment. Some would say that every physician in the place would probably have told me the same, or the answer might by possibility be that this proved that the less that was done in a medicinal way the better the chance of the patients.

Since Texas seceded from Mexico and was annexed to the United States, from which she has in turn seceded, possibly to go back to Mexico, under the new *régime*, she has been a land of promise. Her soil is of great fertility, and the climate so soft that people can sleep under the trees the year round. Consumptions and rheumatisms are unheard of. Away from the low and malarious region on the coast, no country in the world, probably, is more healthful. Meat will scarcely putrify in its pure atmosphere, and thousands of square miles were found by the explorers covered with parks and prairies, with streams of soft water, and scarcely requiring the hand of man to make a second Eden. Flowers cover the earth, grapes and delicious fruits grow spontaneously, while the whole country was stocked with deer, wild turkeys, horses and cattle. Texas is at once one of the finest cotton, wheat, and grazing countries in the world.

No doubt the country has its drawbacks. The Comanches on the western borders are the most numerous, enterprizing, and terrible of the Indian tribes. Mounted on their trained mustangs, the fleet and untiring horses of the prairies, they swoop down upon the settlements, kill all who oppose them, capture

women and children, plunder the goods, stampede the cattle, and are off like a whirlwind, leaving desolation and death behind. It is only by keeping a large force of Texan rangers, who are a match for the Comanches, upon the frontier that the settlements are safe.

In the smallest and most distant or out-of-the-way American towns the society, though limited as to numbers, is as good in other respects as in the largest Atlantic cities. The clergymen, lawyers, physicians, bankers, and merchants are likely to be among the most devoted, ambitious, enterprizing, and intelligent of their classes. At a dinner-table at Galveston I met, among others, two remarkable men, who are sufficiently public characters to warrant mention. One was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Galveston, now Archbishop of New Orleans; the other, M. Victor Considerant, a French socialist of the school of Fourier. Both conversed freely upon their specialities. The bishop had a flock scattered over a territory as large as France, and he could preach to them and administer spiritual consolations in English, German, French, Spanish, and, if I mistake not, some Indian dialects. His annual visitation of his diocese consumed several months, and was made on horseback to stations hundreds of miles apart. Now it was an old Spanish town; now a new German settlement. One day he would fall in with a party of poor Mexican Indians, driven into Texas by civil war, or the raids of the Comanches. They might be destitute and almost starving; the bishop could do no less than distribute among them

the provisions of his journey, and be himself obliged to appeal to the hospitality of some wandering tribe of Apaches. Thus, travelling through those vast regions, camping at night under a tree, or sharing the wigwam of the savage, the shepherd fed his flock.

M. Considerant had hoped to found in Texas a French Phalansterian colony, where, with a genial climate, an ample and fertile domain, and the largest liberty, he expected to see the triumph of attractive industry, and a magnificent social reorganization. He bought a tract of land large enough for a principality, and brought together his [redacted] but had been compelled to modify his views as to the practicability of an early realization of his plans of social reform, and was now endeavouring to colonize his lands in the usual civilized fashion, trusting to the future enlightenment of his colonists for the foundation of a society from which repulsive toil, degrading poverty, and all other social evils should be for ever banished. He was not the first French socialist who had looked to Texas as the scene of a triumphant social experiment. Cabet had been there before him, had failed, and led his colony, or such as consented to follow him, to Nauvoo, purchased of the Mormons, on the Upper Mississippi.

The Texan War of Independence was one of the most remarkable on record. The recognized, if not real, hero of the war—Sam Houston—defeated the invading Mexican army, and took General Santa Anna prisoner in the decisive battle of San Jacinto. That battle, which decided the fate of a country larger than Great Britain and Ireland, was fought between a

Mexican advance-guard of 1600 men, commanded by Santa Anna, and the whole Texan army of 783 men, including a cavalry force of 62, and a field-battery of two six-pounders, under General Houston!

Contrasting these numbers with the great armies now engaged in the civil war in America, it is curious to observe the result of this battle. The whole Mexican force was annihilated, scarcely a single soldier escaping: Of nearly 1600 men who commenced the action, 630 were killed, 208 were wounded, and 730 were made prisoners. Of the Texan force only eight were killed, and [redacted]en wounded. Santa Anna fled from the field [redacted]massacre, rather than battle, and was taken a pr[redacted]ner next day, while wandering alone, unarmed, and disguised as a common soldier. His captors did not know him. He asked to be taken to General Houston, who was found sleeping on his laurels and a blanket, under a tree, with a saddle for his pillow. The hero of San Jacinto received his captive with dignity, and offered him a seat on a medicine-chest. When Santa Anna had quieted his nerves with a dose of opium, he said to General Houston—"You were born to no ordinary destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West!" This speech, and others equally adroit, with the most solemn promises of the acknowledgment of Texan independence, saved his life, forfeited by the cruel massacres of Fannin's men and the garrison of the Alamo.

Fifty thousand men were killed and wounded in the battles before Richmond, with less result than this

action, in which the whole number engaged was less than twenty-four hundred!

Though largely colonized from the Northern and Eastern States, Texas is a thoroughly slave State. No free negro can lawfully reside within its boundaries. A short time before my visit to Galveston a law had been passed, banishing every free negro or person having a perceptible show of negro blood from the State, under penalty of being reduced to slavery. I inquired particularly the effect of this enactment, and found that few negroes had left the State in consequence. They have strong local attachments. What they did was to choose their masters, selecting persons in whom they had confidence, and becoming nominally, and in fact legally, their property. They were as free as ever, only that they paid over to these masters a stipulated sum out of their wages, and the masters became responsible for their good behaviour, care in sickness, and support in old age. Two negroes in Galveston were excepted by common consent from the operation of this law. One was the most fashionable barber in the place, and the other a musician and dancing-master, who had taught them all to dance, and played the fiddle at every social party.

There were several fashionable assemblies given during my stay in Galveston, but the one most talked about, and beyond comparison the most gorgeous in costume and extravagant in expenditure, was the grand ball of the coloured aristocracy. The make-believe negro minstrels are well enough in their way. Negro life has been passably well represented, under

the auspices of Mr. Dion Boucicault, on the stage; but a genuine negro ball in a Southern American city must be seen. No description can do it justice, and no counterfeit give more than a faint idea of the reality. The dress, the manners, the airs and graces are all exaggerations of polite society, with the natural *insouciance* and *abandon* of the negro character. The law which reduced the whole coloured population to the same condition was considered a wise one by the whites, and I am not aware that it gave much trouble to the coloured race. Mr. Lincoln has very honestly expressed the common feeling, North and South, that the two races cannot live together on terms of equality. In other words, free negroes are a nuisance. Mr. Lincoln's own State of Illinois has forbidden the immigration of free men of colour, and Mr. Lincoln, as President of the Free States, wishes to banish them out of the country. He regrets the necessity, but still he recognises it, and strangely contemplates the deportation of four millions of negroes from the country he hopes to see united, free and happy.

Leaving Galveston for New Orleans, I did not forget the short berth of the Berwick Bay steamer, and took one of the larger vessels, and the route of the Mississippi. I watched the embarkation of a few hundred bales of cotton and a large herd of Texan cattle, going to supply the markets of New Orleans. Then out once more on that bright blue sea, pursued by a cloud of gulls that followed us ten hours on the wing, flying fifteen miles an hour without reckoning their

wheelings and alightings in the water to gobble up every particle of food thrown overboard from the steamer. I lay in my berth and watched them through a glass, flying just alongside, keeping up with the steamer without apparent exertion, and wondered what their pectoral and dorsal muscles were made of. But do not the wild geese fly from Hudson Bay to Florida in autumn, and back again in spring? I am sure I have seen millions of them in long regular lines, careering across the sky from horizon to horizon; seen them all day, flock after flock, and heard them in the deep night, flying high with the drifting clouds, nor caring for the tempest. How they find their way and back again—how they know when to start, early in early seasons, and late in later, telling us of long cold winters, or bright early springs—how they form their squadrons and are marshalled by their old gander leaders, who shall tell? I do not know how the salmon find their way back to the streams in which they were spawned and hatched. That they do so is "enough for man to know,"—enough, at all events, for Mr. Frank Buckland and the Piscicultural Society.

The Gulf was rolling with long, easy swells, and waves scarcely white-capped by the soft and gentle breeze. Nothing could be more beautiful and luxurious than this little voyage; but the Gulf is not always in this quiet mood. I have seen it swept by tempests. The steamers of this line, though strong, fleet boats, have had their losses. One was lost by collision with another of the same line; one was burnt at sea; a third turned completely over in a hurricane, and went

down with all on board except one old negro, who was picked up eight days after, just alive, floating on a bale of cotton. But for him she must have been added to the long catalogue of ships that have sailed gaily out upon the great sea, and "were never heard of more."

It was deep in the evening when we arrived off one of the passes of the Mississippi, fired a gun, and blew our steam-whistle for a pilot. As often happens, a dense yellow fog hung over the river's mouth—a fog worthy of the Thames. Heaving the lead, tolling the bell, blowing the whistle, and guided by the horns of the ships and pilot-boats, we slowly felt our way. A pilot came at last, and took us over the bar and into the river, where we cast anchor by the oosy bank—playground of the alligator—which separates the river from the sea. Here we lay until the fog lifted in the morning, then up anchor and up river. What a river it is! For thirty miles there is only a narrow embankment of mud between the river and the gulf on either side; for thirty miles further the gulf on the eastern side is close at hand, but the river is above it. Higher up we come to more solid land, and the fringe of beautiful sugar-plantations begins. At sunset we pass the famous battle-ground where General Jackson "beat the British;" and the spires and domes and great crescents of shipping and steamers tell us that we are once more at New Orleans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOBILE.

A pleasant voyage.—Moonlight and music.—A fiery Southerner.—Negro manners.—A glimpse at Mobile.—A Southern lady and the Prince of Wales.—Four generations.—A live patrimony.

The steamboat route from New Orleans to Mobile is one of the most delightful on the Gulf of Mexico. The distance is about a hundred and fifty miles, through Lake Ponchartrain and along the coast of Mississippi; while a chain of islands, extending the whole distance, gives a wonderful variety to the prospect, and makes a continuous harbour or safe shelter from the Gulf typhoons.

We start from New Orleans by a short railroad, traversed in ten minutes, through a swamp. But this swamp is picturesque and interesting. Long streamers of moss hang from the gloomy cypress-trees. The undergrowth is of stunted palms. Birds of bright plumage and unrivalled song are seen and heard among the flowering shrubs. We pass through a fishing-village, out to the end of a long pier, and walk on board the long, light, low-pressure steamer, built strong enough for this sheltered sea navigation,

and fleet and powerful enough to run off eighteen or twenty miles an hour without perceptible exertion.

The negro porters, probably the property of the company, place my luggage on board, and I step to the clerk's office, pay my five dollars, and receive the key of my state-room. In a few moments we are careering across the blue waters of the lake, whose low shores are scarcely visible. The spires of New Orleans are fading in the sunset.

Then comes a supper, set out for two hundred people, with great elegance and a greater profusion. The strange and delicious fish of these Southern waters, and the wonderful oysters, are among the choicest luxuries, but nothing is wanting necessary to a substantial and elegant repast. The sun is down, and up rises the yellow moon. The blue southern sky is full of stars, and the constellations which are here seen in the zenith are there low on the northern horizon. The Pole-star rises but thirty degrees, and then gently sinks into the northern wave. It is a glorious night: the sea is like glass, only that long swells come in from the Gulf, while the faint land-breeze is loaded with the odours of the jessamine, which now fills the forests with its blossoms, and floods the whole air with its fragrance.

How our fleet boat cuts through the water! I walk forward to her stem, before which rises a slender stream—a little fountain, which falls in a silver shower in the moonlight, with halos of faint lunar rainbows; aft, we leave a long narrow line of glittering foam. Our rapid arrow-flight scarcely more

disturbs the sea than the flight of a bird over its waters.

Music on the waves! Music and moonlight, beauty and fragrance on the star-gemmed southern sea. A group of ladies and gentlemen has gathered around the pianoforte in the great saloon. The fair Southerners are showing their musical accomplishments. Hark! it was "Ben Bolt" just now, and now it is "Casta Diva;" the next will be some negro melody, or "Old Dog Tray." But this is not the only music. I hear the mellow twanging of the banjo forward, and the pulsing beat of dancing feet keeping time to the rude minstrelsy. Between decks are groups of negroes—men, women, and children—who have come down the river from Kentucky with emigrating masters, and are bound to new plantations up the Alabama. Some are asleep; others are reclining in picturesque groups, while a ring of whites and blacks is enjoying the music and dance. The owners of the negroes are making them comfortable for the night, or talking the eternal politics and chewing the eternal tobacco.

I fall easily into conversation with one of them. He is a fiery Southerner, and there is no measure for his contempt of Northern politicians. Trust Douglas? Never! The time has come when the South must control her own destinies. The Northern democracy must join with the South, and elect a Southern President, or the Union is gone for ever. They have borne too much; they will bear no longer. There was much more, but it is not needful to recite it. It was the quiet and gentlemanly but determined ex-

pression of the spirit that has already covered the gory battle-fields of that fair Southern land with thousands of her devoted sons, that has carried desolation and mourning into thousands of Southern homes.

When I questioned about slavery and the condition of the negroes, he pointed significantly to the groups lying around us.

"There they are," said he; "look at them. We have four millions of such; and in some way we must take care of them. If we can contrive any better method for all parties concerned, you may be mighty sure we shall adopt it. We claim that we, who live among our negroes and were raised among them, understand their condition and necessities better than people thousands of miles away. We are all in the same boat, and we must sink or swim together."

It was clear that his mind was full of the sense of injury and injustice—clear that he, like all Southerners I ever met, believed that he understood the whole subject of his own domestic institutions better, and could manage it more wisely, than his near or distant neighbours.

I took one more look at the soft bright scene through which we were gliding, and retired to my state-room. At dawn we were passing up Mobile Bay. The great cotton ships were lying at anchor outside the bar, some miles below the city, and the steamers were bringing down their loads of cotton. If Mobile had but a channel of twenty-five feet of water over her bar, she would be the great cotton city

of the South. The bay closes in, and we glide up to the wharves. It is early; few are stirring, and the city is almost silent; but the view up the long, shaded garden streets, lined with white villas, with their green blinds, is enchanting.

It is too early for breakfast, but the steward has his smoking coffee-urn on a table set out with small cups, and he offers us a cup of *café noir* and a biscuit before we go on shore. The passage-fee has paid for everything, but I pass a dime to the negro steward with my empty cup. It is worth it to see the grace and dignity of his salutation of thanks. I really think there cannot be found anywhere a more perfect manner than among the better class of Southern negroes; but why the manners of the Southern slaves should be superior to those of the free negroes of the North, I will leave it to others to determine. The fact is unquestionable. I have not been to Liberia or Jamaica, and cannot tell how it may be where negroes, with the advantages of civilization, are masters of the situation, and have no antipathies or rude repulsions of race to contend against. There may be great refinement of manners in Hayti. It is certain that the habitual deference of the negro to the white, and the corresponding condescension of the white gentleman or lady to the negro, produces a kind of courtliness of behaviour which is not seen in the free communities of the Northern States.

Mobile is one of the oldest cities of the Southern States. Lemoine d'Iberville, a brave French officer, planted a colony at Biloxi, on the coast west of

Mobile, in 1699. In 1701 he removed his colony to the site of the present city of Mobile. The Spanish had, a few years before, built a fort at Pensacola. Mobile is older than New Orleans; but I will not write its history. It has now a population of thirty thousand, a large commerce, and as it lies at the mouth of two rivers, navigable for hundreds of miles through the richest cotton regions of the South, it is, with respect to this trade, one of the most important of American cities. The streets are broad and finely built, with a profusion of shade-trees and shrubbery. The drives around are exceedingly fine, as the land rises gradually from the sea. The hedges are of the Cherokee rose, which climbs over everything and covers the trees with its rich foliage and flowers.

There are, as in all American cities, immense hotels, accommodating hundreds of guests, and an abundance of churches, the principal one here being the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Catholics, descended from the oldest French and Spanish families, are numerous and influential. They have a fine hospital, orphan asylums, a Jesuit college near the city, where the young men are educated, and a spacious Convent of the Visitation, with its boarding-school for young ladies.

It is not easy to write of the social character of a city without seeming to betray social confidences. I shall try not to give offence. One of my first visits was to a lady, who, though quite at home, not only in New Orleans and New York, but in half the capitals of Europe, is a thorough Southerner, and takes special pride in Mobile. She is a lively writer, but still more

lively in conversation. She speaks all necessary languages, and knows everybody in the world worth knowing. In her drawing-room, surrounded by the souvenirs of her travels and acquaintances, and listening to her lively anecdotes, you are sure to meet, under the most favourable circumstances, just the people you most wish to see. And the little lady, who has made for herself a position quite regal, is not obliged to be exclusive. You are as likely to see with her and be introduced to an actress, a singer, an artist, or a man of letters, as a mere person of fashion, titled or otherwise. Indeed, if her manner was warmer to one than another, her voice kinder, and her smile more cheering, it was to the struggling genius, who needed just such encouragement and just such influence as she could give.

When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was in New York, this lady chanced to be there, and was invited to a seat in the private box set apart for His Royal Highness, who was observed conversing with her with singular animation. Some one said to her, afterwards, "How was it that the Prince, so silent with others, talked so much with you?"

"For a very good reason," she answered. "You asked him how he liked the country and what he thought of us?—questions which embarrassed him. I asked him about his mother—to whom I had been presented—and his brothers and sisters. Of whom should a young man talk with animation, if not of those he loves?"

It was this delicate tact that made her one of the

pleasantest women I have ever met; and this, with her warm Southern manners and hospitality, made her a universal favourite. She has written a clever book of foreign travels; but a brilliant woman finds her best sphere in society.

In the suburbs of Mobile I remember, and shall never forget, a group of white cottages, shaded by immense live oaks, stretching out their giant arms a hundred feet. It was a cluster of gardens. The proprietors could sit under their own vines and fig-trees, for there were plenty of both. Here lived one of my hospitable entertainers, in this patriarchal suburban Eden, surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and in one of the cottages lived his mother, a woman of eighty, whom this son of sixty kissed with the tenderness of a lover as often as they met. It was a pleasant thing to see this family of four generations gathered at dinner, or all kneeling together at church. The gentlemanly young negro who waited upon me seemed a humble member of the family. The cook was an artist in her department of the Franco-American school, with some African modifications. It would require a painter's pencil, with a palette plentifully charged with ivory-black, to do justice to the boy of eight who waited upon the table, or the younger apprentice of six, whose important business it was to wield a long whisk, and make war on every fly that dared to alight in that vicinity.

One day we made up a nice party to go on a small steamer down the bay. It was a charming voyage. The princess of the *fête* was a little girl nine years

old, an orphan granddaughter of my host. He was taking her to see a score of negroes, who were part of the property left her by her father, and of whom he had the care. "I did not like to hire them out," said he. "Hired negroes are liable to be worked too hard, and badly treated. A man does not take so good care even of a hired horse as of one he owns. So, as I had an island down here, with plenty of clay on it, and bricks were in good demand, I hired a Yankee overseer, and set the boys to making bricks. The women cook and take care of them, and I go down every week or two to see how they get on, and carry them some little comforts, tea, coffee, and tobacco."

"And how does the Yankee overseer?" I asked.

"Very well, now. He wanted to drive too hard at first, and thought the negroes ought to work as hard as he did. He pushed them so hard, and kept them on such a short allowance, that two of the boys stole a boat one night, and came up to town to complain of him. They said they couldn't stand it. But I promised to make it all right, and went down with them. I told him he must not expect negroes to work as hard as white people; and he has done very well since. These Yankees are great workers themselves, and hard masters to other people."

The little lady was joyfully received by the whole coloured population. She distributed her presents of tea, tobacco, and gay kerchiefs among her property, listened to their stories, heard a long impromptu song composed in her honour, with a banjo and breakdown accompaniment, and we left in the golden sunset,

her kind, graceful, and even affectionate good-byes answered by showers of thanks and blessings.

The whole scene and the events of my visit were vividly recalled to my mind by a letter I lately received from the gentleman whose hospitality I so greatly enjoyed. "We are in the midst of a long, I fear, and terrible war," he wrote; "but we are united and determined. My sons and sons-in-law are with the army, and when there is a call for more soldiers I am ready to buy me a pair of revolvers, and follow them. We may be defeated — we never can be conquered."

Beautiful Mobile, ere this many of thy hospitable homes are shrouded in mourning, and many of thy genial hearths are desolate!

CHAPTER XIX.

UP THE ALABAMA.

A steam organ.—The rivers.—An Irish steamboat captain, and how he came so.—A crooked river.—Planters and negroes.—Selma.—Montgomery.—African negroes.—Plantation Life.—A cemetery.

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of this colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves. Some are played by machinery, like street barrel-organs. This had a finger-board and organist.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay into which flow the Tombigbee and the

Alabama, is broad and deep; and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odour of the orange-blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at corrupting names when they can make them sound more familiar. This very word, Tombigbee, if I mistake not, is a corruption of an Indian word, which it resembles in sound; the word signifying a blow-gun. The Southern steamer, "Bueneta," was known by the steamboat men as "the Bone-eater;" just as asparagus is popularly known as "sparrow-grass." In the early times all names had meanings.

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman—tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden

evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and roughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to land and receive freight, take in wood, and feed the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight pounds a month, and found, in a rough fashion; bacon for food, and for his bed a dry goods-box or cotton-bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom with some of them.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a shout heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land at the inconvenient place, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river-side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said, "Here is thirty-four thousand dollars. Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me in the Planters' bank, as

soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom; but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do when he should get on board.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, on the second deck, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose it at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank-notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats; and thought Alabama the greatest state, and Mobile the most promising city in the world.

The Alabama flows through one of the richest cotton countries in America. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water or drain as much of the State as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course from Mobile to Montgomery was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant

vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveller. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and ladylike people of colour it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care so little to "be free," that they will not "strike the blow," even when urgently invited to do so.

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

We stopped at Selma long enough for a ramble through its broad and shaded streets. It is built in too grand and ambitious a style, but its export of cotton is so large, that the money must be spent in some way, so they build great blocks of six-storey houses. The town is watered by artesian wells of great depth, which throw up an abundant supply.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as only the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveller with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a-year. Well might it be prosperous and rich.

There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht *Wanderer* took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomy, and distribute them as an experiment among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners, and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomy. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

It is sometimes represented in English papers that negroes have been smuggled into the Southern States, since the African slave trade was abolished in 1808. The small cargo of the yacht *Wanderer* was the only one I ever heard of. The planters, I believe, do not

wish to depreciate the money-valuation of their negroes by importation from Africa, and they do not want the trouble of training savages, when they have a race already well advanced in its enforced pupilage to civilization. The slave traders of New York and Boston sell their negroes in Cuba or Brazil, when they have the luck to sell them. When the negroes have the good fortune to be rescued from slavery by British cruisers, they are taken to the West Indies or British Guiana, and parcelled out to the planters as apprentices, to become, it is hoped, in due time, free citizens and loyal British subjects, who can have apprentices of their own in the same fashion.

During my visit to Montgomery I made several excursions into the surrounding country and among the plantations. It was in the early spring, and the fields were being ploughed for the cotton planting. The ploughing was mostly done by the mules and women. They took it very easy. I could not see that they hurried to the fields or in the fields. The overseer planned and directed the work. He rode from field to field, when it was going on, and saw, no doubt, that the men with their hoes, and the women, driving the mules, or guiding the ploughs, did their work properly. He had a whip, useful, no doubt, for man or beast, but I never chanced to see him use it on either. I have no doubt that negroes are whipped like white people—soldiers, sailors, wives, and children—boys at school, and apprentices under hard masters, but I never saw it. I do not doubt that there are Legrees in the Southern States. How can I, after

six months reading of London police reports? But if I wished to paint a picture of fat and careless enjoyment, it would be a portrait of a young negress I saw riding afield on her mule, on a plantation in Alabama. Her figure, attitude, expression—all told volumes of a care-free life of easy, saucy, animal enjoyment.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure-ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their gravestones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:—

Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockler, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn.

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CLEVELAND TO MEMPHIS.

American names.—Railway cars.—A Chinese party.—A New York belle and a Mexican general.—Monotonous scenery.—Cairo.—A model steamboat.—Life on the Mississippi.—Memphis.—Ice.—Negroes out for a holiday.—Theatre and floating circus.—Negro enjoyments.—Vile habits.—Churches and convents.—Slavery *couleur de rose*.—Conquest and confiscation.

As I write, this beautiful little city of the South may be given to the flames by its own people, or by the shells of its Northern invaders. When I think of its probable fate, it rises before me like a picture, and I see again the sweeping torrent of its great river, the shore lined with busy steamers loading with cotton, the precipitous bluffs, or alluvial banks, rising a hundred feet from the river brink, the streets, the spires, the villas and gardens of a lovely town, and a fertile and beautiful land.

Memphis—the name carries us back thirty centuries to Egypt and the Nile. Our Memphis is of to-day, and carries us across the ocean to America and the Mississippi. When the old world peopled the new, the emigrants took with them the names of the places they discovered or peopled. The Spaniards

and French drew heavily upon the calendar. In the West Indies and Spanish America we have San Salvador, San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Fé. The French, in Louisiana and Canada, gave the names of saints and European cities, or adopted Indian designations. Thus we have St. Lawrence, St. Louis, New Orleans, Montreal, Ontario, Niagara. The English settlers of the American colonies at first took English names, and the oldest towns are called Jamestown, Yorktown, Richmond, Charleston, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Boston, Exeter, Cambridge, Hartford, Albany, Baltimore, Hanover, Orford, and a hundred others. These are repeated over and over. The names of several of the States evince their English origin, as New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, the Carolinas, and Georgia. The Dutch, German, and French settlers also gave their own familiar names to their settlements. But as the number of towns and villages increased, it was necessary to have more names, and people adopted those of every famous city in the world, from Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, Troy, Athens, Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Jerusalem, to Lisbon, Madrid, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Smyrna, Moscow, and so on to Pekin and Canton. A few hours' ride on a New York railway will carry you through the famous cities of Troy, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Amsterdam, and Geneva. As the proper names of the eastern hemisphere became exhausted, and the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, and other popular American names had been repeated in every

State, another rich supply was found in the often musical designations of the aboriginal languages. These were sometimes resorted to even in the early history of the country. Four of the great lakes retain their ancient names of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon are Indian names of States. Indian chiefs and tribes have given names to hundreds of towns and rivers. Writers have animadverted upon the bad taste of some of these designations, but the Cantons and Cairos, Romes and Londons, are certainly as good names as the Smithtowns, Jonesvilles, and Pittsburgs, by which the early settlers of hundreds of obscure villages made their names immortal.

Let us return, or rather proceed, to Memphis. It was a long journey there. I was in the pretty town of Cleveland, on the south bank of Lake Erie, in Ohio, when the summons came. The distance is about eight hundred miles, and I had my choice of many routes. I could go for a hundred miles to the head of the Ohio, and the rest of the way by steamer; I could take a steamer at Cincinnati. I could go west, by Chicago, to the Mississippi, and so down that river; or I could take the most rapid route, by rail across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Cairo, and thence on the Mississippi.

The cars, as the Americans designate their railway carriages, on the road from Cleveland to Cincinnati,

are among the nicest I have ever seen. They are not only brightly painted, gilded, and upholstered, and furnished with retiring-rooms, but are warmed in winter, cooled in summer, and thoroughly ventilated always, in a manner that could scarcely fail to satisfy a *Times* correspondent. In the warmest days of an American summer, with the thermometer at a hundred and the train enveloped in clouds of dust, these cars are clean, airy, and cool. By ingenious machinery a constant current of air is cooled and washed clean from dust by being made to pass through showers of water. In winter these cars are warmed and ventilated with hot air, supplied in great abundance by a suitable apparatus.

These cars, it is true, are not very exclusive. They seat fifty or sixty passengers. The "gentlemanly" conductor walks through the entire train to examine tickets, when it is in rapid motion; so the boy who sells newspapers, books, and sugar-plums has free access, and the coloured gentleman who supplies the passengers with water, where that luxury is not kept in well-iced reservoirs in every car. But the lack of exclusiveness is compensated to the traveller who wishes to see the people of the country he is passing through. In the car in which I was seated there were near me, as I gathered from the conversation, a judge, a member of congress, and an ex-governor of some State. They were talking politics very freely. On the seats before me were a middle-aged Chinese woman, who could speak a little English, and two children, a bright boy and girl some ten or twelve

years old, who spoke nothing but Chinese, though their father was an American. They had been sent from China to Kentucky under the sole charge of their Chinese nurse, who was a queerly-dressed but most estimable and trusty-seeming personage, where they were to be educated under the care of their antipodal grandparents. The enterprising Kentuckian had made a fortune in China and married a Chinese wife. She could speak no English, and the children had learnt only their mother tongue. It was curious to study in the faces and actions of these two bright children the intermingled characteristics of the two races.

Two persons on the seat behind me were of scarcely less interest. One was a New York lady, young and pretty to the last degree, of the most delicate type of American beauty, with its pearly complexion, exquisite features, and little hands and feet. She was dressed for a long journey, and in a fashion that was singularly perfect. Her face was thoughtful as well as beautiful, her manner perfectly self-possessed, and a little that of a spoiled child, and she had a wonderful faculty of wrapping her pretty person in a full supply of shawls and making herself comfortable. Her travelling companion puzzled me, both in himself and in his relation to the fair lady. He called her "*Mees Fannee*," and treated her with a mingled politeness and familiarity. She kept him to English as much as possible, but he shied like a restive horse into French and Spanish. He turned out to be a Mexical general, whose name I had often seen in the newspapers, on his way from New York to take part in a civil war

then in progress, and his somehow cousin, *Mees Fannee*, was going to New Orleans under his escort to join her married sister.

Arrived at Cincinnati, we took the western road for Cairo. Forests dark and drear, newly-cleared farms, and newly-built villages, are the monotonous accompaniments of a Western American journey. The prairies have a monotony of their own. Your eye searches all round the horizon for the joyous blue peak of a far-off mountain. You cannot even see a tree. The railway itself is tiresome in its straight-lined and dead-level uniformity. A deep cut, a high embankment, a heavy grade, or a sharp curve, would be a relief. The only variety we had was that of the violent motion caused by the displacement of the ties by frost. This was so great at times as to set all the cars dancing, and almost to throw the passengers from their seats.

After six hundred miles of rail—and some of it of the roughest—we arrive at that little, forlorn, sunken fragment of a city, Cairo. It is built upon a point of land recovered by huge embankments from the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi, which here form their junction, and it is important besides, as the Southern terminus of the Illinois Central railroad. Here lay the steamers from Cincinnati and St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of the trains with Southern passengers. I chose the finest and fastest from St. Louis. What a luxury to the tired and dusty traveller was that great palace-like boat, with her saloon two hundred feet long, light, lofty, and elegantly furnished; rich carpets,

soft lounges, huge mirrors, cut-glass chandeliers, pictured panels, marble tables, vases of flowers, piano-forte—everything to give repose or promote enjoyment. I was shown to a large and thoroughly-furnished state room, as comfortable as any bed-chamber need be.

The tables were set for breakfast from eight to ten o'clock, and every one ordered what he required from a printed bill of fare, containing a great variety of dishes. It was a Southern boat, and the negro waiters were perfectly trained to their duties. They spring to anticipate your wishes, they gently suggest some favourite dish, they seem delighted to make your meal agreeable.

After breakfast there is the promenade on deck, with the ever-changing panorama of river scenery; the lounge on the balconies, with the new friend or novel; a game of chess or cards in the saloon, or music. So we glide along till the early dinner at three o'clock. This sumptuous meal is served up with all the formalities. Oval tables are set across the saloon, each table for twelve persons. Every name is written upon a card, and placed beside his plate. A careful clerk has assorted the whole company with the nicest care. Each table has its own party of persons suitable to each other. The courses come on in due order, with all the luxuries of fish, flesh, and fowl, and an admirable dessert. Tea and supper are served at seven o'clock, and after the tables are cleared the waiters, who are all musicians, play an hour of quadrilles, waltzes, &c., and the passengers dance if they are so inclined. Then music and con-

versation grow lively aft, and cards still livelier forward. One passage fee pays all expenses. No waiter expects a fee. The only extras are boots and porter. At the end of a long trip, ladies usually give a small gratuity to the chambermaid.

On a high, bold bluff, we descry two miles of handsome buildings, and our boat rounds to, so as to bring her head up stream, and in a few moments we land at Memphis. The shore is thronged with hacks and porters. The hotels are not half a mile away, and the fare demanded is the modest sum of ten shillings. The Southerners are devoted to free trade. I have known New Orleans cabmen to ask and get five pounds for taking a load of passengers a few rods. It was late at night, and in rather a heavy shower: in fact, the rain amounted to an inundation, and the water in the streets was two feet deep. The excuse for high fares at Memphis was, that it was muddy.

There was no mistake about that. The streets are broad, the side walks well laid, the buildings fine, but the streets had never been paved, and the stumps of the forest trees were in some of the public squares. Paving was a difficulty. In the alluvial valley of the Mississippi stone is rare. Flag-stones for the side walks are imported from Liverpool as ballast to the cotton ships. The clay loam of the finest streets of Memphis was cut into ruts, two feet deep, by the mule teams and waggons which brought the cotton from the railways to the river.

How beautiful the city was, how lovely the country, with its villas, gardens, and flowering and fragrant

forests around it, I cannot describe. The soil is rich; the climate bright and genial. Roses bloom all the winter in the gardens, and the cotton and maize grow abundantly in their season. Money is plentiful; wages are high; there is work for all in that land of plenty: so it was before the war. Criminals and paupers are almost unknown. The former earn more than their expenses, and the latter are scarcely a burthen.

In the long and almost perpetual summers of the South, ice is a luxury of the first order. Every morning the ice-cart comes round as regularly as milkman or baker: it is seen on every table. Stored in great warehouses, built with double walls, filled in with spent tanbark or sawdust, it is made to last from year to year, even in a climate where the thermometer ranges for weeks at nearly a hundred degrees. But whence comes the ice? A thousand miles up the river the winters are long and cold. The ice, two feet in thickness, is cut out in blocks, and stored up for the opening of navigation. Loaded in immense flat-boats or rafts of boards, it floats down with the current to Memphis. Two men, on each flat-boat, keep the frail craft in mid-channel, signal the steamboats that might run them down, and lazily while away the weeks of this slow and tedious voyage. Mr. Lincoln, the present President of the United States, is said to have been engaged at one time in navigating in this manner the very river down which he is now sending his victorious gun-boats.

If Memphis needs ice to cool her liquids, she needs

also fuel to roast and boil. The steamboats and locomotives have burnt off the forests, but there is an abundance of coal around the sources of the Ohio. You see it in seams, ten feet in thickness, cropping out of the high banks of the Monongahela, needing only to be picked out and sent down a broad trough to the flat-boat by the shore. The coal floats down with the current like the ice, a thousand or two thousand miles, and lights the grates and furnaces of Memphis and New Orleans.

The first Sunday spent in a gay Southern city is a curious social revelation. You walk out toward evening, the sky is blue, the air is balm, but a thousand rainbows of gay and flashing colours have broken loose; all negrodom has put on its wonderful attire of finery, and come out to take the air. Slavery has its fascinations, and one of these is to see the whole negro population of a rich city like Memphis out on a Sunday afternoon. The negroes not only outdo the whites in dress, but they caricature their manners; and sable belles and sooty exquisites appropriate the finest walks, and interpret the comedy of life in their own fashion.

There is a handsome theatre at Memphis, very fashionably attended when there are attractive stars. The coloured population, of course, is suitably provided for, and takes an intense satisfaction in the drama. The negroes are, perhaps, even more fond of the circus; and I have seen a full gallery noisily enjoying the make-believe negro minstrels. But the circus, with its trained horses, spangled finery, and

clownish antics is, perhaps, their strongest attraction. One came up the river from New Orleans while I was at Memphis. It was a complete circus, with ring, boxes, pit, and gallery, a full stud and company, all propelled by steam. It steamed from town to town along the thousands of miles of the Mississippi and its branches, staying a day or two at one place, and weeks at another. When its great steam organ, which could be heard three miles, announced its arrival at Memphis, the whole juvenile and negro population was on the *qui vive*. I was visiting at the residence of a gentleman, two miles in the country. In came Harry, a handsome black boy, fat and lazy, who would go to sleep currying his horse or over his rake in the garden, with his—"Please, massa, de circus am come."

"Well, Harry, suppose it has come, what then?"

"Please, massa, give me a pass to go and see it."

"A pass! Ay, but who is to pay?"

"Oh! I'se got two bits for de ticket."

So the good-natured massa filled up a blank pass, which would allow Harry to be abroad after nine o'clock at night without being taken up by the police.

Harry was hardly out of the library before there came another visitor, a black little nursery-maid, some twelve or fourteen years old.

"Please, massa," said she, in the familiar, wheedling way of children and slaves, "Harry's goin' to de circus."

"And you want to go, too?"

"Yes, please, massa."

"I'm afraid you will get into trouble. It's a good way, and you will be out late."

"Oh! no, massa; I wont get into no trouble, I wont, indeed: I'll keep by Harry, please, massa!"

"Have you got any money?"

"No, massa; you please give me two bit, massa."

Of course, the two bits came, and with them another pass for the circus.

The wealth and importance of the cities of Southern America are not to be estimated by their population. Memphis, in its palmiest day, had only twenty-two thousand population, but the wealth and business were immense. There were five daily papers, and many other periodicals. The stocks of goods were large, the commercial buildings spacious, the style of living fast and luxurious.

A European traveller is astonished to see so well-dressed, and in many respects so well-bred, a people given over to such a vile habit as the constant and profuse chewing of tobacco, with its disgusting accompaniments. The floors of rail-cars are deluged, the parlours of hotels and cabins of steamboats are covered with huge spittoons. The floor of the court-house in Memphis was covered more than an inch deep in sawdust, and when the audience at the theatre applauded with stamping of feet and canes, the dust that rose from the floor was an impalpable tobacco-powder, which set the whole house sneezing. The nastiness of this horrid American custom could scarcely have a stronger illustration. I remember another instance,

however, of a more ludicrous character. A crowded Western audience was listening in breathless silence to a popular speaker, and the only sound that could be heard in the pauses of his declamation was a rapid, heavy, and continuous shower of tobacco-juice that fell upon the floor, all over the hall, and soon rendered it a broad lake. In the hush of a deep tragedy, in a New York theatre, there comes up the crackling sound of hundreds of persons eating pea-nuts—a sound like that of a great drove of hogs eating acorns in a Western forest; but the pattering shower of tobacco-juice is a stranger noise, as well as a more disgusting one. But the traveller must learn to overlook national peculiarities, and not to condemn a people for one or two singularities.

Memphis was, and I hope still is, a beautiful city. As usual in America, there are churches in abundance. The finest were the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic, standing near neighbours, with rector and priest on the most friendly terms. Then came the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, &c. There is also a very handsome Jews' synagogue, where I heard an eloquent discourse, by a famous Rabbi from Cincinnati, and some very fine music.

The planters, professional men, and merchants, whose villas beautify the suburbs for miles, were full of lavish Southern hospitality. No one could expect to find in a new country so many beautiful and luxurious houses. One of the most picturesque places near the city was a Dominican convent and academy, where I got a good view of a hundred or more

young misses, mostly planters' daughters, sent here to be educated in this sylvan paradise by the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic. Four-fifths of them were Protestants: but a large portion of the youth of the South are educated in Jesuit colleges and the female convents of various religious orders.

Slavery, as seen by the traveller in the South, presents only its softest and most amiable aspects. There is something fascinating in the respect with which every white person is treated, and the obsequious alacrity with which he is served. Every negro, to whomsoever he may belong, must be respectful and obedient to any white person. The superiority of race is asserted and acknowledged. If there are hardships and cruelties in this servitude, they are rarely seen by a stranger. The negroes are careless and happy, or stolid and stupid. Some are trusted with untold gold—some, I am sure, rule their masters and mistresses, and have things pretty much their own way. The servants of old families, where generations of black men have served generations of whites, have all the pride of family and ancestry, and look down with aristocratic contempt upon the common niggers of the *nouveaux riches*. That slavery has either a strong fascination, or some redeeming features, may be judged from the fact that English, Irish, and the Northern American emigrants to the South, whatever their former opinions, generally follow the customs of the country, and become the owners of slaves.

Short as was my stay, I looked back from the deck of the steamer that carried me to New Orleans not

without a sigh for the beauties of Memphis, as they glowed in the radiance of the setting sun, and, all golden-hued and splendid, slowly faded from my view, till darkness fell upon the woods and waters, and silence, broken only by the roar of steam and the rush of our sharp prow down the rapid river.

Since the above was written, a change has come over the scene. When the Federal supremacy on the sea was extended to the great rivers of the West, Memphis fell before the fleet of gun and mortar-boats that descended from Cairo. When Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow had been evacuated by the Confederates, Memphis was at the mercy of the mortar fleet. The whole river would have been opened to the Federal steamers but for the successful defence of Vicksburg. Memphis was occupied by a Federal garrison. Some Union men were found, but the greater portion of the male population was with the Confederate army, whose scouting parties are often in sight of the city. The clergy who dared still to pray for the success of the Southern cause were silenced. The property of rebels has been confiscated, and the city is held under the threat of destruction if an attempt is made to retake it.

CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON.

James K. Polk.—A sad capital.—The President's levées.—Houses of Congress.—Strangers' galleries here and there.—Senators and representatives.—Congressional customs.—Lobby agents and contractors.—North and South.—Monuments.

I MADE my first visit to Washington during the Presidency of James K. Polk, in whose behalf I had written campaign papers, made innumerable speeches, got up torchlight processions, and done good service in the usual American fashion of political partisanship. As President Polk was chosen by a rather close vote, I might have claimed the honour of having secured his election; but, as a thousand others worked as hard, and perhaps did as much as I, it was hardly worth while to presume much upon my services.

Certainly, I did not go to Washington to get an office. The crowd that rushed to the Federal capital for that purpose had nearly all gone home again—one in a hundred satisfied, ninety-nine disappointed. There were a few left, too hopeful to give it up, or too poor to get away.

Washington to my mind is the saddest place on the American continent. It is a mockery of the great

city it was intended to be by its founder—an unfinished ruin, which has no past, and is not likely to have any future. The public buildings are generally well planned, and of magnificent proportions. The site of the Capitol, where the two Houses of Congress assemble, is one of the finest I have ever seen. I like the architecture of the General Post-Office and the Patent Office. Its collection of models, and the curiosities brought home by Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, will repay a careful examination.

Every stranger in Washington, and every resident who chose to do so, attended in those days the weekly receptions, called levées, of the President. Mr. Lincoln, who has a life-guard to attend him, may have introduced different customs. There was no ceremony, and no introduction was required. If you are an American, you are the political equal, or rather the master, of the President. The White House, his palace, is your property; he is your tenant, and you have a right to call and see him. If you are a foreigner, it is his business to extend to you the hospitalities of the country.

So, when the hour arrived I walked or drove, I forget which, to the presidential mansion. Jim, the Irish porter, who had been there since the days of General Jackson, probably, asked my name, and announced me. The President—the veritable Young Hickory, sixty years old, I think, about whom I had written so many brilliant leading articles and made so many eloquent speeches—received me with dignified politeness, and shook me warmly by the hand, as he

did everybody, according to the American custom. I cannot remember what he said, but he was an eminently gentlemanly man, and it must have been something eminently proper for the occasion. It is likely that he said it was a warm day. Then I was introduced, and bowed to Mrs. Polk, a tall, stately-looking lady in a turban. I talked a few moments with ex-Governor Marcy of New York, then Secretary of War, and made myself agreeable to a lady who was turning over some engravings on the centre table. Then I met a friend, and we adjourned from the White House, which we agreed was rather slow, and had some oysters, and discussed the probability of a war with England or Mexico.

My last visit to Washington was during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan, and just before the outbreak of secession. Congress was in session, and I spent nearly all my time in the Senate or House of Representatives. There is no trouble about admission to either. There are spacious galleries around both halls, from which every seat is visible. These galleries will hold, I judge, a thousand persons. About one-third of the space in each is appropriated to ladies and gentlemen attending them. They are not behind a screen, as in the House of Commons, looking like a collection of pretty birds in a cage. No orders or tickets of admission are required of any one. The galleries are always open and free to the public, excepting when either House is in secret session.

The contrast of the arrangements for spectators in the British House of Commons with all this is striking,

and not agreeable. The strangers' gallery of the House holds eighty persons. You must get an order. You must go an hour or two before the doors are opened to make sure of a seat, waiting in a stuffy hole in one corner, and then be smuggled through dark narrow passages by attendant policemen—to be ordered out, for no discoverable reason, every time the House comes to a division.

In the Senate Chamber I saw the presiding officer, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States, afterwards candidate of the Southern Democracy, and later a major-general of the army of the Confederate States; a tall, dark, and extremely handsome man, of the heroic type of beauty and chivalry. Addressing him on the floor of the Senate was Andy Johnson of Tennessee, a man who began life in the South-West as a journeyman tailor; who never learned to read, until taught by his wife; who became governor and senator, and then, a traitor to the South, was made Military Governor of Tennessee, protected by the army of General Rosecranz.

There also was the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant" of Illinois, with his short stout figure, and good-natured, homely, Irish-looking face. He was the advocate of squatter sovereignty, became the candidate of the Northern Democracy for the Presidency, and was killed by his defeat, the election of Lincoln, and the calamities he saw in the near future. He appeared nervous and restless, but as free and affectionate with his friends as a big, kind-hearted schoolboy.

The senator who impressed me most favourably of all I heard speak was the Hon. James M. Mason, senator of Virginia, and late Commissioner of the Confederate States to England. His capture, with Mr. Slidell, on the *Trent*, made him a sufficiently costly representative to be made much of. A large-headed, broad-chested Virginian, descendant of the old Cavaliers, who looked like an English country gentleman, he was dressed like all the Virginia representatives there, in grey home-spun. Coming events were casting their shadows before, and the Southerners were preparing for the worst. Mr. Mason looked like the man one would like to have for a friend, and whose hospitalities one would be sure to enjoy.

Mr. Seward, then a senator from New York, sat on a sofa with Lord Lyons, the British Minister, seemingly in pleasant converse.

In the House of Representatives, strange as it may seem, the two men I best remember, after the grey-headed chaplain, were Hon. Roger J. Pryor, of Virginia, and Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York. They sat near each other, and voted on the same side at Washington. One became a general in the Confederate and the other in the Federal army. Pryor was a tall, slender, sallow boy, with long, shining black hair, as if he had the blood of Pocahontas in his veins; Sickles looked worn and blasted. The guilt of murder was on his hands, and in his thoughts the consciousness of dishonour, and the hatred and contempt of many—most, I think—of those among whom he moved.

The Republican ranks in the House were full; but they were destitute of character or talent. They seemed to be either grim and ghastly fanatics, fellows raving about Slavery, or mere corrupt and mercenary politicians, ready to sell their votes or influence to the highest bidder, ready to run the ship of State upon the breakers, and then plunder the wreck; to set the house on fire, and run away with the spoons.

I listened to a foolish and furious speech from Lovejoy, one of the most ultra of the Black Republicans. I did not wonder that his brother had been killed by an anti-Abolition mob in Illinois. His speech was probably more violent in manner than that which brought vengeance on Charles Summer, of Massachusetts; but I cannot say that it was worse in language. I wonder now that I hoped for the maintenance of peace, or the preservation of the union.

The customs of the houses of Congress are somewhat different from those of the British Parliament. Each day's session opens with prayer. The members sit quietly in their seats, and do not wear their hats. Pages come at their call, and fetch and carry what they require. They listen to each other's speeches in silence, without any token of approval or otherwise. There are no "hears" or "cheers," and if an excited gallery ever breaks into plaudits, the Speaker threatens to clear it. As a speaker, I think I should prefer the British custom of hears and cheers, to the colder decorum of the halls of Congress.

In the lobbies of the capital, in the hotels in Pennsylvania avenue, were the cormorants who fatten on

the public plunder. There were lobby agents, male and female, ready to give the influence they boasted of for a consideration. There were women who knew every secret of the Government, and the weaknesses of many a legislator. There were men and *women* who could engineer private bills through Congress, and could tell to a dollar how much it would cost to pass them through both houses. There were anxious and hungry contractors ready to pay a hundred thousand dollars for a chance to make a million. These are sad things for an American who loves his country, and believes in his Government to know. And the saddest of all was that I could see no remedy. Politics had become a vast game of corruption; it was confined to no party. As a rule, I believe, the Southern men were high-minded honest men. I doubt not there were honest Northern men as well; but the larger number seemed to me to have got themselves elected to Congress for the purpose of making the most of the position for their own emolument and advantage. They had paid for their nominations—paid for their elections, and meant to get the worth of their money. How could a man see his country in the power of such mercenary wretches without trembling for the consequences?

The high tone taken by the Southern senators and representatives these men could not appreciate. They judged them by their own standard. The South might have bought her independence, if she had been willing to trade with these men or to have trusted them. They would sell their country entire,

or any part of it, for a sufficient consideration. Washington was a sink of corruption, and this alone was a sufficient cause for secession.

The city of Washington, and the Washington monument, were both types of the coming fate of the Republic. The city, magnificently planned, was never finished; the monument stood there, and still stands, a half-completed obelisk, built up of stones contributed from various quarters—a monument of the folly of its projectors, fitly presiding over the disunion that Washington foresaw.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YORK.

Steaming through the ice.—Then and now.—Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*.—Editing newspapers.—A clever compositor.—Summer enjoyments.—Mint-juleps *à la* Virginia.—Ice-creams.—American oysters.—Oyster cellars.—Oyster expresses.—A hint to the Acclimatization Society.—Oysters on trees.

I THINK one might write an entertaining volume of *Life in New York;* entertaining and instructive. I will try to give something of what I remember of it when I first knew it.

It was late in the winter of 1836-7 that I came from New Haven, through Long Island Sound, and "put-up" at the Astor House, then the finest hotel in New York, and still one of the best. It was my first steam-boat trip, and I remember it better because the weather had been so intensely cold that the Sound, though a part of the great sea, and from ten to twenty miles wide was frozen over. All through the night the steamer went ploughing, crashing, and grinding through the thin ice. I lay in a berth forward, in the cabin below deck, with only a thin plank between me and the breaking ice. Sometimes we came to an open glade, and then the steamer shot forward with her

accustomed speed, but soon we went crashing into the ice again, and her speed was again retarded.

The Astor House, near the City Hall, and opposite the Park Theatre (since burnt, and not rebuilt), and the American Museum (now Barnum's), was at that time sufficiently central. There were few shops on Broadway above Canal-street, and the fashionable quarter had moved no farther north-west than to get "above Bleecker," and cluster around the Washington Parade-ground and Union-place. The city had less than half its present population, and its suburbs scarcely existed. Brooklyn was a small village; now it has a population of 266,000. Jersey City had a few cottages, it is now a city of 30,000 inhabitants; and Hoboken, then a verdant expanse of Elysian fields, where we went to enjoy rural solitude, is now a compact town of 10,000 people.

Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of New York at this time than by relating my own experience of it. My life that summer was singularly full of work, and full also of enjoyment. I was in my twenty-first year, and a perfect stranger in the greatest city I had yet seen. I knew little of the world, or, for that matter, of anything; but I had, nevertheless—and all the more perhaps—an idea, very common to young Americans, that I could do anything I chose to attempt. I believe I would have undertaken, at a week's notice, to take command of a fleet or an army, or engineer a railroad, or start on an African exploration. I was full of health, vigour, hope, and self-confidence, and on the look out for work.

One day I saw in the *Herald*, a notice of an assistant editor wanted. I wrote a very frank letter to Mr. Bennett, of whom, and of whose paper, I knew almost nothing. He requested me to call at the office. We dined together, and he engaged me at a salary of four pounds a week, which, at that day, was considered very good pay for a newspaper writer. Mr. Bennett had conceived the idea of issuing an *Evening Herald*, with matter almost entirely different from that of the morning paper. He gave me charge of this, and, after a few days, gave himself no trouble about it; not even looking at the proofs, and only giving me now and then a subject, or a hint for a leading article. I must say that he treated me extremely well.

I went to the office in Ann-street every morning a little after seven o'clock. The compositors arrived at about the same time, and I wrote with one or another at my elbow every few minutes, taking the slips as they were thrown off—a third faster than I ever think of writing now—until I had completed my daily morning task of three newspaper minion columns, by which time the proofs began to come down, and they were corrected, and the paper put to press by one o'clock, P.M.

Sad trash it must have been I fear. But it was mostly on local and social matters, with short paragraphs in the American fashion, light and lively. It was, besides, so perfectly in Mr. Bennett's style, in thought and expression, impudence and egotism, that my articles were credited to him about as often as his own; and he had the credit, I believe, of writing every day the entire editorial matter of two fair-sized daily

papers. "What a wonderful man that Bennett is!" people said—and they said truly. He was really, in those days, a man of wonderful energy, talent, wit, and various ability. He was as remarkable for research and an orderly arrangement of facts, as for spirit and egotism. Few men understood America and American politics and politicians so well. He had everything to gain, few fears and no scruples.

As Mr. Bennett's handwriting was of the most hieroglyphical character, the compositors in the office were seldom bothered by illegible manuscript. One morning, when I had not arrived as early as usual, one of the printers came down with a slip on which he had got stuck when about half way down. He had made it all out to that point. I found it to be a sheet of memoranda of the most heterogeneous character, without any sort of connexion, out of which he had set up a portion of a leading article. There are type-setting machines; and it is possible that there might be attached to them mechanical editors, like the barrels and clock-work machinery which play church organs and belfry chimes. The papers got up in this way might read a little monotonously—but do not our party newspapers, as well as our novels and plays, give us the same themes over and over with the slightest variations?

When my daily morning's work was done, I enjoyed whatever there was of novelty or pleasure in our New York life. Sometimes I lounged on the battery, under the elms and willows, inhaling the sea-breeze, and watching the stately ships, the graceful yachts,

and the noble steamers, as they swept round on their way up the north or east rivers, or down the bay. Sometimes I sat on the walls of the old fort, which we persisted in calling Castle Garden, because it had neither shrub nor flower, only vanilla ice-creams and fragrant mint-juleps. Sometimes alone, or with a friend, I took a sail-boat, and sailed out upon the sparkling waves, and met the swell that came with the sea-breeze up the Narrows.

In the evenings we had music, moonlight and beauty. Dodworth's band played at the Atlantic Garden, close by the Bowling-Green, where the leaden statue of George III. had been dragged down by the mob at the beginning of the Revolution and melted into bullets. The iron railing is still there from which the crown-shaped ornaments were broken off. Many warm afternoons, when the thermometer ranged near ninety degrees, I found cool walks and pleasant breezes across the Hudson at Hoboken. Then there were moonlight steamboat excursions, with music and dancing. The theatres were all open to me, and we had a French pantomime and ballet company at Niblo's Gardens, then quite out of town, but now in the centre of business Broadway. There was the great Gabriel Ravel, and there I first saw the now still more famous Blondin.

There are two elements of New York and American life which English tourists can never appreciate, nor English readers comprehend. They are ice-creams and oysters. It is impossible, in a cool climate like that of England, to imagine the luxury of ice, iced drinks,

and frozen food and sweetmeats, in a hot one. For four months in a year Americans eat ices and drink iced drinks. Ice is everywhere. The first thing in the summer morning in Virginia is an immense mint julep sparkling with ice. It is passed from hand to hand, and lip to lip. I remember well the first time I was offered this social glass. It was by President Tyler. It had been brought to him early in the morning. He drank a little, smacked his lips, and handed it to me. I had never been initiated into the Virginia custom. I had no objection to a mint-julep, —rather the contrary—but had been accustomed to have a moderately sized tumbler all to myself, and never to share in one of whatever Brobdignagian proportions. So I politely declined; but the handsome daughter of one of the cabinet ministers, coming in at that moment, took the glass, drank the president's good health, and passed it on, until it made the round of the presidential party.

But the ice-creams are the most universal luxury. They are served in public gardens, in saloons that hold a thousand people, at the large confectioners, and on the steamboats, at the uniform price of sixpence, and generally of excellent quality and flavour. I wish I were "posted" in ice-cream statistics enough to give an idea of the daily consumption of New York alone; but I have no doubt that it exceeds that of all Europe.

But far less than ice-creams can benighted Europe understand the American luxury of oysters. The American oyster is an entirely different bivalve from

its English namesake. They do not look alike; still less do they taste alike. Those who like one cannot like the other. Captain Marryatt never learned to eat the American oyster. Dr. Mackay, under better auspices, came to be so fond of them, that he eagerly accepted the offer to become the *Times* New York correspondent. Dr. Mackay is a poet, and has some idea of a "Good Time coming, Boys." I know nothing droller than the disgust of Americans when they first land in England and make a rush at an oyster-shop. They are disgusted at the looks of the absurd, little, round, flat jokers, and still more disgusted at the salt, harsh, coppery, acrid, and altogether, to their tastes, un-oyster-like flavour.

The American oyster, from New York to New Orleans, is large, bland, sweet, luscious, capable of being fed and fattened, and cooked in many styles, and is eaten for breakfast, dinner, supper, and at all intermediate hours. Oysters are eaten raw, pure and simple, or with salt, pepper, oil, mustard, lemon-juice, or vinegar. At breakfast they are stewed, broiled, or fried. At dinner you have oyster-soup, oyster-sauce for the fish, fried oysters, scolloped oysters, oyster pies, and when the boiled turkey is cut into, it is found stuffed with oysters. Some of these oysters are so large that they require to be cut into three pieces before eating. Four or six of them, broiled and served with toast, really make a respectable meal; and the larger they are the better the flavour. They are also, in comparison with English oysters, cheap. The regular price of a stew, containing equal to three dozen

of natives, cooked with butter, milk, biscuit, and the proper condiments, and served with bread and butter and a salad, is sixpence. In New York we used to have a cheap class of oyster-cellars, where they were served on what was called the "Canal-street plan," named from a wide street which crosses Broadway, in which such cellars abounded; and this plan was to give a customer as many raw oysters as he could eat for sixpence. He paid his sixpence—York shilling, or Spanish eighth of a dollar—and swallowed the bivalves as they were opened, until he cried "enough!" There is a tradition that the dealers sometimes hurried this exclamation from an unreasonably greedy person, by giving him an unsavoury oyster.

Cellars, or underground basements for business purposes, are very rare in London, and very common in New York. The sandy soil allows that buildings which are six or seven storeys above the surface should be two or three below. The oyster cellars, to which you descend from the side-walk of Broadway, are twenty-five feet in width, by a hundred or more in length, and many of them are fitted up with great luxury — plate-glass, curtains, gilding, pictures, &c. Here you may have oysters in every style, and in great perfection, as well as all the delicacies of the season, and all the drinks which American ingenuity has invented. The fashionable saloons upon the ground floor—some of which are as large as the great music halls in London, and are frequented day and night by ladies as well as gentlemen—deal as largely

in oysters during the months which have an R, as in ice-creams during June, July, and August.

But oysters in New York are never really out of season. As they are brought from the shores of Virginia, and planted to grow and fatten, so that every quality and flavour can be produced by the varying situation of the banks, so the time of planting and the depth of water regulates the season of the oyster, and keeps the market in constant supply.

Gentlemen living upon the rivers, sounds, and inlets in the vicinity of New York, have their oyster-plantations as regularly as their gardens, peach-orchards, or graperies. Making a visit to a gentleman whose mansion was on the bank of a New Jersey river, I found upon his table a daily supply from the beds which extended along the domain and to the centre of the river.

It is not only in seaport towns in America that oysters are eaten in enormous quantities, but towns a thousand miles from salt water have an abundant supply, and an oyster supper is as regular a thing in Cincinnati or St. Louis as in New York or Baltimore. Even before the railways annihilated time and space and made oyster-lovers happy, there were oyster expresses organized from Baltimore across the Alleghanies, which beat the Government mails in speed, and supplied the most distant settlements. At Buffalo and the lake towns the supply was managed simply enough. They were brought by the canal, and the winter's stock put down in cellars, and fed on salt water and Indian corn-meal; growing week by week,

as I beg to assure all pisciculturists and the Acclimatization Society, more fat and delicious.

It is worth trying whether the American oyster will flourish in British waters. If it would attain to the same size, and retain its delicate flavour, and Englishmen could forget their prejudices in favour of their little, sharp, coppery natives, a great addition might be made to the stock of healthy food in England. I hope the Acclimatization Society will act upon the suggestion, and elect me an honorary member, or at the very least, invite me to the next annual dinner.

The oysters in the Gulf of Mexico are larger and more delicious, if possible, than in the sheltered bays of the Atlantic. They are also more abundant. On the Florida coast they attach themselves by millions to branches of trees which droop into the water. You have only to pull up these branches and pick them off. The traveller's story, that oysters grow on trees in Florida, is thus a perfectly true one. I found them excellent at Mobile and New Orleans, where the fish-markets also have beautiful and delicious varieties of the finny tribes, quite unknown to these northern regions. I do not say that they are better than English salmon and turbot, but the New Orleans and Mobile fishermen could send two or three kinds that would be welcome on the board, as well as very beautiful additions to the aquarium.

It may seem absurd enough to write so much about a shell-fish; but how could I remember the city in which I have passed so many happy days without also

remembering so important a part of its good cheer as the oyster? Really, I cannot help thinking that a few ship-loads of American oysters and clams strewn along the coasts of England and Ireland might be one of the best investments ever made by a paternal Government, some of whose children and subjects do not always get enough to eat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEW YORK INSTITUTIONS.

Central Park.—The Croton Waterworks.—The Astor Library.—Reading-room of the British Museum.—Cooper Institute.—Squares without locks.—Newsboys.—Festivals.—Fourth of July.—Declaration of Independence.—Patriotism and gunpowder.—Military procession and fireworks.—Dancing.—Balls and assemblies.—American beauty.

New York has some institutions which I humbly think may be worthy of imitation even in the metropolis of the world. The Central Park, though commenced only a few years ago, and wanting that grandeur of ancient trees which only time can give, combines the finest features of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and the gardens at Kew, with some points of bold and striking scenery, which belong to none of these.

The Croton Waterworks would do honour to any city in the world. A mountain stream of soft pure water, forty miles north of New York, is turned into an aqueduct, and led through hills, over valleys, and across an arm of the sea, into great reservoirs in the centre of New York, from which it is distributed to every house in New York; not once a day into a water-butt, but into every storey of the tallest houses, in a full, free current, running all day, if you please,

and giving such facilities for bathing and cleanliness to poor as well as rich, as exist, I believe, in few European capitals.

The Astor Library in New York, founded by the bequest of its richest merchant, John Jacob Astor, is not so extensive as that of the British Museum, but it is large, well selected, magnificently endowed, and open and free, without restriction, to all who choose to enter. At the British Museum the reader must have a ticket, given on a formal application, with the endorsement of a respectable householder. In New York you have only to walk into the library.

I must "beg to observe," however, in respect to the British Museum reading-room, that the management is admirable. In many months I have never failed to find a seat, or to get the books I required with all reasonable celerity. The complaints which have sometimes appeared in the papers appeared to me entirely unfounded. A few young men go there doubtless to read novels, or to consult class-books; but for whom are these books intended, if not for those who make use of them? As for the story about ladies going there to flirt—look at them, that is all. They are not at all the style of women, so far as my observation and experience go, who are given to flirtation. I have never seen—not even at a Woman's Rights' Convention—ladies less open to the suspicion of any such weak-minded proceedings.

Near the Astor Library, the munificence of Peter Cooper, another New York merchant, has provided such a free reading-room as I have not been able to

discover in this country—a room which will accommodate some hundreds of readers, and is supplied with files of daily and weekly papers, magazines, &c., in several languages. A free library is connected with the reading-room, and a picture-gallery and school of art.

The squares of New York, like Russell-square and Lincoln's-inn-fields, are all, with a single exception, open and free to the public; which I certainly think is a striking improvement upon the London fashion of laying out a handsome square with shady trees, pleasant walks, shrubbery and flowers, and carefully locking it up against all comers.

The institution of newsboys in New York is a very noisy one, but I do not well see how it can be dispensed with. Americans buy papers; they never hire, and seldom borrow them; they cannot wait for news with the stolid patience of Englishmen. If anything happens out of the common, the papers issue extras at any hour of the day, and at any time before midnight. These are distributed by hundreds of vociferous newsboys, who cry murders or battles, fires or shipwrecks, over the city. American life is a series of sensations, and the want of them will be an obstacle in the way of making peace. When it was feared and believed that General Lee might take Washington, Philadelphia, and even New York, there was no panic in those cities, nothing beyond a new sensation, which I believe they enjoyed much as the spectators of Blondin and Leotard did their feats of daring and danger.

Every great city has its festivals. London, I think, has two—Christmas and the Derby. New York, and all the towns west of New York which follow its fashions, have three—Christmas, New-year's, and the Fourth of July. New England retains too many Puritan traditions to make much of Christmas; thanksgiving takes its place. New York, which was at first Dutch, then English, and now largely Roman Catholic, cares little for the annually proclaimed thanksgiving day, but makes a real festival of Christmas; but as it is kept much as in London or Paris, I need not describe it.

New-year's, however, is a peculiar festival. I think we got it from Holland. All business is suspended, more than on Sunday or any other day in the year. From highest to lowest, from Fifth-Avenue to the most obscure street in the suburbs, the ladies are dressed to receive visitors from 10 o'clock, A.M., to midnight, and every gentleman is expected to call on that day, if on no other, on every lady of his acquaintance. The streets are full of men walking or in carriages, or sleighs, if there is snow, making calls; the bells are jingling in every house, for knockers are obsolete; the servants are busy attending the door; the ladies are surrounded with visitors, who stay five or ten minutes, taste a glass of wine, eat a piece of cake, or chicken, or lobster salad, or a few pickled oysters, and then go to make more calls. Some make a dozen, some a hundred. The young ladies keep books, and put down every caller. It is the list from which to make out invitations for the coming year.

For the whole day, after the early mass in the Catholic churches, it is very rare to see a woman in the streets. As night comes on, a good many gentlemen are, of course, found to have tasted refreshments too often. The "compliments of the season" are not so glibly given. These mistakes are charitably excused; and all New York, for one day, has been friendly and sociable. If a stranger in New York on New-year's happens to have a friend with a large circle of acquaintance, he cannot do better than to accompany him in making his calls. He will never see American life to better advantage.

Fourth of July is another affair. Great numbers of people get out of town to avoid the noise, but their place is more than filled by the country people, who flock in to enjoy what the others wish to avoid. It is the celebration of the Declaration of Independence when the thirteen American colonies declared themselves "Sovereign and Independent States"—declared that "All government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed"—asserted the supreme right of revolution—the right to alter, abrogate, and abolish any Government which failed to secure the interest, safety, and happiness of a people.

The annual iteration of these principles commences on the third of July at sunset, by the firing of Chinese crackers, squibs, Roman-candles, rockets, pistols, guns, and cannon of every calibre, and the making of a furious din and illumination. This, however, is only a rehearsal or preparatory service. The celebration begins in earnest on the fourth at sunrise, when all

the bells ring for an hour, and salutes are fired from the forts, ships of war, and by volunteer batteries. These bell-ringings and salutes are repeated at noon, and again at set of sun. In the meantime Chinese crackers are fired by millions and by tons. Singly, in packets, and in whole boxes they keep up their patriotic din; while thousands of boys, with pistols and pockets full of gunpowder, load and fire as rapidly as possible, and keep up a rattling *feu-de-joie*, or, as nervous people who have not escaped think, a *feu-d'enfer*, in every street and square of the city. The air is as full of the sulphurous smoke as that of a battle-field. The pavements are literally covered with the *debris* of exploded fire-crackers.

At ten o'clock the volunteer regiments, to the number of eight or ten thousand men, parade on the battery, and march up Broadway. The display on this really brilliant street, which runs straight as a line for nearly three miles, is imposing. Some of the regimental bands number seventy performers, and a motley throng of spectators is swept along with the torrent of sound. There are orations, speeches, dinners, amid the din; but it is when the last evening salutes have been fired, and the evening bells rung out their peals, that the beauty of the celebration culminates. Exhibitions of fireworks are given in five or six of the principal squares, at the expense of the city, each attended with a band of music; but all New York, and its environs for miles around, is one exhibition of pyrotechnics. The whole sky is lighted with fire-balls and rockets; they are sent up from thousands of

places. The spectacle from the roofs of the houses, or any commanding position, is one of singular beauty; and this scene, it must be remembered, is not confined to one or to twenty cities. It is repeated in every town, village, or hamlet across the continent, and the glorious "fourth" is celebrated with as much enthusiasm on the Oregon and Sacramento, as on the Hudson and the Kennebec.

If there is anything New Yorkers are more given to than making money it is dancing. In my younger days I was fond of this recreation. During the season, that is from November to March, there are balls five nights a week, in perhaps twenty public ball-rooms, besides a multitude of private parties, where dancing is the chief amusement. The whole city is made up of clubs and societies, each of which has its balls. When Englishmen have dinners, Americans have balls. Englishmen support their charities by eating, Americans by dancing.

There are in New York fifty or sixty companies of volunteer firemen, with from fifty to a hundred members; and each company every winter gives one or more balls, in which their friends are expected to take part. There are twenty or thirty regiments or battalions of military volunteers, and each one has its ball. There are hundreds of societies and lodges of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Druids, and various Irish, German, trade, and benevolent societies, which must have at least their annual dance in winter, and excursion or pic-nic in summer. Then there are assembly-clubs of young men who unite for

the sole purpose of dancing, subscribe for a dozen cotillion parties, and are as exclusive, if not as select as were once the lady patronesses of Almacks. Besides all these, are the great balls, held at the Academy of Music or largest theatres—as the General Firemen's ball, the ball of the Irish Benevolent Society, &c.

The price of tickets for the greater number of these balls is one or two dollars—four or eight shillings; to the largest, five dollars, or a guinea. A ticket admits a gentleman and two ladies. Single gentlemen's tickets are not sold, though extra ladies' tickets may be had by any gentleman who wishes to take more than two. At the society parties I have spoken of, where the lovers of dancing club for the pleasure of dancing, and where even the names of the ladies must be submitted to a committee of managers, tickets cannot be bought; but invitations are sometimes given. I have been to such balls where all their arrangements were as exquisite as possible; where every gentleman was a good dancer, and every lady was young and beautiful, and each vied with the other in grace and elegance of costume—where the music was as carefully selected as the ladies, and the supper and wines were delicious; where, moreover, the most perfect respectability was as necessary to obtain the *entrée* as grace or beauty.

Of that grace and beauty it is a matter of some delicacy to speak. Every country has its own standards of loveliness. The American ladies, of the class of which I am writing, have small hands and feet, exqui-

sitely delicate and lovely forms, and are brilliant and graceful beyond my power to describe. They are not as robust as the English ladies; it is impossible that they can wear as well; but from fifteen to twenty-five they are inexpressibly beautiful.

This gift of beauty is by no means equally distributed over the American States; it is as rare in the country west of the Alleghanies as in North Western Europe. But along the whole coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf, and in all the country settled for more than a century, it is common; and in the oldest towns and rural districts, settled for two hundred years or more, beautiful women, or at least beautiful girls, are so numerous as to become almost the rule rather than the exception. No person can visit Portland, Salem, Providence, or Baltimore without being struck with the vast number of exceedingly beautiful women; and there are regions of the rural districts as wonderfully blessed as the towns I have mentioned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMERICAN EXCITEMENTS AND SENSATIONS.

Visit of Marquis de Lafayette.—A generous volunteer.—The American and French revolutions.—Thomas Paine.—Progress of General Jackson.—Erie Canal celebration.—Reception of Mr. Charles Dickens.—The copyright question.—The "Boz ball."—General Scott and the volunteers in the Mexican War.—Henry Clay's last visit to New York.—Reception of Kossuth.—The Atlantic telegraph.—Japanese embassy.—Visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—The real feeling.—Irish disaffection.—An outburst of Poetry.—"The Prince;" "Before him;" "Baron Renfrew's ball;" "Brown's Light Brigade;" a bit of blarney; at the tomb of Washington; Yankee God save the Queen.

New York, with the other American cities which follow its fashions, as they mostly do, even down to the town of ten thousand inhabitants, has its occasional excitements, as well as its stated holidays and seasons of festivity. Of these I remember several of a more or less striking character.

The first great popular excitement I can remember in America, was that caused by the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. This distinguished Frenchman, at the age of twenty, leaving his young wife, chartered a ship, loaded her with military supplies, and offered his sword and fortune to Washington. The hero of the American Revolution was not an impulsive man, but he took the generous French-

man to his heart, and gave him an important position in the republican army. Lafayette proved a good officer. He fed and clothed his naked and suffering soldiers. When the ladies of Baltimore wished to give a ball to the gallant and generous foreigner, he said, "I should be delighted to dance with you, dear ladies, but my men have no shirts." The fair Baltimorians, then as now the most beautiful ladies in America, laid aside all thoughts of dancing, took up their scissors and needles, and went to making shirts for the naked soldiery.

Such traits made the young marquis very popular in America. He gave to the cause all the money he could get of his own, or borrow of his friends. His influence, and that of his family, no doubt had something to do with inducing Louis XVI. to recognise American Independence, and send fleets and armies to aid in securing it. The war was over at last, and General Lafayette returned to France full of Washington and the New Republic of the West.

It has been said that the French Revolution was caused by the American. No; revolutionary principles existed in France before they took effect in America. I believe that England was the true source of both revolutions. The actual leading spirit of the American Revolution was Thomas Paine, an Englishman. He had more to do with giving voice, form, consistency, and purpose to the revolution than any other man engaged in it. He was "the pen of the war." Few men in England or America could have written as he wrote—none reached so large a public.

I have no sympathy with his religious opinions, and less than would be expected in an American, with his political doctrines—but justice is justice. Had not Thomas Paine written his *Common Sense*, Jefferson might never have had the opportunity to write the Declaration of Independence. It was a trumpet-peal that awoke the colonies to the thought of independence. But Paine was the disciple of Rousseau, and Rousseau gave French vitality to the ideas of English philosophers. Republicanism, the principles of the revolution, born in Europe, had their experimental trial in America, and the success of the experiment no doubt hastened the French Revolution of 1792. Not only Lafayette, but hundreds of French officers who had served in America, went home full of enthusiasm for the new republic of Washington.

Lafayette, had he been a strong, heroic man, instead of a vain and weak one, might have been the Washington of the French Revolution. Failing a Washington—having instead a Danton and a Robespierre—there came the need of a Napoleon. Lafayette was, in the course of events, immured in an Austrian prison, and was set free at the request of the American Government. In 1824 he accepted an invitation to revisit America. He was received with the honours due to the guest of the nation. I was young, but I remember the excitement in all our cities and villages. In his triumphal tour he came as far north as Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, and my father and mother, in a "one-horse-shay," went fifty miles to see and welcome him. Bells rang, cannon

fired, bonfires blazed, thousands of pretty maidens strewed his path with flowers, and the grey-haired veteran was happy to see the great nation which he had aided to establish. The children and grandchildren of his companions-in-arms gathered around him, but there were also hundreds who had served under him—old men like himself—who came to embrace their now aged but then young and gay commander. Congress voted him a township of land, and some twenty thousand pounds in money, as a small acknowledgment of his sacrifices and services. The gift seemed larger at that day than it does now, when money is voted and expended by the thousand millions—and for no good.

The progress of General Jackson, when President, was an occasion of as great, though not such general excitement, as that which attended the welcome of Lafayette. What it lost in unity it gained in intensity, by being, to some extent, a partizan manifestation; but the hero of New Orleans had been successful and became popular. Even when the man is despised the President is honoured. New England cursed and scorned John Tyler of Virginia, the traitor, as they considered him, to the party that elected him; but New England turned out, none the less to welcome John Tyler the President. So it may have been with Andrew Jackson; but he had stronger claims. He had been twice elected President, which Americans have no doubt at all is the highest place, and the most dignified office, on this planet, and he was also the hero of New Orleans.

The completion of the Erie Canal was not a national excitement, but New York, and the whole country bordering on the lakes, celebrated it with extraordinary enthusiasm. Every town and village from New York to Buffalo, along a line of five hundred miles, joined in the celebration. The bells were rung, processions marched, cannon, placed a mile apart for the whole five hundred miles, fired continuous salutes, orators spouted, and at Albany, the State capital, where the canal enters the Hudson river, Lake Erie was solemnly married to the Atlantic Ocean with appropriate ceremonies; the old connexion by the way of Niagara Falls and the River St. Lawrence being looked upon as irregular and illegitimate. The canal, with its numerous locks and strong embankments, appeared to the orator of the day to be the more civilized and respectable arrangement.

I have always thought that the reception given to Mr. Charles Dickens in New York, some twenty years ago, was a good thing; and though it had a tinge of extravagance and a strong spice of pardonable vanity, and not inhuman self-glorification about it, I am still of opinion that it was, on the whole, an ovation honourable to the givers as it was to the receiver.

True, the Americans had stolen his writings. They had printed and sold millions of copies of his books, and laughed and cried over them, and grown the better, it is to be hoped, for reading them, without giving him a penny for the privilege. They gave him praise, gratitude, honour, everything but cash.

The temptation to get all, the best, as well as the worst, books written in Europe for nothing was too strong to be resisted. The interests of native authors were sacrificed to this greed of cheap literature. Manufactures of cotton, woollen, and iron could get plenty of protection while writers were starved by a competition which was a simple denial of justice and a simple robbery of genius in both hemispheres. No one felt this, and no one had a right to feel it, more bitterly than Mr. Dickens. An international copyright twenty years ago would have doubled the rewards of his genius and industry. Of late, the very greed of American publishers, their desire to secure a virtual monopoly and a higher price, has given him some remuneration.

But, *en passant*, has there been no blame except with the American Government? Has British diplomacy, in all these years, found no opportunity to secure the rights of British authors and artists, the men of genius who contribute so much to the strength, the influence, the prestige, and power of the British nation? I cannot but think that an equitable treaty of international copyright might have been secured years ago, had British ministers and diplomatists been alive to the interests of her men of letters, or had authors and artists been in any fair proportion among her ministers and diplomatists.

However this may be, it is certain that the great body of the American people were anxious to do honour to Mr. Dickens, when he made his famous visit to America. I have said that Americans are

fonder of dancing than of eating; they eat to live, and hardly that. They bolt a dinner of many courses in fifteen minutes, that they may have time for matters of more importance. Besides, a dinner requires more space, and can scarcely be enjoyed by as many persons. A public dinner to Mr. Dickens would not probably have assembled more than three or four hundred persons. A ball would allow ten times that number to see him and be seen by him, which was, perhaps, almost as important a consideration.

So it was a ball at the Park Theatre—the Old Drury of New York—where the Cookes, and Keans, and Kembles had delighted us, that was fixed upon. There was a supper, I believe, and there was a series of *tableaux vivans*, representing some of the best scenes in the *Pickwick Papers*, and the earlier works of the "immortal Boz." I remember the immense crowd of the "beauty and fashion" of New York that filled the theatre from its dancing-floor, laid over stage and pit, to the gallery. I remember the mixed committee, official, fashionable, and literary, and some who aspired to all these distinctions. I think Irving and Cooper were there—I am sure of Halleck and Bryant. Willis sported his ringlets there no doubt; and can I ever forget the beaming, rosy, perspiring face of the American Körner, General George P. Morris?

There was a rush near the door, a flutter through the crowded theatre, a hush of expectation, a burst of "See the conquering hero comes," and the author of *Pickwick* and the *Uncommercial Traveller*, with all of humour and pathos that lie between, burst upon our

astonished and delighted vision. Then the cheers, then the waving of handkerchiefs from floor to boxes, and all the tiers—and tears, no doubt, of joy and happiness—and bouquets innumerable, gave what expression was possible to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the hour.

I remember Mr. Dickens as my eye caught him there, with all that throng around him, and he the cynosure of ten thousand eyes, allowing each person present the usual number. His hair was in the bright gloss of its youthful, silken curls; his face was full, and ruddy with English health—not seamed, as now, with the thought and work of all these years. His dress was, I thought, sufficiently pronounced; but he was, on the whole, eminently satisfactory and sufficiently imposing. It was hard to open a passage where two or three thousand people were crowding to see, and be near, and, if possible, shake hands with him, but with tremendous efforts he was escorted around the room.

We tried to dance. Mrs. General Morris honoured the thrice-honoured author with her fair hand for a quadrille, but the effort to dance was absurd. I remember being in a set with two young army officers who were afterwards heroes in Mexico, but even their prowess could do little toward carrying their partners through the galop in such a crush. Happily it was before the age of crinoline, and what room there was we made the most of; but it was like dancing in a canebrake, the poor girls clinging to their partners to avoid being swept beyond their power to protect them.

Mr. Dickens came home, and wrote *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and did not show himself sufficiently grateful, some thought, for the enthusiasm of his reception. I have no complaint to make. With all that was true and just in his representation of American life and manners, Americans ought to be satisfied. They did not wish to bribe the author and artist with their hospitalities to be false to his impressions. Mr. Dickens had to choose between writing truly, according to his perception of truth, or not at all; and if he had chosen to be silent, I fear my too thin-skinned countrymen would not have been satisfied. What a man writes of a country or people is a picture of himself, as well as of what he writes about; and in Mr. Dickens's accounts of people and places we find always a great deal of Dickens.

The reception of General Winfield Scott and the returning New York Volunteers from the conquest of Mexico, was one of the most genuine and impressive spectacles I ever saw in a city so fond of public manifestations. The Mexican War was a series of brilliant victories to the American arms. The forces engaged were small in numbers, it is true; but there was hard fighting, at great odds, against strong positions, and at times with heavy losses. General Scott entered the city of Mexico at the head of scarcely eight thousand soldiers, mostly volunteers. Peace was made, with the transfer of California and New Mexico to the United States. The New York Volunteers came home—what were left of them. They had gone to Mexico a thousand strong, and two

hundred and forty sallow, ragged, crippled boys and men, with their flags torn in pieces, returned to New York.

Of course the whole city turned out to welcome them. There was an escort of ten thousand gaily dressed troops of the city regiments, all sparkle and glitter, on whose arms was no speck of rust, and whose beautiful flags had never been soiled by the smoke or torn by the shot of the battle-field. Then came General Scott, looking worn and aged with a hard campaign; and then, in thin and straggling ranks, with arms in slings, with scarred faces and worn-out uniforms, came the poor boys who had marched through a series of battle-fields from Vera Cruz to Mexico, had seen their flag waving in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas, and had left three-fourths of their companions to the vultures or the worms.

As they came in sight of the vast crowd of men and women that filled windows and streets and pressed to see them, the excitement became overpowering. They marched up Broadway through a storm of hurrahs and a shower of tears. Ladies threw their bouquets into the streets, which were picked up and placed on the muskets of the soldiers. They waved their white handkerchiefs, then wiped their eyes and waved them again. Poor fellows, they had one day of glory for all their hardships.

The last visit of Henry Clay to New York was the occasion of an extraordinary public ovation. He was about to retire for ever from public life. His last chance

of reaching the long-sought goal of his ambition, the presidency, had departed. Political animosity was ended, and all parties united to do him honour. The governor's room in the City Hall was made his audience-chamber, and there the Kentucky statesman received all who chose to call upon him. Thousands shook him by the hand. The women came as well as the men—came in immense crowds. Mr. Clay, now a white-haired old man, had always been a favourite with the ladies. He would have been President long before, if women could have voted. They were not content to shake hands with him—they began to kiss him. When one had kissed him, the next of course followed the example. Locks of his silvery hair began to fall to the click of furtive scissors, and but for the interference of attendant policemen, it seemed probable that he would not only have been smothered in kisses, but have lost all his hair into the bargain.

The welcome to Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionist could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honour the illustrious Magyar. He made a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification; but it did not last. Kossuth wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million—they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the centre and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to

give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled *en prince*. He had a suite of nearly a hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth escaped in disguise from the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

The Atlantic Telegraph celebration was as characteristic an affair as I remember. My countrymen believe—firstly, that Dr. Franklin invented electricity; secondly, that Mr. Morse invented the electromagnetic telegraph; and thirdly, that Mr. Cyrus Field laid down the Atlantic cable. They would allow, perhaps, that some Englishmen, on a sharp look-out for good investments, took a few shares of the stock, and that, from motives of policy or politeness, a British Government steamer was permitted to assist in laying the wires; but that the real glory of the enterprise, and its triumph, for the short time that it was a triumph, was American, we had no manner of doubt. Franklin, Morse, and Field were Americans; the telegraph was American; and to unite Europe to America was the greatest favour that could be done to that old, benighted, monarchical, and down-trodden continent.

The success having been achieved, was, of course, to be celebrated. It was a national affair, and the whole nation joined in it. On the night appointed, at a signal given by telegraph, cannon were fired,

bonfires lighted, and cities illuminated. In New York there was a procession, with Cyrus Field, the hero, in an open chariot, drawn through tempests and Niagaras of hurrahs. The fireworks were of such unprecedented magnificence that they set the City Hall on fire. I was in an illuminated city on Lake Erie. Towns were in a blaze beyond the Mississippi. I have no doubt that, if the statistics were collected, it would be found that the cost of that telegraphic celebration exceeded the sum subscribed in America and Europe to lay down the wire-cable across the Atlantic.

The reception of the Japanese Ambassadors in the American cities, from San Francisco to New York, was what people in Europe can scarcely form an idea of. In England, foreign ambassadors are received by the Government. The people seldom know anything of the matter until they read an account of it in the newspapers. In America it is the sovereign people who give receptions in their own fashion. There was a novelty in the Japanese embassy that excited the imagination. It was determined to astonish the barbarians. There was a tumultuous, extravagant popular manifestation, as remarkable in its way as the reception of the Prince of Wales in America, or of the Princess in London.

But what shall I say of that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in America? It was a compound of several elements. There was great curiosity to see a live prince, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and heir-apparent to the

British crown. There was a greater vanity and ostentation in the wish to show him the most wonderful country in the world, and to astonish him with such a welcome as he never had before, and never would have again.

"The poor boy has never hurt us," they said, "and never can. Why should we bear him malice because we licked his grandfather? Come, let us be generous. We will show him what he has lost. We are powerful, and as he has come to see us, let us patronize him." These were the actual thoughts and feelings of nine-tenths of the American people.

I need not describe the processions, the balls, the immense displays, civic and military, which amused or amazed His Royal Highness. No young gentleman in his teens, royal or otherwise, ever behaved, under peculiar and often embarrassing circumstances, better than did the Prince of Wales on this American tour. He "conversed affably," as the English reporters say —how would they have him converse, I wonder?— with all who approached him, and he danced indefatigably. He danced at St. Louis, at Cincinnati, and finally at New York. They gave him, sometimes, more old women than he liked for partners—the wives of civic dignitaries, &c.; but he manfully put them through their antique paces, and then took his pick of the pretty girls, only less beautiful and graceful than the lovely princess whom England has so joyfully welcomed to be the partner of his life.

I saw the reception in New York, and I knew his entertainers. Personally they had the various motives

which animate human beings on such occasions; but over all was the feeling, "We'll show you what Americans can do. You expect to be a sovereign—*we* are the sovereign people." It scarcely occurred to any one that His Royal Highness had honoured America or New York by his visit, but there was no sort of doubt that he was highly honoured by the reception given him. Of all New York, one Irish regiment alone—the since famous 69th, commanded by Colonel Michael Corcoran, since a prisoner of war in South Carolina, taken in the fight or panic of Bull Run, and later a major-general in the Federal army—refused to join in welcoming the Prince of Wales. They found little sympathy. Why not welcome him like all the rest, and take the opportunity to show him what he had lost? They were fools, it was said, not to turn out and flaunt their green flag in his face, and show him that if Irishmen were not trusted to bear arms in Ireland, they were the equals of the best—fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, and fellow-sovereigns—in America.

The Americans wished to treat the eldest son of Queen Victoria as an honoured equal—neither more nor less. America had no longer any reason to feel envy or ill-will to England. Bygones were bygones. We had beaten her twice—we were her equals now, and would soon be her superiors. She could not expect to increase in population beyond thirty millions. We should soon be a hundred millions. We could afford to forgive all the injuries and insults of the past, and to be generous to a power that could not

hope to keep up with us in the great race of empire.

Personally there was a cordial good feeling to the quiet, gentle, princely youth, whose mild appearance and unassuming manners were, apart from all prestige of rank and position, an open letter of recommendation. A torrent of poetic welcomes poured into the newspapers. They express, better than I am able to, the feeling of the hour.

The first I copy is irregular in its measure, and not the best in literary merit; but it confirms, *I think*, what I have said of the popular feeling.

THE PRINCE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

I stood amid the throng—
But one among the million hearts which beat
Expectant of his coming.
The bells rang out a greeting song,
And the mute flags a silent welcome waved,
While from their brazen mouths the loud-voiced guns
Spoke out a salutation which the hills
Took up and answered from the far-off shores.

He came! O, slender youth, and fair!
Around whose head the halo of a mother's love
Seemed lingering still, and as he passed
I sought to trace upon his youthful brow the stamp
Of something which we see not here—where all are kings.
A courtly, gentlemanly grace—"the grace of God,"
The tenure of his mother's throne, and great men's fame,
Sat like a sparkling jewel on his brow;
And from his boyish lips unspoken breathed
The kindly heart which marks the Christian man.
His eyes, which but a moment swept me by,
Like mirrors, brought into my spirit's sight
The view of "that within which passeth show."

I read the consciousness of high behest,
The knowledge that a Power beyond himself
Had placed him in a path which, soon or late,
Might lead him to a trust, compared with which
All human ties are but as grains of sand.
I read the struggling of a high intent,
With something which the world may never know—
The inward battling of a youthful heart
Against itself; the firm resolve to live
Full up to all that Fate expects of him.

Ah, Albert Edward! when you homeward sail,
Take back with you and treasure in your soul
A wholesome lesson which you here may learn.
You see a people happy and content,
Knowing no higher rank than simple worth,
Making their laws and rulers at their will;
You see a nation which but yesterday
Wrote its first record on the world's great page—
A giant Power, respected and beloved—
And yet we have no king.

We reason here—we who are equals all—
Upon the destiny which surely waits
But the fulfilment of a fitting time
On Europe's crumbling thrones.
We twice the Eastern hemisphere have seen,
From Baltic to the Ægean shores, convulsed
By the same spirit which, in old Rome born,
Once ruled the world; till crushed by selfish aims,
And ground into the earth by iron heels,
By mitred hierarchs and sceptred kings,
It slept through centuries of wrong and dread,
Growing each year far down beneath the soil
Made rich by martyrs' blood.
Transplanted thence to fresh Columbia's shores,
Beneath her forests nurtured, on her plains
Wet with the blood of heroes, once again,
'Gainst despotism it made brave head,
And here, grown to a mightier power than man
Has ever elsewhere seen or known, it speaks
In voice of thunder to the listening world.

Oh, Liberty! thou art not all a dream!
But almost God-like must a people be
To own no other sceptre here than thine.
It well behoves the heir to England's throne
To study well into the hearts of men,
And learn that since the olden time
The name of kings has changed.
"The grace of God" speaks through a people now,
And by that grace a throne alone is held;
A nation satisfied a monarchy
Through centuries to come may still remain;
A constitution liberal and just—
The bulwark of a people's liberties—
May shield alike a people and a throne.

* * * * *

God speed you, noble youth! may every gale
Which wafts you hence, unto your native shores,
Be filled with benedictions. May the proud flag
Which side by side with ours so lately waved,
Gather new glory in the years to come,
From deeds where Albert Edward's name shall stand,
In golden letters, on the deathless scroll
Of those whose memory a people love to keep
Enshrined within their hearts.

His Royal Highness, staying in New York over Sunday, of course went to church, and very properly to the oldest and best endowed offshoot of the Church of England—Trinity Church in New York. The following description is written in an original American style of poetry invented by Walt. Whitman, a New York poetical loafer, not destitute of genius, and patronized by Emerson.

The poem, by a pupil and imitator, has been thought a trifle satirical, but will, perhaps, repay a cursory perusal.

BEFORE HIM.

A PICTURE—AFTER WALT. WHITMAN.

1.—A dreary and desolate day!

The low hanging sky, leaden-coloured and lugubrious, drips continually its chilling tears.

Wet, deserted streets, vistas of quiet gloom, doleful persons with umbrellas flitting away here and there.

A cold, disconsolate wind, sighing loosely about.

Mournful morning of Tenth Month, the Lord's Day, the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. . . . . .

A solemn voice of bells.

It is time.

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him!"

2.—A chariot with horses—other vehicles give place—the progress of a royal person—the attendants mostly flunkies.

Rapid the trot to the sanctuary—duly muster the spectators—the massive portals are opened, he enters, the flunkies following—

It is accomplished—is there anything more?

Patience. Let us see.

3.—This is the House of God—those having tickets may enter, may approach the throne of grace, may behold the royal person.

The place is full. Hearts of contrition. Thoughts of humility. Ticket-bearers in fine raiment. It is a sweet spectacle.

Draw nigh. Merge with the crowd. Let the heart overflow with devotion. Bow down the head in reverence. Beware of pickpockets.

Forty policemen and a superintendent. All is well. . . . . .

4.—To think of the sanctities of the Holy Day.

Have you pleasure in seeing them well preserved? Have you joy in brazen buttons? Have you comfort in prayer?

Repose trustingly. Lo! an Executive, single-eyed, a Cyclops, a many-handed Briareus. . . . . Worship peacefully in the Holy Temple.

5.—Do you enjoy excitements? Have you sensibilities that may be lacerated? . . . . .

Look! they bear out a fainting woman—a man also—limp, livid, lifeless creatures, ghastly amid the multitude.

Pious ardour!—holy religious enthusiasm!—how the vast crowd thrills with devotion! . . . . .

He comes! . . . . .

6.—Are you a judge of pretty things?—a delicate, epicurean connoisseur? . . . . .

What circulates there among the people, passing from hand to hand? What murmurs of delight are those?

Look! it is also for your pleasure and for mine; press on, therefore, and buzz with the rest. . . . . .

To think what joy we shall have of it!

7.—The Book of Common Prayer!

Diamond elegance, gloss of satin, red sparkle of morocco, glint of gold, the clasp curiously fashioned, the cost two hundred and fifty dollars.

Ich Dien! Dollars! What words are these, bearing the soul heavenward! What echoes, softly floating in the dim arches overhead! . . . . .

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!"

8.—A moment—a sudden flush—the strong descending shock of a vital inspiration. . . . . .

He comes! . . . . .

9.—What is this spectacle—splendid, significant, stupendous? . . .

Pageant of the Church, reverend quartette of bishops, soldiers of the Cross, followers of the Lamb,

Surpliced servants of the living God, thirty-six in number—answer, and say what is this?

10.—He comes! . . . . .

Now indeed there is silence before Him.

11.—Bow down, white figures in yonder chancel! Bow down, bishops! Reverend clergymen, bow down before him!

Advance, bearer of maces! Flaunt in your liberal state!

Peal out, strong, sobbing organ! Break up, troubled and struggling sea of music! Burst forth, storm of sound! And you, waves of melody, engulf all human hearts!

12.—It is finished; the words are spoken; the sound has died away; he is gone.

Out from the dim chancel, reverend bishops and clergymen! Disappear, white robes of priests and of singers! Pour forth, pious worshippers, from the House of God!

Into the streets once more—the rain of Autumn—the chill, sighing wind. . . . . .

What tramp of steeds on the wet pavement! What disappearing shape, there in the gathering shadow! . . . . .

Pass on, saints and sinners! You have worshipped well! Rest under the peaceful night, slow moving from the East.

No longer before him, soldiers of the Cross! No longer before him.

WILLIAM WINTER.

The magnificent, but much too-crowded, ball at the Academy of Music, the New York Opera House, finds a lively description in the following stanzas. The breaking through of the temporary floor laid down over the parquette was a not uncharacteristic incident.

BARON RENFREW'S BALL,

OR THE BELLES HE DANCED WITH.

'Twas a grand display was the Prince's ball,
A pageant or fête, or what you may call
A brilliant coruscation;
Where ladies and lords of noble worth
Enchanted a Prince of royal birth,
By a royal demonstration.

Like queens, arrayed in their regal guise,
They charmed the Prince with dazzling eyes,
Fair ladies of rank and station—
Till the floor gave way, and down they sprawled
In a tableau style, which the artists called
A floor all decoration.

At the Prince's feet like flowers they laid,
In the brightest bouquet ever made,

For a Prince's choice to falter—
Perplexed to find, where all were rare,
Which was the fairest of the fair
To cull for a queenly altar.

But soon the floor was set aright,
And Peter Cooper's face grew bright,
When, like the swell of an organ,
All hearts beat time to the first quadrille,
And the Prince confessed to a joyous thrill
As he danced with Mrs. Morgan.

Then came the waltz—the Prince's own—
And every bar and brilliant tone
Had music's sweetest grace on;
But the Prince himself ne'er felt its charm
Till he slightly clasped with circling arm
That lovely girl, Miss Mason.

But ah! the work went bravely on,
And meek-eyed Peace a trophy won
By the magic art of the dancers;
For the daring Prince's next exploit
Was to league with Scott's Camilla Hoyt,
And overcome the Lancers!

Besides these three, he deigned to yield
His hand to Mrs. B. M. Field,
Miss Jay, and Miss Van Buren;
Miss Russell, too, was given a place—
All beauties famous for their grace
From Texas to Lake Huron.

With Mrs. Kernochan he "lanced,"
With Mrs. Edward Cooper danced,
With Mrs. Belmont capered;
With fair Miss Fish, in fairy rig,
He tripped a sort of royal jig,
And next Miss Butler favoured.

And thus, 'mid many hopes and fears,
By the brilliant light of the chandeliers,
Did they gaily quaff and revel;
Well pleased to charm a royal Prince,
The only one from England since
George Washington was a rebel.

And so the fleeting hours went by,
And watches stopped—lest time should fly—
Or that they winding wanted!
Old matrons dozed and papas smiled,
And many a fair one was beguiled
As the Prince danced on, undaunted.

'Tis now a dream—the Prince's ball,
Its vanished glories, one and all,
The scenes of the fairy tales;
For Cinderella herself was there,
And Barnum keeps for trial fair
The beautiful slipper deposited there
By His Highness the Prince of Wales.

BROWN'S LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED.

The committee that prepared for its private acquaintances the recent ball for the Prince of Wales, discovered, gossip hints, that it had not included a solitary dancing man among its choice invited ones. In this dilemma it resorted to the immortal Brown, of Gracechurch [fashionable undertaker of parties, weddings, and funerals], who supplied with free tickets five hundred of his "Light Brigade," out of which he fills up fashionable parties with eligible partners for "the German."

Round rushed the managers,
Seeking for dancing men,
Praying for prancing men,
Who in the Schottische shone,
Who for their speed were known,
Who would determine
To go through the German;

Frantic they called on Brown,
"Bring us some dancers down!"
Boldly Brown thundered—
"If you my young men lack,
Free tickets give me,

And I will bring you back—
Quick as a flash or crack—
Bring you five hundred."

Trembling they did the thing,
And Brown did the thing;
Bird on a lightning wing
Never went faster.
Five hundred "nice young men,"
Each one a waltzer,
With free tickets rushed,
Into "Academy" pushed,
As to a market.
Fearful to tell of then,
That extra weight of men
Smashed the whole par-ket,
And every dancing soul
Went down the yawning hole,
Whilst the Prince wondered,
And Miss M'Flimsey wept
Over the grave where slept
That dear five hundred.

Down Broadway, next day,
Every man hobbled,
So that his shoes, you'd say,
Were badly cobbled,
Ask any man you met,
"How he such hurt could get,
Why, on his limping toe,
He should go stumbling so,
Why he so blundered?"
And he would tell—"Sir,
Last night I fell, sir,
When 'Brown's Light Brigade'
Fell through that dreadful hole,
And save myself, no soul
Came out alive or whole,
Of the five hundred."

The Irish 69th would not parade to escort our Royal guest, but an Irish poet improved the occasion

to address him some poetical advice, of which th following is a sample :—

But thin, no doubt, ye'll ride about
Wid Boole and all the aldermen;
They've little sinse, but for expinse
There's not a set of boulder men.

Fernandy Wud has decent blood,
And illigant morality;
And ye may sware our mighty mayor
Will show his horse pitality.

The soldiers all are at his call,
Wid captains to parade 'em;
And at the laste, ye'll get a taste
Of dimmocratic fraydem!

But plase to note, ye're not to vote—
A privilege, by Jabers,
Ye couldn't hope, were ye the Pope,
Until ye've got the papers!

Well, mighty Prince, accept these hints;
Most frayly I indite 'em;
'Tis luck indade, if ye can rade
As aisy as I can write 'em!

And when the throne is all yer own,
At which ye're daily steerin',
With all the care that ye can spare,
Remember poor ould Erin!

The visit of His Royal Highness, in company with the President, to the grave of Washington, was too striking an incident not to find celebration in verse, immortal or otherwise. From the many poems written on the occasion, I select one of the briefest and best, by R. H. Stoddard, who is, I think, a very genuine poet.

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

The soft rays of the autumn sun
Fell goldenly on land and wave,
Touching with holy light the grave
That holds the dust of Washington.

A sacred Presence brooded round,
A halo of divinest flame;
The memory of that mighty name
That makes Mount Vernon hallowed ground!

A stately, silent group was there—
The nation's Ruler, crowned with years,
And England's Prince amid his peers,
Uncovered in the reverent air!

Beneath the old ancestral trees
They walked together, side by side,
In sun and shadow close allied,
Linked in the happy bands of peace.

Two friendly nations met in them,
Two mighty nations, one of old,
Cast in the same gigantic mould,
Shoots from the sturdy Saxon stem.

They gathered round his holy dust,
The wisest of the many wise
That shaped our early destinies,
And fought our battles sternly just.

Like brothers at his grave they stood,
And gloried in his common name;
Forgetting all things but his fame,
Remembering only what was good!

'Twas gracefully and nobly done,
A royal tribute to the free,
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,
Before the grave of Washington!

Finally, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Boston poet and humourist, contributed a Yankee version of the

British National Anthem, of which the following is the concluding stanza:—

> Lord, let war's tempest cease,
> Fold the whole earth in peace
> Under Thy wings!
> Make all Thy nations one,
> All hearts beneath the sun,
> Till Thou shalt reign alone,
> Great King of Kings!

A prayer which the Boston poets, and other Boston people, seem, for some time past, to have pretty much forgotten.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXTENT AND RESOURCES OF AMERICA.

America compared with England.—Progress of population.—Rivers and railways.—Mines and minerals.—Agricultural resources.—A land of plenty.—Fruits and wine.—Food for Europe.—Public lands and squatters.—A country of magnificent distances.—A well-peopled country.—Natural extent of countries and governments.

It is difficult to give a fair idea of the dimensions and resources of the American States. The best way, perhaps, is by comparison with countries with which the reader is familiar.

England and Wales have an area of 58,320 square miles; population, 20,000,000. Ireland has an area of 32,513 square miles; population, 6,000,000.

To compare with these, I give the areas in square miles of the following States of America:—

	Square miles.	Population.
New York	47,000	4,000,000
Pennsylvania	46,000	3,000,000
Ohio	40,000	2,340,000
Michigan	56,000	749,000
Indiana	34,000	1,350,000
Illinois	55,000	1,700,000
Wisconsin	54,000	775,000
Iowa	51,000	675,000
Minnesota	95,000	172,000

Here are nine Northern States, each larger than Ireland, several nearly as large, and one larger than England and Wales, and not one of them which is not capable of sustaining by agricultural products a larger population.

Let us now glance at some of the Southern States:—

	Square miles.	Population.
Virginia	61,000	1,596,000
North Carolina	50,000	1,000,000
Georgia	58,000	1,057,000
Florida	59,000	140,000
Alabama	50,700	964,000
Mississippi	47,000	800,000
Louisiana	41,000	700,000
Texas	237,000	600,000
Arkansas	52,000	435,000

Here are nine of the Confederate States, each larger than Ireland; four larger than England and Wales; and one, Texas, more than twice as large as the United Kingdom.

These, observe, are but eighteen out of the thirty-four States of the late Federal Union; while the territories not yet formed into States cover about as large an area. California, on the Pacific coast, has an area of 188,981 square miles; and Oregon, north of California, has 102,606. I have not included the great States of Tennessee, 45,000; Kentucky, 37,000; Missouri, 67,000; and Kansas, 78,000; the first three of which are Southern, or Border Slave States, each having more than a million population.

Many of these States would support populations as dense as that of Belgium, where there are nearly 400

persons to a square mile. Take half this density, and these twenty-four States named above would have from five to ten millions each of inhabitants.

The progressive population of this vast country has been very rapid. It has quadrupled in forty-five years. In 1815, the population was less than 8,000,000; in 1860, it was nearly 32,000,000. Some of this increase has been by addition of territory, as of Texas, California, and New Mexico; but all three contained, probably, not more than 200,000 persons. There may have been three millions of immigrants from Europe; the rest have been the natural increase. How rapid, how large this has been, can be seen from the increase of slaves, which has been from less than a million in 1808, to 4,000,000 in 1860. Here there was no increase from immigration, for the slave-trade ceased in 1808, and the number of slaves has been diminished by all that have been emancipated, and all that have run away to the Northern States, Canada, or elsewhere.

The proportion of arable land in the American States, and the richness of a large portion of this land, adapts the country to the support of immense populations.

The new States of the West have no mountains, scarcely any broken country, and very little land unfit for cultivation. They are laid out in regular sections of a mile square, with roads at every mile running north and south, and east and west, crossing each other at right angles, forming squares like a chess-board. Each square mile contains four farms of

160 acres each, with roads on two sides. These roads run in a right line, scarcely ever deflecting, for hundreds of miles.

The rivers of the Mississippi Valley, including this great river and its branches, afford twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation. Other rivers give, say, ten thousand more. There are thirty thousand miles of railway. The coasts of ocean, gulf, and lakes may be set down at six or seven thousand miles.

The resources of this country can scarcely be conceived. There are coal measures larger than the whole area of the British islands; there are mountains of iron, and vast deposits lying in close contact with the beds of coal. On Lake Superior is a region filled with beds of native copper. On the Upper Mississippi are immense deposits of lead. California has mountains of gold. There are also rich gold-mines in Georgia and the Carolinas. Petroleum is found in unknown, but apparently inexhaustible quantities, in wells, and absorbed in rocky strata, or in the porous slates of North Carolina, from which it is expelled by heat.

The agricultural riches and resources of the United States, north and south, may be indicated by one year's production of a few articles, as given in the census of 1860. I give the totals in round numbers:

Wheat (bushels)	170,000,000
Indian corn or maize	827,000,000
Rye	21,000,000
Oats	172,000,000
Rice (lbs.)	187,000,000
Barley and buckwheat (bushels) . .	33,000,000

Butter (lbs.)	459,000,000
Cheese	106,000,000
Potatoes, peas, beans (bushels)	167,000,000
Sugar (lbs.)	340,000,000
Molasses (gallons)	25,500,000
Animals (slaughtered, value in dollars)	212,000,000
Tobacco (lbs.)	430,000,000
Cotton (bales of 400 lbs.)	5,197,000
Wool (lbs.)	60,000,000
Hemp (tons)	104,480
Flax (lbs.)	3,778,000

It appears from the above returns that every family in the (lately) United States, black and white, had, on an average, in 1860, 26 bushels of wheat; 128 of Indian corn; 40 of rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat; 28 of potatoes, peas, &c.; 31 lbs. of rice; 71 lbs. of butter; 17 lbs. of cheese; 56 lbs. of sugar; 4 gallons of molasses; five pounds sterling worth of butcher's-meat, at American prices; 71 lbs. of tobacco; besides game, fish, fruit, garden vegetables, wine, &c. &c.; and besides cotton, wool, hemp, flax, and other products of the soil. I make no comparison with other countries; but it is very evident that Americans have not been stinted for the necessaries of life.

Some of these articles are produced more abundantly in the North, others in the South. There are more cattle and swine in the South; more sheep in the North. The horses, asses, and mules, are nearly equal. The North produces most wheat; the South, most Indian corn. The South produces nearly all the cotton and rice, and much the larger portion of hemp, tobacco, and sugar. It must be remembered, also, that the population of the North is nearly double that

of the South. The resources of the latter are much greater than those of the former, especially in great staples for exportation.

America, North and South, is rich in fruits. Apples can be raised in any quantity, and of the finest quality, for three-halfpence a bushel. Peaches make a crop nearly as abundant. Melons, such as are seldom seen in this country, grow everywhere, and thousands of cartloads are given to hogs, or, as among the Shakers, the juice is boiled down to syrup. Wine, over a vast belt of country, could be sold at a handsome profit for sixpence a gallon. A few years ago potatoes brought but sixpence a bushel. Wheat has been sold in the West, within three years, for a shilling a bushel. Where land is unlimited, and can be bought for five-shillings an acre, where there is no rent to pay, and no manure is needed, and crops are gathered mostly by machinery, even these prices pay the farmer a fair profit; but the price is, of course, regulated by the demand. If a ship-canal across Canada, from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, would open to the West a direct trade with Liverpool, prices would rise on the Upper Mississippi, and be ruled by the English and continental markets.

The public lands of the United States, not appropriated to purposes of education, internal improvements, &c., are surveyed and sold by the general Government. The proceeds help to pay its expenses and diminish taxation. When at one period there was a surplus, it was returned to the States. The extreme price of the best lands in America purchased

of the Government, with, of course, an unquestionable title, is one dollar and a quarter, or about five shillings an acre. The less desirable lands which remain unsold are then offered at lower prices; and really good tracts of land have been sold in Illinois within ten years for sevenpence an acre.

By the law of pre-emption, people are allowed to take possession of lands not yet brought into the market, which they can cultivate for years without rent or taxes. When this land is brought into market, the occupants have a preference as purchasers, and may pay for it out of, perhaps, a single year's produce. It is no wonder, then, that every man almost is a landed proprietor. Every soldier who has served, if but for a few months, as a volunteer, in any war of the United States, has received, in addition to his pay, a warrant for a hundred and sixty acres of land, which he could select from any that was unsold. These military warrants disposed of many millions of acres; and if the same system should be carried out with respect to the men engaged in the war of secession, nearly the whole remaining territory will be given to the soldiery.

The cheapness of Government lands—the unoccupied territory belonging to all the States—and the encouragement to "squatters," or settlers on lands which have not been offered for sale, keep down the prices of land everywhere. Good land near large towns—on account of being convenient to market—may bring twenty pounds an acre. Good wheat-lands, with conveniences of transport, are worth ten pounds

an acre. Rich cotton-lands in Alabama are worth five pounds an acre.

America may be called a country, as Washington has been a city, of magnificent distances. A man goes fifteen hundred or two thousand miles to make a family visit. Some members of Congress travel seven or eight thousand miles, with an allowance of so much a mile, to get to Washington. Their mileage comes to more than their pay—for American statesmen do not travel and make laws for the dear people, without being well paid for it.

The usual provincial tour of theatrical and musical stars in America, is between four and five thousand miles in extent, without including the much longer trip to California. It is possible to ascend one river more than three thousand miles by steamboat, and very easy to take a through-ticket and checks for one's luggage a thousand or fifteen hundred miles by rail.

The appearance of the older and more thickly settled country in America differs very much from that of England. The country seems to be more peopled. The population is scattered everywhere on farms of one or two hundred acres; each with its farm-house and cluster of barns and outhouses. The people are not gathered, as in England, into towns and villages. To an American, the English country looks desolate for lack of people and habitations. Nothing surprised and disappointed me more, and in my first trip between London and Liverpool, I said to a fellow passenger, "It is a lovely country; but where are the people?" The answer I received was not a pleasant one.

Americans have believed that their Federal Republic, or congeries of sovereign and independent States, united under a single Federal Government of limited powers and specific functions, might extend over the whole continent, or the whole world. So long as such a Federal union was equal in its burthens and advantages—so long as it was the evident interest of every State to adhere to it—it might last. But it is certain that no such union could be forced, or maintained by force; and it is only by guarding most jealously the rights of every State composing such a union that it could be maintained at all. The moment the Central, or Federal, Government invaded the rights of the States, the union was in danger. When that Government attempted to carry out sectional ideas, and to serve sectional interests, the union was at an end.

I cannot doubt that there is a natural limit to the size, or rather the population, of a nation. Whatever the form of government, men must compose and administer it, and the powers of men are limited. They cannot be safely tasked beyond a certain point. When the population of an empire has advanced beyond a certain proportional relation to the power of its government, it is in danger of falling in pieces by the relative weakness of the cohesive forces. Repulsions grow stronger than attractions. The centrifugal overcome the centripetal.

There is a natural limit to the numbers of a hive of bees, a hill of ants, and herds of cattle. I suspect that human societies have similar natural or necessary limitations. We organize armies, and other efficient

bodies of men, with vague notions of such a law, in squads, gangs, companies, battalions, brigades, divisions, corps d'armée, &c. A certain general, we are told, has not the ability to handle more than fifty thousand men. There is, then, a limit to the size of an army commandable by the highest military genius. So I think there must be a limit to the number of men which any sovereign or any congress or parliament is able to govern. When the body grows too large, then comes weakness and disorganization. I have no perfected theory to offer, but the subject is worthy of the attention of philosophical politicians.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS OF AMERICA.

American newspaper statistics.—Laws of newspaper circulation.—Newspapers in the slave states.—Freedom of the press.—The *New York Herald* and James Gordon Bennett.—The *New York Tribune* and Horace Greeley.—The *New York Times* and Henry J. Raymond.—War and anti-war papers.—Harper's *Weekly* and *Monthly*.—*Home Journal*.—Bonner's *Ledger*.—Sensation prices and sensation writers.—Comic papers.—The *Independent* and Henry Ward Beecher.—Isms and organs.—Position of editors.

In our days the life and thought of civilized countries find expression in newspapers, and no person can form a correct estimate of America without a knowledge of its periodical literature. I have not at hand the statistics of European nations, but I believe there are more newspapers in America than in the whole world beside. There are about fifty daily newspapers in the United Kingdom. In 1861 there were four hundred and fifty in the United States. There were more than four thousand weekly papers, and three hundred and fifty-six monthlies and semi-monthlies. The whole number of periodicals was five thousand two hundred and thirty-three.

The State of New York, with a population of less than four millions, a little larger than that of Scotland,

or something more than half that of Ireland, has 851 periodicals, 72 of which are daily papers. Imagine one hundred and fifty daily papers in Ireland. Illinois, a new State on the Mississippi, with a population of 1,700,000, has 453 periodicals, of which number 28 are daily newspapers. Even the new State of California, on the Pacific, has 17 daily papers, 87 weeklies, and 11 monthlies.

Nashville, Tennessee, with a population of 23,000 before the commencement of the civil war, had 21 periodicals, 4 of them dailies. A town in England, with the same population, may have one or two weeklies. Richmond, another Southern city, for some time the capital of the Southern confederacy, with a population of 38,000, had 26 periodical publications, 4 of which were dailies. St. Louis, a city beyond the Mississippi river, with a population of 162,000, has 55 periodicals, 11 of which are dailies. New Orleans, before the war, with a population of 170,000, had 48 periodicals, including 9 daily papers. Chicago, Illinois, a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and which I visited in 1839, when it had less than 5000, has now 11 daily papers and 53 periodicals.

Large as are the numbers of papers published in the towns and cities, a much larger number is scattered over the country in small villages, two or three weekly papers in each large county. Thus Wisconsin, a north-western State, settled almost entirely within twenty years, and admitted into the Union in 1848, has 130 weekly newspapers; while Texas, which has received the great bulk of its population more recently,

has, or had in 1861, 119 weeklies. Indiana, an almost entirely rural State, without one considerable city, has 262 periodicals, of which 23 are daily and 230 weekly, and the adjoining State of Ohio has 32 dailies and 348 weeklies.

The circulation of a large proportion of these weekly newspapers is confined to the county in which they are published. The State of Indiana has ninety-four counties, among which a hundred or more of its weekly papers are distributed. As many of these counties have too small a population to support a local newspaper, the larger counties will commonly have two. One of these is the organ of the Federal Whig-republican party, the other of the Democratic. If there is a third, it may be nativist, neutral, or the organ of some religious sect.

These country papers, folios of four pages, printed on cheap paper, and more than half filled with legal, local, and medical advertisements, are published at a yearly subscription price of six or eight shillings. For reading matter they contain tales and poetry copied from the English and American magazines; the news, political editorials, agricultural matter, and communications on topics of local interest. The printer is generally the editor, but some ambitious village lawyer often writes the political leaders. Scissors and paste, however, do most of the editing. These papers, according to the population of the district and the energy with which they are conducted, circulate from five hundred to two thousand copies.

The daily and weekly papers published in the large

cities have, of course, a much larger circulation. Those published in New York penetrate everywhere; a great portion of their editions is mailed to yearly subscribers. Before the war, the shops of newsmen in St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, and Galveston were regularly supplied with bundles of the leading New York dailies. In this respect, New York is a true metropolis; it is, or was, the London of the West — in comparison with it all other cities are provincial.

For example, the daily papers of Boston are seldom seen except in editorial offices, or reading rooms, out of the Eastern or New England States. The Boston weeklies and monthlies, however, circulate more widely. The Philadelphia dailies have large circulations in Pennsylvania and the southern part of New Jersey, but do not penetrate beyond a certain district. But certain Philadelphia weeklies vie with those of New York, and its monthlies at one time had, if they have not still, a larger circulation; but one sees New York papers in Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, selling in the streets. There is, however, no reciprocity. It is very rare that a daily paper, published East, South, or West, is sold in New York.

A curious law is also observed with respect to all periodicals. As the staple of both news and thought goes to America from Europe—as New York is really as provincial to London, as Chicago is to New York, all papers go from east to west, with the sun, and scarcely ever in the opposite direction. The best magazine or weekly paper that could be published in

Cincinnati, in the Ohio valley, would never cross the Alleghanies, while the west is covered with the publications of the Atlantic sea-board. The Cincinnati periodicals find their circulation around and westward of that city. So a paper in St. Louis, on the Mississippi, must find the greater part of its readers beyond that river. New Orleans, for social and commercial reasons, has sent its newspapers up the Mississippi and its branches, over the great region of which it is the natural seaport.

It would scarcely be expected that the Slave States would have as large a number of newspapers in proportion to their population as the Free States, yet such appears to be the fact. There are 1441 periodicals, mostly weekly newspapers, published in the Slave States, with a white population of about eight millions. Making a fair deduction for the papers of the large Northern cities which circulate over the whole country, there will be left less than 3000 papers for the twenty millions of population in the Free States and territories; or we may get at the facts by comparing particular States. Thus Connecticut, probably the best educated of the New England States, with a population of 460,670, has 63 periodicals; South Carolina, with its white population of less than 300,000, has 60 periodicals; Georgia, with its white population of about half a million, has 91 periodicals, while the Free State of Maine, with a population of 619,000, has 74; and Louisiana, with less than two-thirds of the free population of Maine, has no less than 117 periodicals. The Southern

papers are generally higher in price, and probably have smaller circulations.

In America, where the press is free from all restrictions, any man can start a paper; a very small capital, or even a little credit, is all that is required. Some of the most successful papers were commenced with less than a hundred pounds of borrowed capital. The man who can do nothing else can start a paper, and, with reasonable effort, get a support for it.

The press is free, in a certain sense; every man is free to print and publish; but a libel may subject him to fine, imprisonment, and a civil action for damages. In some States a writer or printer may be prosecuted for blasphemy. There are laws against immoral publications. A newspaper which goes against public opinion must expect to lose support. This would be likely to happen anywhere; but in America it is also liable to be mobbed. A few years ago anti-slavery papers were mobbed in Northern cities; pro-slavery papers, or those which advocated the right of the Southern States to independent action, have been destroyed by mobs, and the editors treated with personal outrage more recently. At the outbreak of the War of Secession, editors were imprisoned by order of the Washington Government, papers were not permitted to be sent by post, and were seized if sent by express.

I asked a democratic editor in New York, soon after the taking of Fort Sumter, if he thought the Government would put down his paper. "I think it must," said he; "for if it don't put us down, we

shall put down the Government." The Government seemed to view the matter in the same light and, a few days afterward, suppressed the journal.

Of the five thousand papers in America, four thousand at least are only free to advocate the tenets of the sects, or the platforms of the parties to which they belong; they are free, like hand-organs, to play the tunes upon their barrels, when the crank is turned. Party is more exacting in America, probably, than in any country where parties exist. Every member of a party or sect is expected to "toe the mark," and at the least sign of independent action the cry is heard —"Shoot the deserters!"

It follows that the papers of any particular party have a wonderful sameness of character. There are certain leading organs, and all the rest play the same tune. A leading article in a leading journal will be copied into a thousand papers, and in that way get an enormous circulation. There are, perhaps, two thousand Whig-republican papers, all publishing the same matter from week to week—all playing the same tune with very slight variations.

The daily newspapers of the large cities, even when of a partizan character, have more individuality and independence than the press in general, and there are a few journals as independent as any paper *can* be that *must* suit a sufficient number of readers to ensure its support. "Stop my paper!" is the cry of terror to an American editor, and there are very few beyond its influence. It is said that a popular London magazine, not very long ago, lost three thousand copies of its cir-

culation by publishing a single article. There are facts of public interest which even English journals, with all their independence, dare not publish, and very important subjects they dare not discuss. Public opinion is far more sensitive in America than in England, because it has more power for good or evil. In America every man who has an opinion has also a vote at the back of it. In England the opinions of nineteen-twentieths of the people, so far as the Government of the country is concerned, are of very little consequence.

The best known and most widely circulated daily paper in America is the *New York Herald*. It was established some twenty-five years ago, by James Gordon Bennett, a shrewd, talented, and not too scrupulous Scotchman—a man of remarkable character and abilities, and one of the ablest journalists in America. He was very poor—he had failed in several enterprises, and when he started the *Herald* as a half-penny daily, afterwards raised to a penny, he was determined, by any means, to succeed. He allowed no scruple, no modesty, no shame, no regard for the rights or feelings of others to stand in the way of the one thing on which he had desperately determined—success. He gave his paper the interest of local news, and the piquancy of personality. Public balls, private parties, the affairs of families, the peccadilloes of politicians, scandal—everything that would make a paper sell was fair game. The murder of a prostitute charged upon a young clerk, worked up in skilful reports and sensation extras, gave the *Herald* its first considerable start in circulation. It became a sensa-

tion paper, and has never lost this character. Mr. Bennett abused public men and private citizens without stint, and sometimes suffered the penalty of personal chastisement. But the paper sold more and more, and its large circulation soon brought it a profitable advertising custom. The editorials were often written in the spirit of a Mephistopheles, and ridiculed the most sacred matters of family and religion. There is nothing like it that I am aware of in the English press; though a hash of the *Saturday Review*, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and the defunct *Satirist*, would give some idea of its former spirit.

It must not be supposed that a paper would go on for twenty-five years, with an extraordinary and increasing success, without some striking merits. The *Herald* was the first American paper to give daily articles on finance and trade. It was the first to use extraordinary exertions to get the earliest news and correspondence from all parts of the world. If Mr. Bennett was determined to make money, and not too careful how he sometimes procured it, he has also spent it with a lavish hand when it would serve his interests. He was the first New York editor to publish full reports of congressional proceedings, and to have important public meetings and speeches reported, though held at hundreds of miles distance. He seized upon the telegraph as soon as it was established, and has sometimes incurred very heavy expenses in getting exclusive or the earliest intelligence. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was expected at Niagara Falls, Mr. Bennett instructed his reporter to secure

the telegraph. This could only be done by keeping it at work, on the principle of "first come first served;" but there was nothing to report. The reporter was at the end of his story, and asked what he should do. "Send on the Book of Proverbs," was Mr. Bennett's answer. The Book of Proverbs concluded, the reporter said, by way of postscript—"No sign of the prince —what next?" "Give us Ecclesiastes," was the answer; and the operators were kept at their long and unusual scripture lesson, at a heavy price, until the cannon thundered, and the long-expected heir of England's throne came in sight of the great cataract.

In politics Mr. Bennett was a democrat. I speak in the past tense, because he is said to have retired from the *Herald*, succeeded by his son, James Gordon Bennett, jun. This, however, did not hinder him from opposing Mr. Van Buren, and advocating the election of General Taylor, and also of General Fremont, to whom his influence was not, and probably was not intended, to be, of much avail. The *Herald* has always been favourable to the South, and opposed the election of Lincoln, and the war which followed, until a mob compelled it to hoist the "star-spangled banner," and to give such support to the Union cause as interest or fear could compel, while it has apparently done everything in its power to injure the cause it pretended to serve.

The circulation of the *Herald* for several years has been from 70,000 to 80,000. Of this number one-half may be distributed in New York and its suburbs; the rest are scattered everywhere.

The next American daily in notoriety is the *New York Tribune*, established about 1840, by Horace Greeley, who is still the leading or responsible editor, and identified with its character and success. The *Tribune* was built up on the basis of a weekly campaign paper, edited by Mr. Greeley to advocate the election of General Harrison. This paper, called *The Log Cabin*, printed at a very low price, had an immense circulation. It published all the songs and many of the speeches of the political campaign, and Mr. Greeley became known by its means over the whole union as an energetic, earnest, out-and-out Whig. An ardent protectionist, he was a not less ardent abolitionist, and has fought with equal zeal for duties on foreign imports and the freedom of the negro. Singular in his personal appearance, eccentric in his dress and manners, eloquent from simple earnestness, benevolent, credulous, and sympathetic, Mr. Greeley is one of the most popular and influential public men in America; no man did so much to elect Harrison, or Taylor, or Lincoln. He secured the nomination of the great rail-and-union-splitter at the Chicago convention, because he was determined that William H. Seward should not be President. Mr. Greeley had desired to be postmaster of New York, senator, governor, and hopes, no doubt, to be President; but Mr. Seward and his friend Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, a powerful political organ, had defeated these ambitious aspirations. The time came when Mr. Seward wished to be President, and might have been elected, could he have got the

nomination of his party, and then Mr. Greeley, who had bided his time, defeated him, and paid off his long arrears.

In America nearly every paper of any importance is identified with its leading editor. The *Tribune* may have twenty writers, and several able editors, but its views are still attributed to Mr. Greeley. In France, every article must bear the signature of the writer, or some one who takes the responsibility of the article. In America, as a rule, the opinions of a paper are attributed to the responsible editor.

The *Tribune* has been the organ of Socialism, especially in the form of Fourierism, of Free Soil, of the Anti-Renters, of Woman's Rights, of Abolition, of Teetotalism to the extreme of Maine Law coercion, of high duties on imports for the protection of American industry, and has done much to disseminate a belief in Spiritualism. It has been an organ of Irish Nationalism, of Red Republicanism, Black Republicanism, and the ultra-doctrines of radical democracy. There is no such paper in England, and I can therefore make no comparison.

At the beginning of secession, Mr. Greeley, in his simplicity, and in his honest democracy, declared that, according to the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, the Southern States had as good a right to separate from the Northern as the colonies of Great Britain had to separate from the mother country; and that, as "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," there was no right to coerce them to remain in the Union. But Mr. Greeley

is an ambitious politician, as well as a republican philanthropist. Perhaps his associates had some power of coercion over him; at any rate, he took back his words, and has been one of the most extreme and remorseless advocates of the conquest, subjugation, or extermination of the Southern people.

The *Daily Tribune* has a circulation, probably, of 30,000 to 40,000; but its weekly or semi-weekly editions give it an aggregate of more than 150,000. This circulation is extended over the Northern and Western States among people who sympathise more or less with Mr. Greeley. It is the favourite paper with those who consider themselves the movement party, or ultra-reformers—the followers of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, Fourier, Owen, Proudhon, Ledru Rollin, or Victor Hugo.

The *New York Daily Times* has probably a larger daily circulation than the *Daily Tribune*, but does not extend its influence so widely by its other editions. It is conducted by Henry J. Raymond, who has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who aspires to be senator—probably to be President. Like Mr. Greeley, he is a native of New England, but had the advantage of a more regular education. He served an editorial apprenticeship, first with Mr. Greeley, afterwards with Mr. Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, once an important political and commercial newspaper, but merged in the *World*, when Mr. Webb, on the accession of Mr. Lincoln, accepted the post of Minister

to Brazil. The *Times* has the reputation of being the special organ of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Raymond supported his claims to the presidency against Mr. Greeley's candidate; but the *Times* is for Mr. Raymond chiefly, and what he believes to be the winning side.

The *Tribune, Times, Evening Post,* and the *Sun,* a halfpenny newspaper, are advocates of the Government and the war. The *Herald,* the *World,* the *Journal of Commerce,* the *News,* and the *Express,* are all openly or secretly opposed to both. At the beginning of the war, there were, in the whole North, about two hundred papers that took ground against the right and policy of attempting to restore the Union by force. Most of them were silenced or suppressed. Many of their editors were imprisoned, without process of law, but by the act of the military usurpation at Washington. Never was the lack of intelligence, or honesty, or independence shown more glaringly than in the course of the American press in relation to the war. Three thousand Northern editors knew as well as Mr. Greeley that the Government had no constitutional power, and, according to the principles of the constitution, no right to compel the Southern States to remain in the Union—no right to attempt their conquest or subjugation; yet nine-tenths of them yielded to an ignorant and fanatical public opinion, and saw the Federal and State Constitutions, and the principles of free government they had always professed, trampled under foot by a military usurpation. Yet Americans have held that a free press was a palladium of liberty!

Among the most successful and widely-circulated of American periodicals are, *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly*, issued by the largest publishing house in America, which has grown immensely rich, mainly by reprinting the works of English authors. The magazine and weekly are both profusely illustrated, and their most attractive matter consists of English serials, for which they now pay something, not as copyright, but to secure advanced sheets and a virtual monopoly. A certain amount of original matter is published in both these periodicals, and paid for at fair prices. Before the war, the monthly had a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies, the weekly some sixty thousand.

The *Home Journal*, edited by George P. Morris, the popular American song-writer, and N. P. Willis, the poet, whose prose works are perhaps best known in England, is a tastefully-conducted, cleverly-written weekly, too elegant and dilettante, however, to say much of politics, and is read chiefly by that large class in America which long since abandoned the country to a vulgar and corrupt horde of office-seekers, gamblers, and leeches on the public purse.

A curious instance of success in periodical literature was shown in the case of Bonner's *Weekly Ledger*. Mr. Bonner, an industrious printer, with what small capital he had saved of a journeyman's wages, commenced a weekly paper, fashioned apparently after the English models of the *Family Herald* and *London Journal*. For a year or two it was vigorously advertised and puffed, but had no marked success. It was then given out

that "Fanny Fern," an eccentric, strong-minded female writer, had been engaged to write for the *Ledger*, for which she was to receive the quite unprecedented, and in America almost incredible, price of twenty pounds a column. This circumstance was copied and commented upon in three or four thousand newspapers, and became known to all the millions of newspaper readers. Ten thousand pounds expended in advertising would not have given so much publicity as this startling case of a writer's good-luck, and a publisher's generosity or reckless extravagance. The result was, that everybody wanted to see a paper whose publisher could afford to pay such a price, and the articles that could command it. Its success was made. The *Ledger* went at once to a circulation of three hundred thousand, and Mr. Bonner was able to keep his fast horses, and employ fast authors, male and female, to write for him at sensation prices.

This was, I may as well mention, before a London magazine paid Mr. Tennyson, with, we may presume, a similar object, ten pounds a line for a poem—very fine no doubt, but not worth, in any high sense of worthfulness—each couplet more than the *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Bonner followed up his success by paying Hon. Edward Everett, a Massachusetts statesman and orator, who had been Secretary of State and President of Harvard University, two thousand pounds for a series of articles—the money, however, being given and received as a contribution for the purchase of the Washington estate of Mount Vernon, for which,

among other things, a million or two of men on both sides have been fighting.

"Fanny Fern"—a sister of N. P. Willis, author of *Pencillings by the Way*, &c., has continued to write her often sensible audacities in the *Ledger*. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher also wrote for it. In fact, there were few literary notabilities who did not write for it. But Mr. Bonner's real attractions were not these. He used them as baits. He advertised and puffed with them, but the two writers he chiefly relied upon were Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, jun., and Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Their romantic, intense, sensational stories, full of incident, adventure, and sentiment, were what Young America required; and nine-tenths of the readers of all papers of this class are boys and girls, between the ages of ten and twenty.

The success of the *Ledger* of course created a school of imitators, all worse than itself, and none of them so successful. The outbreak of the war, with realities more strange and terrible than fiction, deprived them all of a large part of their circulation.

Comic papers, like *Punch* or the *Charivari*, have never prospered in America, not for want of humour or its appreciation, but rather, I think, because the demand is otherwise supplied. It is because all the papers are more or less of a comic character. *Harper's Magazine* has in each number a few pages of comic matter and engravings, partly original, partly stolen from *Punch*. The weekly has one page, at least, of comic engravings. Nearly every paper in the country,

except the religious press, which is at times absurd enough, has its department of fun. Short and spicy paragraphs appear in the editorial columns. A joke from the New Orleans *Picayune*, or Louisville *Journal*, is copied by the whole secular press. The humours of "Major Jack Downing," "Artemas Ward, the Showman," "Ezekiel Bigelow," or "Orpheus C. Kerr," crop out in various Journals. It is this diffusion of the comic element that hinders the success of a paper devoted to this speciality.

The religious press includes a great number of weekly newspapers, and has an important influence. Every sect, and every subdivision of a sect, has its organs. Presbyterians, old school and new school, North and South, have their religious papers, which fight their battles. The Methodists have immense printing establishments, and papers which circulate by the hundred thousand; so of the Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, &c., for there are too many to enumerate. There are Episcopalian papers, High Church and Low Church, and ten or twelve Roman Catholic papers.

Among the most noted of the religious newspapers is the *Independent*, edited by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by three or four clerical and lay writers of a similar character. Its circulation is in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand. It combines the elements of news and commerce with religion and philanthropy. It has been one of the most earnest and violent of the papers that caused secession, and then urged on the war to restore the Union they had made

impossible. In his Brooklyn tabernacle, Mr. Beecher could preach abolition, disunion, or subjugation to three thousand persons. In the far-reaching pulpit of the *Independent* he could speak every week to possibly a million of readers. In one case, his voice filled the space within the four walls of the temple which seemed to have been erected chiefly to the honour and glory of Mr. Beecher; in the other, his words were read on the plains beyond the Mississippi and by the shores of the far-off Oregon.

Not only every sect in religion, but every cause or theory of reform has its organs. Some years ago, there were violent No-popery papers, but they have died out, because the great mass of Americans to-day, caring very little for any religion, or thinking one kind about as good as another, look without dread upon the rapid spread of Roman Catholicism, which bids fairer than any other to become, not many years hence, the dominant faith over the whole American continent. There are Temperance papers, urging the passage of Maine laws, and other coercive measures, not only against drunkenness, but the manufacture or sale of any liquid that intoxicates. There are Abolition papers, organs of various anti-slavery societies. There have been, within ten years, some fifty papers devoted to Spiritualism; and there are, or have been, periodicals devoted to Phrenology, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Anti-rent, Bloomerism, Woman's Rights, Odd Fellowship, and more odd notions of various kinds than I can readily remember.

English editors speak contemptuously of the Ameri-

can system of newspaper puffing, or inserting commendations of things and people in the editorial columns, at from sixpence to four shillings a line. When the practice is general and generally understood, it does not mislead. It is but an extension and variety of the advertising system. If I am not much mistaken, I see, from week to week, no inconsiderable amount of puffing of joint-stock speculations, books, and various inventions and enterprises, in English papers, with or without a consideration.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, and other English travellers in America, have declared that they saw no good American papers. The Americans, on the other hand, find the English papers dull, stilted, heavy, and wanting in variety and vivacity.

If there is no country where the press is so universal as in America, there is none, perhaps, in which more consideration is given to the higher class of its conductors. There is scarcely a better profession than the editorial, and no better road to influence and distinction. In my younger days, Isaac Hill, an able editor of a Democratic paper, who began as a practical printer, rose to be governor of New Hampshire, senator in Congress, I believe a Cabinet Minister, and for twenty years he was regarded as the leader of the dominant party, and the most powerful man in the State. In the days of Jackson, Amos Kendall, editor and postmaster-general, was said to be the power behind the throne. Mr. Greene, editor of the Boston *Post*, filled high offices in the State. In New York, Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Evening Journal*, and

Edwin Crosswell, of the *Albany Argus*, both printers, and then editors, wielded the power of the Empire State, as their respective parties acquired majorities, and made governors, senators, and presidents. They did not seek offices, but kept, it was said, the slate on which was written all the important appointments. At this time three members of Congress from the city of New York are editors of newspapers, while twenty others hold diplomatic or other appointments under the Federal Government. Very satisfactory, no doubt, but it is my opinion that a press less intimately connected with government offices and appointments would be more independent, useful and honourable.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AMERICAN BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

English reprints in America.—International copyright.—A Yankee poetess.—Whittier, the Quaker poet.—Stephens' travels.—Herman Melville and *Typee*.—Edgar A. Poe, and a whimsical introduction.—J. Fenimore Cooper.—Fitz-Greene Halleck.—Mr. Bryant.—Mr. Bancroft, and his "ease in composition."—English influence on American opinion.—Charlotte Cushman.—Motives for literary piracy.—An English novelist and the American copyright law.—American originality.—Government recognition of literary merit.

THREE-FOURTHS of all the books printed in America are reprints of English works. As there is no international copyright law or treaty, these books cost nothing to their American publishers. The histories of Alison and Macaulay, the novels of Scott, Bulwer, Disraeli, Dickens, &c., have been reprinted in cheap editions, and sold by hundreds of thousands, making fortunes for paper-makers, printers, and publishers.

For example, a three volume novel, published in London at a guinea and a half, and sold to the extent of fifteen hundred copies, has been issued in New York in twenty-four hours after its arrival in a sixpenny or shilling pamphlet, and an edition of twenty thousand copies. Within a few years, the authors of serial works have been paid, not for a copyright, which they could

not give, because there is no law to secure it, but for advance sheets, which give the publisher the advantage of a practical monopoly. The most popular English serial writers in this way derive, in an irregular and surreptitious fashion, some profit from American reprints.

What could American authors be expected to do in the face of this powerful competition? Suppose an American writer takes a manuscript novel to a publisher, his ready answer is—"Why should I pay you for a book, when I can get at least as good a one, and one with the prestige of European success, for a few shillings?"

Only books of a local interest or a very peculiar character, such as cannot be found among English publications, could have any charm in America. A history of the United States, fresh travels and voyages, works like those of Prescott—or novels racy of the soil, like those of John Neal, J. Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, or Holmes, could be expected to find a market—or tales of the local, sensation, or humanitarian school, like those of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The first person of the much venerated class of authors I remember to have seen, was an old man who lived among the mountains of New Hampshire, and made almanacks; the second was the quaint and sweet New England poetess, Miss Hannah F. Gould. She lived, and I hope still lives, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and I went to see her, as visitors to London used to go to the Tower to see the lions. I had in my youthful imagination gifted her with all

the charms of youth, beauty and genius. I found her in a plain old-fashioned house, herself a plain old-fashioned old maid, sitting by the fire in a homely dress, knitting grey woollen stockings. They were not even blue stockings. It was my first disenchantment, and I think she knew it, and quietly enjoyed it. She was very kind and chatty, but not in the least like my idea of a beautiful young poetess; but she took the place of the departed image, and became a pleasant memory, for I saw her no more.

It must have been about this time, nearly thirty years ago, that I saw the Quaker poet, Whittier, a writer whose strong, nervous, intense verses contrasted strangely with his broad-brimmed hat, shad-bellied coat, and the mild and peaceful doctrines of the sect of which he was an exemplary member. He was, and ever since has been, a fervid Abolitionist, and this man of peace has done as much, it may be, as any other to deluge his country in a storm of war. He would not fight, but he has urged others to fight with words of fire—words that have carried desolation and mourning to many a Northern and many a Southern home. Men never make such fiends of themselves as when they do it for God and humanity. The American Quakers would never, I believe, have abandoned their peace principles for white men—they have done it for negroes. As missionary zeal seeks its objects in the Antipodes, overlooking the heathen all about us, so Quaker philanthropy is ready to sacrifice everything—even its most cherished principles—if the objects of its sympathy are only black.

John L. Stephens, a clever and enterprising New York lawyer, author of Travels in Russia, Greece, &c., and of Central American Antiquities, and afterwards President of the Panama Railroad, made his entry into the world of literature in a rather whimsical fashion. He had been, many years ago, in Eastern Europe, upon I know not what business. After his return to New York, he happened one day to be in the publishing house of Harper Brothers, when the senior member of the firm, who has been Mayor of New York, fell into conversation with him about literature—that is, the sort of books he sold most of, which was his special interest in the matter.

"Travels sell about the best of anything we get hold of," said he. "They don't always go off with a rush, like a novel by a celebrated author, but they sell longer, and in the end, pay better. By the way, you've been to Europe; why not write us a book of travels?"

"Never thought of such a thing," said the lawyer. "I travelled in wild out-of-the-way places, on business, and went very fast. I made no notes, and should have very little to write about."

"That's no matter," said the publisher, who had taken a fancy that he could get hold of something racy from the fast New Yorker; "you went through, and saw the signs. We have got plenty of books about those countries. You just pick out as many as you want, and I will send them home for you; you can dish us up something."

He did dish up three volumes of very amusing

travels, and in due time three more, and the Harpers paid him some five thousand pounds as his portion of the profits of the enterprise—which was by no means the lion's share. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Stephens made his expedition to explore the ruins of Palenque, in Central America. His work on those mysterious antiquities may be more accurate than the Oriental Travels, but it is not half so amusing, and as it was an expensive illustrated work, I doubt if it paid as well.

One day in New York I went into a lawyer's office in Wall-street—the office of a young and ardent politician, whom I had met often on the stump in the recent political campaign, and who had just received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy somewhere near the Court of St. James's. I congratulated and condoled with him on his appointment. It was a step upward and forward in the public life to which he aspired; but he was poor, and the salary was two thousand dollars—scarcely enough for his gloves and cab-hire. The American Minister in London must be a man of fortune—the secretary is likely not to be, and gets through his four years of service covered with debt, if not with glory.

While in the office, as the American lawyer's chambers are called, a younger brother and partner told me they had a third brother, whom I had never seen. He had been a little wild, and some years before had run away to sea, first to Liverpool and then in a whaler to the South Pacific. This was nothing strange—what followed was.

"He got home a few months ago," said the young lawyer, "and has been writing something about his adventures among the cannibals. Would you like to look at it?"

I had a couple of hours to spare, and took the package of the sailor boy's writing. It was the manuscript of "Typee," and the runaway brother of my Wall-street friends was Herman Melville.

I read "Typee" at one sitting, and had, of course, no doubt of its success; but the better to assure it, I advised the diplomatic brother to take a copy to London, and have it issued there simultaneously with its publication in New York. I felt sure that the reviews of the English press would make its American success, and I was not at all sure that the process could be reversed. It was accordingly brought out by Mr. Murray, and made at once a brilliant reputation for the author. It was one of the few instances of the first work of an unknown literary adventurer making for him a very desirable reputation. I met Herman Melville often, after I read "Typee," both before and subsequent to its publication. He was a simple-hearted, enthusiastic, gentlemanly sailor, or sailorlike gentleman. His subsequent works have been marked by certain eccentricities, but have, on the whole, sustained the promise of his maiden production. He married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, and retired to a rural residence among the hills of Western Massachusetts, where he carried on his farm and wrote a book every year until 1860, when, either getting short of materials or tired of life on shore, he started off again on a

whaling voyage round the world, of which we shall doubtless hear something in due season.

My introduction to Edgar A. Poe was whimsical enough. I was passing through that small patch of triangular green, in the lower part of New York, which bears the name of the "Park," to the Post-office which then stood in one corner of that enclosure, near the City Hall, when I was accosted by an original character named George Washington Dixon. He was born in Maryland; had the suspicion of a drop of the warm blood of Africa in his veins, but too little for identification; had a musical voice, and a talent for mimicry; and was at one time patronized by Mr. Clay and the magnates at Washington. He was, I think, the first to bring negro melodies upon the stage, and sang "Old Zip Coon" at the theatres. He gave concerts with songs, imitations, and ventriloquism; but the passion of his life was to be a journalist and man of letters. There was a slight obstacle to the realization of this ambition, which was that he could not write. I am not sure that he could write at all, but he certainly could not put together two grammatical sentences with his pen, though not a bad talker.

In spite of his deficiencies, George was unwearied in starting newspapers and publishing sensation extras. He indulged in second and third editions; he delighted in a crowd of noisy newsboys. On the other hand, as he could not write, nor often pay for others to write, and seldom had money to pay rent or printers, his publications soon came to grief. He started a paper in Connecticut, and failed, of course. Then he gave

concerts until he got a little money, and started a paper in Lowell, Massachusetts. The pretty factory-girls bought a few copies of his dingy sheet; but as the same matter was printed over and over, they got tired of it, and the paper failed.

Then he went to Boston. Finding a vacant shop in Washington-street, he got possession of the key on a pretence of examining the premises; but he concluded to remain, and began to issue a newspaper. He burnt gas day and night for lack of other fuel; was fed by a succession of trustful bakers and milkmen; supplied a broken-down writer of some ability with whisky in pay for editorials, and got his paper from a burning warehouse, which he was strongly suspected of setting on fire for the purpose. Never was a newspaper got out under the pressure of more numerous difficulties. The printers bolted, but the indomitable George Washington worked off new editions from the old forms on a venerable Ramage press he had got hold of under the pretence of wanting it for a museum. But the landlord, bakers, milkmen, and police proved in the end too strong for him, and George came to New York, as fresh, handsome, and sanguine as ever, and as determined as ever to be the greatest editor in America. His next ambition was to be on familiar terms with literary men; therefore, with an urbanity all his own, and an affability such as the reporters of the London newspapers are in the habit of attributing to royal highnesses at the slightest indication of common sense or decent manners, Mr. Dixon saluted the present writer, observing that the weather was

pleasant and noticing that the day was warm, as we went towards the Post-office.

On the steps stood a slender, tall, pale gentleman, with a pear-shaped head, the broad part upwards, a delicate mouth and chin, beautiful grey eyes, and the whitest of hands, with long tapering fingers.

Seeing that we did not recognise each other, George Washington rose equal to the occasion. With a Brummellian elegance of manner he introduced Edgar Allen Poe and the present writer to each other, and after the usual compliments went forth to achieve his destiny, which was ultimately to die very miserably of yellow fever in New Orleans.

Poe was a Southerner, and a man of rare genius, with some grave faults of character and one great misfortune—a temperament so sensitive that a single glass of wine made him not merely intoxicated, but insane. He had a beautiful wife, who died of poverty and consumption. He was wayward, unworldly, and strangely incapable of taking care of himself, or of keeping the friendship of those who wished to serve him. He was always sure to do something to mar his fortunes. One day he sold an ingenious scientific hoax to a newspaper publisher for ten pounds. The publisher, as is the American custom, brought it out as an extra; and Poe, crazed by a glass of wine, stood on the walk before the publisher's door, and told the assembling crowd that the extra was a hoax, as he personally knew, for he had written it himself. The crowd scattered, the sales fell off, and the publisher,

on going to the door, saw his author making what he conceived to be the necessary explanations.

Engaged to be married to a lady of wealth, position, and a genius worthy of his own, he took the precious opportunity to invoke his familiar demon the day before the wedding was to have taken place, and to make such an exhibition of himself in the street before the lady's house as to show that he was much fitter for a madhouse than for matrimony. The match was broken off with such circumstances of mortification as he did not long survive. Thus died the author of "The Raven," and "Lenore," and some of the ablest writings in American literature. Poor Poe, he was much blamed, but those who knew him best felt for him much more of pity. He lived a sad strange life, and died a sadder death.

One of the sturdiest of American Republicans was J. Fenimore Cooper, who is also one of the best known of American authors. He was an old-fashioned New York Democrat of the Conservative type, and held the present leaders of the Northern (so-called) Republican party in detestation. He was a Churchman of strong religious sentiments, and a politician of very decided principles. No American writer has defended what he considered to be the true doctrines of Republicanism with more vigour, and no one has more earnestly exposed the evils that he saw growing up in practice and threatening the life of the Republic. He was no believer in universal suffrage or an elective judiciary, or the rule of the majority. He held that

the constitutions of the States were compacts of the people of those States with each other, and a recognition of the great principles and fundamental laws that should govern society, and that they were made for the protection of minorities. Majorities, he contended, had no right to decide any but matters of minor importance; and in practice, he believed, that the minority, rather than the majority, managed to govern by party intrigues and caucus nominations. The advocate of religious liberty, he saw society disorganized by sectarianism, for which he could find no remedy. The church of which he was a member claimed authority without pretending to infallibility; and while it planted itself on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, how could it blame a score, or a hundred, of sects for the varied exercise of this right?

Mr. Cooper muddled himself in his efforts to reconcile opposing principles. But he was always brave and honest. If he defended America and Americans from what he considered the unjust criticisms of foreign writers, he did not spare the faults of his countrymen. No writer has censured them with more severity. He saw, with pain and mortification, the growth of political and social corruption, and predicted the consequences with great truth and earnestness. Proud of the real achievements of his country, he satirized its vainglorious spirit with an unsparing hand. Attacked by the American press, he determined to show its conductors that liberty was not licence, and brought numerous libel suits, in which

he was so generally successful that editors who had anything to lose were glad to let him alone. No one, I think, can read the works of Mr. Cooper without having a sincere respect for his character as well as for his genius.

One of the oldest and most esteemed of the poets of America is Fitz-Greene Halleck. When I knew him for some years in New York, he was a kind of confidential secretary to the richest man in America, John Jacob Astor, who also, at one period, gave employment to another distinguished and most genial American writer, Washington Irving. Irving and Halleck began the world as literary Americans nearly half a century ago, when New York was but a small village compared with its present dimensions. Irving pursued a literary career to the end of his life: Halleck wrote but little, but that little was full of fire, wit, and humour. I used to meet him almost every day at a quiet little French café, in Warren-street, opposite the City Hall. He came there to take his *demi tasse* and *petit verre*, and read the evening papers. On the walls hung pictures of the barricades of Paris, surmounted by the tricolour. In the rear were billiards clicking from morning till midnight. At the marble-top tables Frenchmen, Germans, and a few English and Americans who had got into continental habits, played chess and dominoes, and sipped absinthe, or, in the warmer weather, iced claret punch or orgeat. It was the stillest public-house, I believe, in New York. You might sit for hours and hear nothing but the click of the billiard balls, the rattle of dominoes, and

the "check!" of the chess-players. The landlord was silence personified. He seldom got beyond a grunt. His face beamed with good-nature, but it never got further expression than some obscure mutterings. But Halleck was too thorough an American not to talk, and was full of anecdote and fun. He had stories of Napoleon and Wellington, both of whom were his favourites. He knew the present emperor when he was in New York, and thought him "rather a dull fellow," as, in fact, he seemed to many persons who did not know what he was up to. Halleck was a bachelor, living in modest lodgings, and avoiding society, regular in his habits, even, it was said, to the stated number of glasses of brandy-and-water; but I have met few men who talked better, or who lighted up in conversation with a finer enthusiasm. A wit, and a *bon vivant*, he was also deeply religious, and though educated a Connecticut Puritan, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and maintained that every man who really thought upon the matter must come to the same conviction. "You must allow, then," I said, "that there are very few men who really think about it."

"Of course," he replied, "we know that. The great masses of the people of all countries believe as their fathers believed before them. Not one in a thousand ever chooses his religious faith."

Mr. Bryant, who also began his literary life with Irving, Halleck, Drake, Cooper—the men of the last generation of writers, contemporaries of Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Moore—still lives in New York, and

may be seen with his long white hair and beard, and eyes that seem to look into the future but do not perceive the present. He seems cold, stern, fanatical. He is the editor of the *Evening Post*, and for many years was the able defender of the Democratic and Free-trade party. A few years ago he became a very black Republican, and has sustained the Government of Mr. Lincoln and the war against the South with a ferocity which would astonish me more if I had not seen how philanthropists can hate, how men of peace can urge on the horrors of war, how Christians can murder each other.

When this red leaf in the history of America is turned over, there will begin a new era in American literature—a better, brighter, nobler one than we can point to in the past. It may be that the earnest, true life of the nation, or the nations, of the future across the Atlantic is now to begin. Let us hope so.

The American History of Mr. Bancroft is well known in England. An English M.P., who has travelled in America, and written a book upon his travels, says of the American historian—"If Channing be the Addison of America, Bancroft is the Hume. His volumes bear evidence of diligent research, ease in composition, and historical accuracy." I can give Mr. Bancroft credit for abundant research, but his history is too evidently written in the interests of a party not to excite some suspicion of at least a partial colouring. I smiled at "the ease in composition," for I happened to have had the opportunity of inspecting some of the historian's manuscripts and

proofs, and to know his method of procedure. And this is the process which my parliamentary tourist calls "ease in composition." Mr. Bancroft, after studying his authorities and arranging his facts, writes out his narrative. He then goes over it, erasing, interlining, correcting until the whole paper is covered with blots and new matter. His secretary takes this draft, and copies it out in a fair hand, with lines wide apart. The historian goes over this, erasing, interlining, and polishing every sentence. Then it is set up in type, and a clean proof sent to the author, who makes his last corrections, which are often so numerous that it is less work to set it all up anew than to correct it in the ordinary manner. The result is what strikes the reader as "ease in composition."

It is surprising that the Americans, for ever boasting of their independence of England, and even of their hatred of English institutions, should be so dependent upon and so sensitive to English opinion. Well, perhaps it is *not* so very surprising. There can be but one real centre to English literature and English thought. Even the Edinburgh publishers must have their principal business houses in Paternoster-row. English thought and English literature reach wherever the language is spoken.

Mr. Irving was thought a clever man before he went abroad, but it was when he went back to New York, with the prestige of English success—only after Mr. Murray had paid him two or three thousand guineas for a book, that all New York turned out to

welcome him as a man who had conferred honour on his country. So Mr. Cooper's American fame was the echo of European success.

One would think that, of all others, an actor was most dependent upon the feeling of his audience, and the least upon foreign opinion; yet I have seen poor Charlotte Cushman toiling year after year as a stock actress at three pounds a week, playing all sorts of parts at Bowery theatres, leading an army of Amazons in the *Naiad Queen*, when she played actually better than she did ten years afterward, at the height of her success; yet only the judicious few, who were judges of good acting, gave her the credit she deserved. In a bitter despair she came to England, became famous, and when she returned to America, in a year or two, no price was too great for her services—no theatre could hold the crowds that went to see and applaud her. She received as much for one night's performance as had been paid her, two or three years before, for the arduous labours of a whole season.

It is the old story. A prophet hath no honour in his own city. Americans, as a rule, and in matters not connected with their own local affairs, require foreign, and especially English endorsement. A paragraph of praise of an American writer from an English review would go farther with the American public than the puffs of the whole American press, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, in all its five thousand separate publications.

Great efforts have been made by both English and American writers to induce Congress to pass an inter-

national copyright law. It is for the interest of both. The English author would get paid for his work, the American would not have the disastrous competition of stolen wares against him. The American author, like the bothered maker of brooms, may steal his stock of ideas; but he cannot expect to sell his commodities to a publisher who steals his wares ready-made. "Free-trade," I believe, has nothing to do with the question.

And why, it may be asked, is there not passed a law, or made a treaty, so just and so much demanded by authors on both sides of the Atlantic? Simply because the American public wants cheap books, the publishers prefer getting them for nothing to paying for them, and Congress is controlled by those who have money or votes. American publishers like the Harpers and Appletons, have hundreds of thousands of pounds invested in stereotype plates and stocks of reprints of English books. It would very seriously derange their business if they were obliged to acquire a right to print them from the authors, and a law or treaty of international copyright, to be just, must include the works of last year as well as those of this or next.

Mr. Seward, on coming into power, might have secured some popularity in England by proposing a copyright treaty; but he would probably have lost by it in America. The readers of the works of Dickens and Thackeray were very anxious to see these gentlemen when they visited America; but I have never heard of any anxiety to pay them in solid coin for

the pleasure and profit they may have derived from their writings.

Under these discouraging circumstances, it is, perhaps, a matter of wonder that America has done so much in literature, and produced so many authors of whom she may be justly proud. Griswold and Duyckink have embalmed their names and works in goodly volumes, and the list of American works in the British Museum fills two good-sized octavos, and might be further extended.

The American copyright law is less liberal to foreigners than the English. An American author residing in England may secure the benefit of a copyright without renouncing his nationality. Not so an Englishman in America. When a late distinguished novelist was in New York, he proposed to sell a manuscript novel to an American publisher.

"I should be happy to pay you a good price for the book," said the American; "but you, as an unnaturalized foreigner, cannot secure me a copyright. The law requires that you should at least have declared your intention of becoming a citizen."

"Is that all?" said the man of many romances; "that is soon settled:" and he walked over to the City Hall and declared his intention of becoming in due time an American citizen, with all the requisite formalities.

I cannot say that the gentleman had not at the time a bonâ fide intention of renouncing his allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, but I am sure that if he had, he must have changed his mind, as he

afterwards accepted the post of her Majesty's consul at a pleasant European city. He sold his book, however.

The powerful competition of English authors whose works could be had at free cost, forced American writers to be original, or not to be published. Under the pressure of this necessity there has grown up a local and something like a national literature. Emerson has been called an imitator of Carlyle, but he is a Yankee Carlyle, with many features of his own. I confess I do not see much resemblance—not more than one might find between a many-bladed knife and a very ponderous piece of artillery.

No English author could have written the *Biglow Papers* of Russell Lowell. They are not possible to any one but a born Yankee; and I do not well see how they can be thoroughly appreciated by any other. Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Whittier might have written their works anywhere. Not so Dr. Holmes, who can be as thorough a Yankee as Lowell. Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who are among the three best known of American female writers, have each of them a strong local colouring. Willis, and his sister, "Fanny Fern," are also American peculiarities.

The Government in America has not done much for literature. By its neglect of an international copyright law, it has left publishers free to plunder foreign authors and starve their own. All this, however, must soon change. The Confederate Government will make its law of copyright universal, and

the North will be shamed into following its example. English authors will find their empire extended over another continent of unwearied and omnivorous readers, while American writers will have the chance of fair competition at home and a better recognition abroad, when virtue's ways in literature, as in other matters, shall be ways of pleasantness.

But if the American Government has not done much in any direct way to advance the interests of American literature, it cannot be said to have treated its authors with neglect. Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Paulding, Hawthorne, Willis, Hildreth, and others, have held Government appointments, some of them of the highest grade. Next to partizan services, the highest claim to political distinction in America is a literary reputation. Until now the pen has been mightier than the sword. It remains to be seen how it will be when the sword shall have cut its bloody way through the present entanglements. In the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, and in a country of great intellectual activity, if not of the highest culture or attainments, the man of letters must always hold an enviable position.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY.

The learned professions.—No grades among lawyers.—A road to political distinction.—America governed by lawyers.—No wigs.—No monopoly.—Health of America.—Medical education.—Cheap diplomas—No distinction of classes.—No standard of medical science.—Triumphant quackery.—Hygiene.—Causes of disease.—American cookery.—Medical superstition.—American clergy.—Episcopalians.—Other denominations.—Changing professions.—Eccentric preachers.—Maffit, Finney, and Beecher.—Political and sensation preachers.—The shepherd and the flock.

THE learned professions, so called—Law, Physic, and Divinity—have not the same social consideration in America as in Europe. In England the various grades in the profession of law give a special dignity to its higher branches, as do the various professional appointments. There are similar distinctions in the medical profession. The clergy of the Church of England are functionaries of the State, and the highest rank, the bishops, have seats in the House of Lords, and take precedence in the peerage.

There is nothing of all this in America. A lawyer may practise every department of his profession. The same man is an attorney, solicitor, counsellor, barrister. He may draw up a deed or lease, defend a case of

assault and battery, or argue a cause in the Supreme Court of the United States. In many of the States a man may be admitted to the Bar after a few weeks' study. The tendency everywhere is to remove restrictions and monopolies, and have free-trade at home, if not with foreign nations.

Law is a money-making profession, however, and money gives position. It is, moreover, the most direct road to political distinction. Thirteen Presidents of the United States out of sixteen have been lawyers. Four-fifths of all members of Congress and of the State Legislatures have been of the same profession. Lawyers have also filled a large proportion of all other offices which are filled either by election or appointment. At the moment I write, for example, the destinies of the Federal Government are in the hands of lawyers. President Lincoln is a lawyer; Secretary Seward, a lawyer; Secretary Chase, a lawyer; Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, is a lawyer; General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, a lawyer; General Butler, a lawyer; General Banks, a lawyer; General Sickles, a lawyer—and so on. Probably half the officers of the Federal army are lawyers.

It is not strange that great numbers of educated young men should select this profession, and that it should be held in the highest consideration. It is so necessary in America that a man should be and do something—the profession of a gentleman, or one who lives idly on his income is so disreputable—that thousands of young men who have no need to practise law still enter the profession, either as a

pretence of doing something, or as the open road to political distinction.

In certain respects I think the legal practice in America preferable to that of England. There may be wisdom in a wig, but I cannot see the benefit of good-looking judges and barristers making such precious guys of themselves as they persist in doing in English courts of justice. That, however, is a matter of taste, and comes under the rule "De gustibus," &c. But why a barrister should not deal directly with his client, civil or criminal, is not a matter of taste, and the pretence of prosecuting or defending causes without payment is, of course, a mere hypocrisy. I think also the American practice of appointing a prosecuting law officer in every district, paid by the State, for bringing offenders against the criminal laws to justice, is better than to leave such prosecutions to the injured parties.

Notwithstanding the fact that lawyers in America are so largely chosen as legislators, and for places of the highest trust, they can hardly be said to be popular. People consider them a necessary evil. An honest lawyer is proverbially a rara avis. "There is no greater curse to any community than a poor and unscrupulous lawyer," was the observation made to me in my boyhood by a lawyer who had been poor, was rich, and had not, it was said, been overburthened with scruples.

Some American lawyers and judges have acquired an enviable reputation for ability. Americans have a saying of anything very difficult, that it would puzzle

a Philadelphia lawyer. The names of Storey, Kent, Livingstone, Wheaton, Wirt, Webster, &c., are known wherever English law, which is everywhere the basis of American law, is practised or understood.

The medical profession in America bears the evils of haste and irregularity incident to so many of its institutions. It is a country of many and violent diseases. Large portions of the newly-settled country, and some of the oldest as well, around New York, are full of the malaria which produces intermittent fever. In the West and South-West there are, in the swamp and bottom-lands, worse malaria, causing violent remittent bilious fevers. The cities and villages of the South, unless guarded by a rigid quarantine, are also subject to visitations of the yellow fever or terrible vomito of the West Indies and coast of Mexico. The North-Eastern States are, like England, subject to consumption. The North, with its cold winters, has multitudes of cases of rheumatism. Children die in great numbers—in towns of cholera-infantum, and everywhere of scarlatina and measles. Continued and typhoid fevers are not uncommon. Dyspepsia and female diseases are everywhere. Hard work, over-eating, bad cookery, pork and grease, strong coffee, tea, tobacco, and whisky, poor and adulterated spirituous liquors especially, are among the many diseasing influences.

Here, among a population of more than thirty millions, is work for a vast number of physicians. And the Americans, who do everything in a hurry, educate their doctors in their usual fashion. Nominally, it is

required that the student shall read three years, under some regular physician, during which time he must have attended two courses of medical lectures. If, however, he pay his fees, exhibit a certificate as to the time he has studied, or pretended to study, and pass a hasty examination, made by professors who are very anxious that he should pass, he gets a diploma of *Medicinæ Doctor*. He has full authority to bleed and blister, set broken bones and cut off limbs. But in most of the States there is no need of even this authorization. Any one may practise medicine who chooses to set about it. No diploma is needed, and no licence required. This is the American idea of "free trade and no monopoly."

But where diplomas of the highest grade can be procured at so little trouble, and at a cost not exceeding forty or fifty pounds, nearly all physicians can legally sign themselves "M.D." The dealer in quack medicines gets a diploma. There are no medical men, as distinguished from doctors. And also, as a rule, there is no distinction between physicians and surgeons. All practise medicine, surgery, and midwifery. This is necessary in a sparsely populated country; and though there are in the large towns physicians who have adopted some speciality, and surgeons of noted skill, the general practice is as I have stated it.

There are also physicians of every school. There are allopaths of every class in allopathy; homœopaths of high and low dilutions; hydropaths mild and heroic; chrono-thermalists, Thompsonians, Mesmerists, herbalists, Indian doctors, clairvoyants, spiritualists with

healing gifts, and I know not what besides. What is worse, perhaps, is the fact that there is no standard—no real science of medicine—no absolute or acknowledged authority. Every one may do what is right in his own eyes. As each of the thirty-four sovereign and independent States has power to charter as many medical colleges as its legislature may consider necessary, every school or sect in medicine may have its college, professors, and diplomas. A few ambitious physicians, holding any medical theory, or pursuing any system of practice, can probably make interest enough with the legislature to get a charter for a medical college, and set up the manufacture of doctors. There are two or three such colleges which give medical diplomas to women.

But even in some of the oldest, largest, and most respectable medical colleges, there is no consistency of medical teaching. I knew one in which the professor of physiology was a vitalist, while the professor of chemistry also lectured on physiology, and based his explanations on chemical theories. The Professor of Theory and Practice was at sword's or lancet's point with the Professor of Materia Medica. One denounced blood-letting, and was in favour of a mild, expectant practice; the other was a sanguinary Sangrado, who held that the only way to get health into a man was to let the blood out of him, and that violent diseases were to be expelled by more violent medicines.

The result of so many various systems and no-systems is that thousands of young men are sent out to doctor their unfortunate countrymen with unsettled

notions of disease and medicine, to kill or cure, or perhaps it would be safer to say, to kill or not kill, according to their prudence and good luck, rather than their science and skill.

This want of any absolute science or established practice in medicine, which leaves to every inexperienced doctor his right of private judgment in matters of life and death, with a no-system and chaos of universal empiricism, has the natural effect of undermining the confidence of the public in all systems and "pathies," and leaving them a prey to the most vulgar, mercenary, and barefaced quackeries. The consequence is that the shops of druggists and general dealers are filled with quack or so-called patent medicines and nostrums. The newspapers are filled with their advertisements. Fortunes are made by the manufacture of sarsaparilla, pills, catholicons, bitters, cough elixirs, cures for consumption, &c. The box of pills that costs a penny is sold for a shilling. The decoction which would be dear at threepence sells for a dollar. The consumptive are dosed with preparations of opium; the dyspeptic find present relief in bitters, whose effects are chiefly attributable to the stimulating operation of whisky. The temperance reform, making it immoral and unfashionable to drink liquors, except as a medicine, made the fortune of the manufacturers of stomachic bitters and aromatic Schiedam schnaaps, highly recommended by well-feed members of the faculty.

One can scarcely conceive of an honourable profession reduced to a lower ebb than that of medicine

in the United States. But it is very difficult to point out a remedy. Anatomy is a solid, natural, demonstrable science, and surgery rests on a very solid basis. But what can we say of physiology, or pathology, or still more, of therapeutics?

There is no agreement upon any system, or even theory. Different medical colleges, even those known by the general designation of allopathic, teach different theories of disease and different modes of treatment, and this is sometimes the case, as in the instance I have mentioned, with the different professors of the same institution.

While medical science is in this chaotic condition in America, hygienic or sanitary science is generally neglected. The Government has other interests, and of late years busies itself little with matters which will not pay. Physicians, who are supposed to know most about the conditions of health and the causes of disease, cannot be expected to volunteer against their own obvious interests. They are paid for curing, or trying to cure, the sick. Prevention is doubtless better than cure, but who will pay them for devising means of preventing disease? Suppose the physician of a village could persuade the people to take such sanitary measures as would prevent an epidemic, which, by its prevalence, would put two or three hundred pounds in his pocket, who will make up his loss?

Physicians are as benevolent and disinterested as men of any other profession; but it is still the evident fact that they do not devote themselves to the prevention of disease. It is not their business. And,

what is more, it never will be until they are paid for keeping the community in health.

It follows that as few other persons know much about the laws of health—as great numbers are interested in causing disease, or making it worse by pretending to cure it—sanitary science is in a very unsatisfactory condition. Churches, theatres, and places of public resort are, as a rule, very imperfectly ventilated. Even school-houses, crowded with children, are so badly cared for in this most vital particular, as to destroy the health of both teachers and pupils. I have listened to a college lecture on the vital uses of oxygen, in a room so badly ventilated that its air was pestiferous and disgusting. There was theory and practice with a vengeance. Some of the railway carriages in America have admirable machinery for ventilation, but the greater number of them are execrable in this particular. The cabins of steamboats on the Northern waters are often nearly as bad. The use of stoves and furnaces in dwelling-houses does away with even the imperfect ventilation afforded by open grates and fire-places. In the large towns the poor are supplied with the milk of diseased cows, tied up, without air or exercise, and fed into scrofula on the hot slops from the distilleries and breweries. Pork and lard, consumed in enormous quantities, and even by the poorest people, to an extent quite unknown in any country in Europe, cause much disease. Whisky made from spurred rye—rye mixed with ergot—or from Indian corn, and charged with fusil oil, or doctored with strychnine, sulphuric acid, and other

noxious drugs, is also a serious cause of disease, aside from its intoxicating influences.

A thoroughly educated, united, philanthropic medical profession, aided by the State governments, might do much for health in America. The climate, apart from malaria in certain regions, is not necessarily unhealthy. In many parts the air is pure, the water is soft, and the fruits and other healthful productions of the earth are abundant. Nearly all New England, and large portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, &c., are healthful regions. So is much of the South. Portions of Texas, as well as California and Oregon, are of wonderful salubrity.

The Americans, like the English, have a lack of skill in cookery. They make dishes enough. A common breakfast bill of fare will comprise twenty dishes. But butter and lard are so cheap that they are used with great profusion, and the best viands and vegetables are rendered indigestible. Hot bread, made with lard and strong alkalies, and soaked with butter; hot griddle cakes, covered with butter and syrup; meats fried in fat or baked in it; potatoes dripping with grease; ham and eggs fried in grease into a leathery indigestibility—all washed down with many cups of strong Brazil coffee—these are some of the nice things which Americans eat for breakfast, and when they fall ill—as of course they must—then come loads of all the medicines advertised in their newspapers or given by their doctors.

What seems as strange as any part of this matter is a vague superstition remaining in the minds of many people that the doctors are infallible, or at least that, however absurd and contradictory to each other they may be, they should be implicitly obeyed. If ten doctors should prescribe ten different medicines, or courses of treatment, as they likely enough would, in the actual state of medicine in America, one of these fanatics would imagine himself obliged to follow all their prescriptions. I can understand law, founded on statutes, precedents, and decisions, as entitled to respect. I can understand an implicit belief in the dogmas of an infallible church—and a church that is fallible seems to have little right to propound creeds or promulgate dogmata—but I see no possible sense in believing in or relying upon a medical system, or no-system, which does not pretend to unity, much less to infallibility.

What can I say of the American clergy? If they were all of one sect, or if there were a national church recognised as orthodox, though tolerating dissent, it would be a different matter. One never hears the term dissenter in America. As all are equal before the law, we speak only of different denominations.

The Episcopal Church, daughter of the Church of England, is in many parts of America the church of the richest, most cultivated, and respectable portion of the community. It is scarcely anywhere the church of the poor. It has very little if any hold upon the working-classes. Its clergy is highly educated, and it has many eloquent preachers. It has retained the

Book of Common Prayer and Thirty-nine Articles, with slight modifications, and, though perhaps united on all essential points, is divided into High Churchmen, or Puseyites, Moderate Churchmen, and Low Churchmen. The High Churchmen accuse their Low brethren of being no better than Presbyterians; the Low aver that the High are on the high road to Rome; and it is doubtless true that they have a tenderness in that direction, and that not a few, both clerics and lay, have gone entirely over, to the great disgust of the more Protestant sections, who still profess and believe what is said of the Pope in the Thirty-nine Articles.

The Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists have a regularly educated clergy; and even the Methodists and Baptists, who within my remembrance held book-learning in contempt, now have colleges and theological institutions. The most distinguished body for refinement of learning is the Unitarian. Dr. Channing was of this sect, and Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, and other distinguished men of letters are, or have been, preachers of the same faith.

I need not speak of the Catholic clergy, who are always educated to a certain degree and in a prescribed system. Some of the American Catholic clergy have been educated at Rome, some at the Sorbonne, many at Maynooth, or in Germany or Belgium, and many, also, at the various American Catholic institutions. It is a common thing for an American priest to be able to converse in four or five languages, and I have

known those who amused themselves with Hebrew and Sanscrit.

American clergymen of all denominations, excepting the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic—and I am not sure about the former of these two—do not feel bound to keep to their calling unless it suits their inclinations. Some embrace other professions. It is common to see a preacher turn lawyer, or a lawyer turn preacher. Many take to politics, and get elected to the State Legislatures, to Congress, or fill Government offices. Some turn traders, auctioneers, photographers, or showmen. Many become editors and authors. There are, in fact, few professions in which you may not find ex-preachers. Some have become anti-slavery and infidel lecturers, and not a few lecture on Spiritualism.

I can remember many popular preachers famous for eloquence and eccentricity. Lorenzo Dow, who travelled from place to place, wearing a long beard when beards were seldom seen, and making appointments years beforehand, which he always filled to the hour, was before my day. The most striking celebrity of my boyhood was a Methodist preacher, said to have been a Dublin tailor, who created a great excitement, was adored by the women, and made multitudes of conversions. He wrote his life, as was the custom of the noted preachers of that period, and I have never forgotten the mellifluous sentences of its opening chapter, the first of which ran thus :—

"From the romantic retreats of far-famed Erin, borne on the fickle winds of an adverse fortune, a

lonely stranger brings his mite of sorrow, and lays the dew-starred treasure at Columbia's feet."

One can imagine the success of a handsome young Irish preacher, with curling hair and rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes, whose sermons were of this style of oratory, and whose conversation was if possible more delightful than his sermons. He was the Beau Brummel of parsons, and wonderfully preserved his good looks, which he did not fail to attribute to super-abounding grace. Mr. Maffit died a few years ago, at Mobile, and left a son who is a gallant officer in the Confederate navy.

The Rev. Mr. Finney, a New-School Presbyterian Revival preacher, and founder of a religious college for both sexes at Oberlin, Ohio, was a very striking and impressive preacher. I remember how he startled me, thirty years ago, by saying abruptly one day in his sermon—"A thing is not right or good because God commands it. The principles of right are as eternal as God, and He is good because His being is in accordance with them. God cannot make anything right any more than He can make the three angles of a triangle equal to two right angles."

This is all simple enough; but such statements were not heard from the pulpit every day, and were apt to strike those who heard them with the more force for that reason. Mr. Finney's prayers were quite as original as his sermons. One day he astonished those who were uniting with him in prayer, by saying, in a quiet familiar way—

"O Lord, I have been walking down Broadway to-

day, and I have seen a good many of my friends and Thy friends, and I wondered, O Lord! if they seemed as poor, and vapid, and empty, and worldly to Thee as they did to me," &c.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the present day has much the same popularity that attended Mr. Finney twenty or thirty years ago. He has more, perhaps, of the element of humour. There is a great deal of genuine waggery about him, and, out of the pulpit, he has the drollery and animal spirits of a big, clever, good-natured boy out for a holiday. He is full of unusual, and unexpected, and sometimes not too reverent expressions. Of some difficulty with certain members of his congregation, he said—"I told my wife that God and I could lick them all out." He is what one might call instinctively popular, feeling the public sentiment, and always keeping just ahead of his people, and on the top of the wave. No one could make more of an excitement while it lasted, or quicker scent a coming reaction. His tabernacle in Brooklyn had to me no seeming of a church, and the appearance of the people who crowded every foot of it gave me a very decided impression that for every one who came to worship God there were many who came to admire Mr. Beecher. There is scarcely another church in America where Sunday congregations indulge in audible laughter, or give rounds of applause as at a theatre. Mr. Beecher professes to be some sort of an orthodox Congregationalist, but he preached for Theodore Parker, and his creed, if he has one, must be

an easy fit. Few men do more work, or work with more ability and acceptance to a large class of hearers and readers.

A great number of American preachers, among Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, have no hesitation in introducing political or social topics into the pulpit. They are often candidates for office, and not unfrequently take the stump in presidential electioneering campaigns. They are popularity-seekers, because popularity enlarges their congregations, increases their pay, and promotes them to more important fields of usefulness. A preacher who distinguishes himself on a hundred pounds a year gets a call to a congregation that can offer him a hundred and fifty. As he goes on and gains in notoriety he gets a louder call, to the amount of two or three hundred. A Baptist clergyman in Boston became so attractive from the notoriety he acquired in connexion with a case of crim. con. that his church was thronged by people who wished to enjoy the sensation of seeing and hearing a clergyman preach and pray who had been tried for adultery, and whom many believed ought to have been convicted. A Methodist Revival preacher certainly drew larger houses by the scandal of his reputed amours.

The mingling of religion and politics has not been a good to either. Politics have grown more and more corrupt, and religion has suffered by the association. It is but just to say that the Episcopal Church is but little liable to censure on this account, and politics are

seldom if ever heard of in a Roman Catholic place of worship in America, however it may be in other and more Catholic countries.

As religion in America is almost entirely disconnected from the General and State governments, the clergy depend upon the voluntary system for their support. There are no tithes or rates, and few foundations. Methodist preachers are appointed by their bishops, and the people must take such as are sent them. The pay is also limited by the same authority. The Roman Catholics have the same system, and no clergy is harder worked or more poorly paid. In all the other denominations the Church or congregation hires the pastor, discharges him at pleasure, and hires another. It follows that a minister must suit his people if he wishes to keep his place, preach what they wish rather than what they need to hear, and be the slave rather than the leader and former of public opinion, which is not my idea of shepherd and flock —teacher and those who are taught.

But the people govern and judge. They select the priest as well as the ruler—if a public servant may be called a ruler—by universal suffrage. A preacher comes, like a cook, on trial. He preaches his finest sermons, and prays his most elegant prayers, is canvassed at a hundred tea-tables, and accepted or rejected. Imagine St. Peter and St. Paul subjected to such an ordeal!

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY AND INGENUITY.

The great want, labour.—Motive power.—Versatility.—Automatic machinery.—Hooks and eyes, pins, clocks and watches.—Iron works.—Rapid labour-saving machinery.—Stone-dressing and brick-making machines.—Curious looms.—Hoe's printing-press.—Type-setting machines.—Morse's telegraph.—Emancipation of labour.—The Yankee millennium.

For two hundred years the Americans have been like so many Robinson Crusoes, thrown upon their own resources and obliged to invent a thousand things which their peculiar circumstances required. With land unlimited, vast forests of timber, and minerals in the greatest abundance, their chief want was labour; and they were obliged to supply its lack with every kind of labour-saving machinery. Necessity was the mother of invention, and the Yankee learned to turn his hand to anything, until it became the habit of his race. He is for ever contriving, planning, whittling, and using his head to save his muscles, or to enable one man to do the work of twenty. Every torrent rushing down from the mountains to the sea was valuable for its water-power. The Yankee's first thought of Niagara is the number of water-wheels it would turn, and his chief terror is the terrible waste

of motive power. The brook by the side of the farmer's cottage is made to churn and turn the grindstone. A larger brook carries a saw-mill. The first steamboat ever built was, I believe, in the harbour of Barcelona, Spain; but the Spaniards had no use for it. It is not probable that the American inventor of the steamboat ever heard of the Spanish experiment; but steamboats were needed on the American rivers, and it was not long after the first experiments on the Delaware and Hudson before rivers and lakes were traversed by steam. The railway and locomotive are English; but America has more than thirty thousand miles of railway.

"Jack at all trades and good at none," is a proverb that Americans have no belief in. The more things a man can do, the better. A few years ago, in a depressed condition of manufactures in England, some emigrants went to New York. A woman from Sheffield, being destitute, applied to the authorities for help. The Mayor of New York, to whose office in the City Hall she went, was willing to find her employment, and asked her if she could do this or that, naming over various kinds of work commonly done by women. No, she knew nothing of any of them. What could she do? She could *pack files.* This was the one work which she had learnt to do—well, no doubt; but, unfortunately, the Mayor had no files to be packed.

The rivers of New England cannot fall ten feet at any point in their progress to the sea without being made to propel some kind of machinery. Cities

cluster round the falls of every large river, with great manufactories, as those of Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Holyoke, &c. I visited the village of Waterbury, in Connecticut, and spent a day among its curious factories. There were many mills. Water and steam power were at work, but very few human operatives. In one large room, full of machinery in rapid motion, there was but one man, whose business was to watch the machines and supply them with material. Each machine had a great coil of brass wire on a reel beside it. The end of the wire was placed in the machine, and from it flowed hooks or eyes into a basket as fast as one could count. These machines worked on, requiring only to be fed with coils of wire as they were used. In another room, automatic machines were eating up coils of iron-wire and discharging finished hair pins. Brass-wire went into other machines and came out common pins, with heads and points all perfect, and only requiring to be tinned and papered. The papering also was done by a machine which picked out the pins, laid them in rows, and pushed each row into a paper fed by a girl sitting beside it. One pin factory makes, with these machines, three hundred thousand dozens of pins a day. Another machine took wire from a coil and bits of brass from a hopper, and turned out buttons with the eyes made, set, and riveted. In this way a thousand inventions have been made, to save the labour of human hands, and to use only skilled labour and brains rather than muscles.

Clocks are made in great factories, and so entirely

by machinery, that almost the only hand-work is in putting them together; and they are made so cheap as to be brought to England in immense quantities, and from England exported to every part of the world. Watches are made in Massachusetts by similar machinery, and with such accuracy that every minutest part will fit every other, so that if a watch is injured, the required part can be supplied from the factory. Here, too, the only human labour is to feed and overlook the machines and put the parts together. The reaping and sewing machines of American invention are known everywhere. The same system applies to larger and coarser manufactures. There is a manufactory in Pittsburgh in which a machine turns out half-pound iron railroad spikes at the rate of fifty a minute. Only seven men are employed in the works, but the machines, with their attendance, make five tons of spikes a day. Nails of all sizes are made in self-feeding machines in enormous quantities. Strips of iron go in on one side and nails pour out on the other like meal from a mill. Rivets, neatly headed, from the smallest size up to seven to the pound, are made in the same manner; and the largest are turned out at the rate of eighty a minute from each machine. Beautiful oval frames for photographs are made and finished by machinery so rapidly that a single workman can turn out two gross a day. Automatic machines make ten thousand wooden shingles, for the roofs of houses, a day. Twenty men make one hundred pannelled house-doors a day, by the aid of machinery. A match-making machine cuts out

the wood for 4500 matches every minute. Shoe-lasts and boot-trees are made by rapid machinery. With similar aid seven men make the wooden parts of thirty ploughs a day.

Labour-saving machinery is applied to stone and brickwork as well as iron and wood. Marble and granite are hammered, planed, and polished by machinery. A stone surface, four feet by two feet, is dressed in seven minutes. Bricks are pressed from dry clay, ready for the kiln, at the rate of thirty-six a minute, or nearly two thousand an hour. At the flour mills nearly the whole work is done by machinery, and the wheat is transferred from canal-boats to the upper stories of the mill at the rate of four thousand bushels an hour.

House's telegraphic printing machine prints the messages at the rate of twenty words a minute. Grain and other bags are woven whole in American looms, each loom making forty-five two-bushel bags a day. A similar machine makes hose for fire-engines at the rate of a thousand feet a day. By the use of type-casting machines a workman can cast ninety brevier types a minute. In the dying houses connected with large factories, one boy, with machinery, does the ordinary work of six men.

One of my earliest acquaintances in New York was Robert Hoe, the inventor of the simple and effective newspaper presses which bear his name, and which he has supplied to many of the largest printing establishments in England. Type-setting machines, with keyboards like pianofortes, are used in several New

York printing offices. Steam stevedores may be seen at the docks loading and unloading vessels, and steam hod-carriers in the large buildings. A steam excavator digs canals and railway-cuttings, and a steam-engine tunnels mountains. Morse, an American artist, but a better chemist and mechanician than painter, thought out the magnetic telegraph on a Havre packet-ship, but met the common fate of inventors. He struggled for years with poverty and a thousand difficulties. He could not interest capitalists. In England he could not even get a patent. At last, when he was yielding to despair and meditated suicide, on the last night of the Session of Congress, at midnight, when the Appropriation Bill was being rushed through, he got an appropriation of about six thousand pounds for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. Then success, rewards, honours, titles of nobility, gold medals, and an immense fortune. The American inventor of the sewing machine had similar misfortunes and a similar success. Would any one but an American have ever invented a milking machine? or a machine to beat eggs? or machines to black boots, scour knives, pare apples, and do a hundred things that all other peoples have done with their ten fingers from time immemorial?

Skill and intelligence are required for the management of machinery. Every child under fifteen employed in the factories of Massachusetts is secured three months' schooling every year by law. The American workman has no jealousy of machinery.

It carries out his idea of the emancipation of labour. He welcomes every improvement that facilitates his work. His millennium is the time when machines will do everything, and he will have only to see them work and enjoy the fruits of their labour. His most difficult problem will be the equitable division of the productions of machinery among those who profess the political doctrine that "all men are created equal," and have an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

CHAPTER XXX.

AMERICAN PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES.

Yankees in books and on the stage.—Why Yankees talk through their noses.—Yankee forms of speech.—The western vocabulary.—South-western characteristics.—Southern peculiarities.—American humour.—Etymologies.—A steamboat explosion.—Character and manners.—Lack of reverence.—Yankee sharpness and self-confidence.—A model Yankee.

ENGLISHMEN know the Yankee chiefly as he appears in literature and on the stage. He is well drawn in the novels of John Neal, Cooper, and Paulding, and in the writings of the author of *Sam Slick*. Hackett and Hill have given us truthful Yankees on the stage. We imagine, sometimes, that literary and dramatic portraitures are overdone. I do not think so. I have never seen a stage Irishman, Cockney, Yankee, or negro that came fully up to the genuine article. The trouble is not in overdoing, but in doing falsely. Many English writers habitually confuse the American idioms and peculiarities of the East, West, and South. It is as if one should mix up Scotchman, Irishman, and Cockney. Yet this is done weekly in the papers and nightly on the stage.

It is possible to travel through America without meeting many specimens of the thorough Yankee,

the broad Western man, or the distinctive Southerner of the strongest type; but they all exist abundantly. There are districts in New England, in the rough mountain regions, where the Yankee flourishes as grotesque in attire and speech as was ever described in story or seen upon the stage. Western and Southern peculiarities are still more common.

I know of no good physiological reason why a Yankee should talk through his nose, unless he got in the habit of shutting his mouth to keep out the cold fogs and drizzling north-easters of Massachusetts Bay. It is certain that men open their mouths and broaden their speech as they go West, until on the Mississippi they tell you "thar are heaps of bar over thar, whar I was raised." Southern speech is clipped, softened, and broadened by the negro admixture. The child learns its language from its negro nurse, servants, and playmates, and this not unpleasant taint is never quite eradicated.

Besides peculiarities of articulation and enunciation, there are forms of expression peculiar to and characteristic of each section of the American States. A Yankee does not swear; he says, I vum, I swon, I swow, I vow, darn it, gaul darn your picter, by golly, golly crimus; and uses other mean and cowardly ways of whipping the devil round the stump. The Western man has no trouble about swearing, and has a remarkable breadth of expression. He is catawampously chawed up; while the Yankee is a gone sucker, or describes himself as 'so as to be crawlin'. 'He talks of spunkin' up to an all-fired,

tarnation, slick gall, clean grit, I tell yeou neow. He civilly invites you to hold yer yop. He lets on that he felt kinder streaked, by golly! He describes a man as being handsome as a picter, but so darnation ugly; or as a thunderin' fool, but a clever critter as ever lived—ugly being Yankee for wicked, and clever for good-natured. A plain girl is as homely as a hedge-fence, but a Yankee may have a kinder sneakin' notion arter her. He boasts that he is a hull team and a hoss to let. You can't tucker him eout. It beats all natur heow he can go it when he gets his dander up. He has got his eye-teeth cut, true as preachin'. He gets hoppin' mad, and makes all gee again. He is dreadful glad to see you, and is powerful sorry you enjoy such poor health.

I am inclined to think the Western vocabulary more copious than that of the Yankee proper. The language, like the country, has a certain breadth and magnitude about it. A Western man sleeps so sound, it would take an earthquake to wake him. He is in danger pretty considerable much, because somebody was down on him, like the whole Missouri on a sand-bar. He is a gone 'coon. He is down on all cussed varmints, gets into an everlasting fix, and holds that the longest pole knocks down the persimmons. A story smells rather tall. Stranger, he says, in bar hunts I am numerous. He says a pathetic story sunk into his feelings like a snagged boat into the Mississippi. He tells of a person as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail. He laughs like a hyena over a dead nigger. He walks through a fence

like a falling tree through a cobweb. He goes the whole hog. He raises right smart of corn and lives where there is a smart chance of bars. Bust me wide open, he says, if I didn't bulge into the creek in the twinkling of a bedpost, I was so thunderin' savagerous.

In the south-west is found the combination of Western and Southern character and speech. The south-western man was born in old Kaintuck, raised in Mississippi, is death on a bar, and smartly on a painter fight. He walks the water, out hollers the thunder, drinks the Mississippi, calculates that he is the genuwine article, and that those he don't like aint worth shucks. He tells of a fellow so poor and thin he had to lean up agin a saplin' to cuss. He gets as savage as a meat axe. He splurges about, and blows up like a steamboat.

The Southerner is mighty glad to see you. He is apt to be powerful lazy, and powerful slow; but if you visit him where he has located himself, he'll go for you to the hilt agin creation, that's tatur. When people salute each other at meeting, he says they are howdyin' and civilizin' each other. He has powerfu nice corn. The extreme of facility is not as easy as lying, but as easy as shootin'. A man who has undressed has shucked himself. To make a bet with a man is to size his pile. Yankees guess everything, past, present, and future; Southerners reckon and calculate. All these peculiarities of speech would fill a small volume. Most of the Yankeeisms can be found in the districts of England from which the

country was first settled. The colloquialisms of the South and West are more original.

American humour consists largely of exaggeration, and of strange and quaint expressions. Much that seems droll to English readers is very seriously intended. The man who described himself as "squandering about permiscuous" had no idea that his expression was funny. When he boasted of his sister—"She slings the nastiest ankle in old Kentuck," he only intended to say that she had a pretty ankle, and knew how to use it in the dance. So it was in solemn earnest that a Western maiden, happening to get sight of a denuded traveller, exclaimed, "Wall, stranger, you've got a right smart chance of a leg, I declar'!" To escape rapidly, west of the Mississippi, might be "to vamose quicker'n greased lightnin' down a peeled hickory." "Vamose," and "vamose the ranch," are borrowed from Mexico by the Santa Fé traders. "Cut stick," and "absquatulate," are indigenous. A man cuts a stick when about to travel. Absquatulate comes from *a* or *ab*, privative, and squat, western for settle. When a squatter removes, he absquatulates. As for the greased lightning and peeled hickory, Americans have a passion for making improvements on everything. The Mississippi boatmen improved the name of *Bois Brulé* into something they could understand, when they called it Bob Ruly's Woods. The story of land so rich that a squash vine, in its rapid growth, overtook a drove of pigs, was a western exaggeration. The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case,

involved in the blowing-up of a steamboat on the Ohio, is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man. He saw him on the deck of the steamboat just before the explosion. "When," asked the lawyer, "was the last time you saw him?" "The very last time I ever set eyes on him," said the careful witness, "was when the biler burst, and I was going up, *I met him and the smoke pipe coming down!*"

I do not think that American peculiarities of language are so remarkable as those of character and manners—or, in other words, that Americanism is so much in speech as in thought, feeling, and action. Our language is English, modelled mainly upon English literature; but we are more independent in other matters.

Some one has said—"A Yankee stands up at prayers, takes his coat tail under his arms, turns his back on the minister, and winks at the gals in the singing seats." It is true that reverence is an uncultivated faculty in America, and finds little expression. I can remember when people stood up in prayer-time; at present they sit very quietly in their seats. This is true of the majority even in episcopal churches. In none do all, or even the larger number, kneel, except in the Roman Catholic churches. Theodore Parker has remarked, in one of his sermons, that New England was one of the few places in the civilized world where there were no Jews. The Yankees are too sharp for the children of Israel. Jews, however, flourish in New York, and still more in the South

and West. The Irish live and flourish in New England, because they are willing to do plenty of hard, rough work. When I first lived in New York, the Irish kept all the corner groceries. Now nearly all such places are kept by Germans, who are more frugal than Yankees, and nearly as sharp. Irishmen, as a rule, are neither sharp nor frugal. Yankees come near to the popular idea of a cross between the Scotchman and Yorkshireman. They are ingenious, enterprising, persevering, self-confident, and possess in an eminent degree that happy faculty which Sydney Smith attributed to Earl Russell, when he said his lordship would take command of the Channel fleet at an hour's notice. A genuine Yankee is always ready to go any possible where, or do any possible thing. Mr. Lincoln must have Yankee blood in his veins, or he would never have taken the nomination for President. Mr. Seward is a Yankee New Yorker. General Banks and General Butler were Yankee civilians, without the least military knowledge, but they were ready to command armies. Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, was a Yankee printer, who knew nothing about ships, but was ready to take charge of a navy.

Barnum, who has been somewhat well known in England, always seemed to me a model Yankee. He was born in Connecticut, kept store, edited a newspaper, preached the Gospel, became a showman, sold Bibles, invented the nurse of General Washington, exhibited the Fejee mermaid, organized and engineered the American tour of Jenny Lind, brought out General Tom Thumb, lectured on temperance, and made two

or three fortunes. One of his adventures on the Mississippi, not contained in his published autobiography, always seemed to me as Yankee as any of those he has related. He was on his way up the river from New Orleans, where he had been to spend the winter in some speculation. Some of the sporting gentlemen who make their home on the river engaged him in the favourite betting game of poker, a bluff or brag game, in which the skill consists in managing so as to have the best cards, or in boldly betting on the worst. It was hard, I think, to beat the great showman on either, but luck was against him, and he was dead broke. He landed at a small town in Mississippi, where he found the chances of winning money at play very small, on account of a revival that was going forward. But "P. T." had more than one string to his bow. In his earlier days, and not long before this time, he had been a preacher—as it happened, a Universalist, holding a creed that was agreeable to a person of his organization. He announced his profession, and obtained a place to preach, but found his doctrines anything but popular. The Southerners are orthodox in their religious notions, and like strong doctrine. The revival was attracting crowds to the Presbyterian Meetinghouse. It was necessary to make a bold movement, and the exhibitor of dwarfs and prima donnas was equal to the occasion. He dismissed his small and indifferent congregation, walked over to the Presbyterian meeting, and announced to the astonished and delighted congregation that he had been converted from his errors. There was great

rejoicing: he was invited to preach, was rewarded with a good collection, resumed his voyage, and had good luck at poker all the way to St. Louis.

This seems rather a strong story, and the hero of it may have invented it; but the man who could invite the Baptist ministers of Boston to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to Joyce Heth, a poor drunken old negress, whom he palmed off upon the public by forged papers as the nurse of Washington, who got up a public wedding of two giants at the Broadway Tabernacle, to which the public was admitted at fifty cents a head, and who later managed the wedding of two dwarfs as a public spectacle in the most fashionable Episcopal Church in New York, may have really had the adventure on the Mississippi. It is certainly true that he was at one period selling Bibles in New York every day, and managing a saloon with negro dancing in the evening, with a genuine negro boy, blacked and wigged, so as to pass for a make-believe one, because the New Yorkers who applauded what they supposed a white boy in a blacked face and woolly wig, would have driven a real negro from the stage and mobbed his exhibitor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMERICAN RECREATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Field sports in America.—Floating theatres and circuses.—Stars that have shone.—Music.—Negro melodies.—"Dixie's Land" in St. Louis.—Art culture.—Summer resorts.—The Cattskill Mountain House.—Saratoga.—A dinner at Niagara.—Sea-bathing.—Work and worry.—Making money.—Morals of trade.—Contentment.—The domestic affections.—Calvinistic stoicism.—Scattered families.—Socialism.—Emigration.

THE public amusements in the United States are not very different from those in England. There are no fairs, but there are every year state and county agricultural shows, with trotting-matches for horses, and prizes for the best female equestrianism. Hunting, as practised in England, with horse and hound, scarcely exists out of Virginia, where English customs are best preserved, but there is no lack of game or sportsmen. Racing is a custom of the middle States and the larger cities. There are fine courses near New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, and in many places in Tennessee and Kentucky. In New England and most of the North, horse-racing is supposed to have been prohibited in the decalogue, and the races are not very reputably attended. Circuses traverse the country and diffuse a taste for gymnastics, and

there is no lack of menageries of wild beasts, performing ponies, and monkeys.

There are a few cricket-clubs, mostly made up of "British residents," but the American game of base-ball is played by hundreds of clubs. There are bowling-alleys in every village, and in the larger towns some are kept expressly for ladies, who also play with gentlemen at the watering-places. There are a few yacht-clubs, and boat-clubs are more numerous. Almost all Americans ride well, and are fond of driving. Morphy made chess fashionable. The Germans excel in gymnastics, and hold Turner festivals wherever they are numerous, with abundance of waltzing, and more abundant *lager bier*, which Americans are also learning to drink instead of whisky.

New York has an opera-house larger, I think, and certainly more splendid, than any in London, and eight or ten handsome theatres. There are theatres also in every considerable town. There are plenty of wandering stars, but scarcely any strolling companies.

America may, however, boast of some novelties in the way of amusements never seen in Europe—floating theatres and circuses, propelled by steam, going from town to town on the great western rivers, and carrying not only stage, auditorium, scenery, &c., but lodgings and accommodations for the company, and, in the case of circuses, stabling and forage for the horses. The bills are posted weeks in advance. On the appointed day the floating theatre comes in sight, flags flying, band playing, or a steam-organ filling the whole region with its obstreperous harmonies.

The huge floating monster steams round, with its head up stream, moors to the bank and throws out its gangways. A crowd of idlers, black and white, gathers on the shore to stare at it, and get glimpses of the actors and actresses, or riders and tumblers, low comedy-man or clown, as the case may be. The hour of performance arrives at last, and a procession of gaily-dressed people issues from the broad streets of the town, and boards the floating show, which has been "floating down the river, the O-hi-o," and the Mississippi, Missouri, Red River, and Arkansas, as well as their tributaries. They fill the boxes and parquette, while every negro within five miles, who can raise the indispensable shilling, is packed into the gallery. Orchestra strikes up, curtain rises, tragic sensations, screaming farces, roars of laughter, rounds of applause, and under all the great current of the Mississippi sweeping onward to the Gulf.

Since my remembrance, nearly every dramatic or operatic star of any magnitude has made the American tour, which extends from Boston and New York along the Atlantic coast to Charleston and Savannah, then west to Mobile and New Orleans, sometimes by way of Havana, in Cuba, then up the Mississippi and back by the Lakes—a tour of four or five thousand miles. We have had singers from Malibran to Patti, both of whom, by the way, made their first successes in New York; actors from the elder Kean and Kemble to the younger Kean and Mathews; actresses, from Fanny Kemble to the latest star; Celeste, Fanny Ellsler—how can I remember all the dancers? We had a visit

from Rachel—not yet, I believe, from her great rival, Ristori. Then we have had stars of our own—Booth, Hackett, Forrest, Miss Cushman, Miss Heron, Miss Avonia Jones, Miss Bateman, and many more whose names may not have been heard of across the Atlantic.

For many years all our actors and actresses were from England. In the first companies I knew, scarcely any were born in America. Now, probably two-thirds are Americans. Still, our best actors have been, and perhaps still are, English. Some have preferred Booth to Kean, and Forrest to Macready, but I do not think we ever had American actors like Dowton, who delighted us when past seventy. It seems impossible that America should ever produce such a low, such a *very* low comedian as Jack Reeve—scarcely such a comedian as Power. We have done better in tragedy and eccentric drama. It should be observed that many reputed American actors are of English birth, and have taken their first lessons on the English stage. Nearly all the American actors in London were born in England or Ireland.

Music is more cultivated in America than in any country in the world, except Germany. I am sure there are ten pianofortes in every American town or village to one in England. Singing is taught in the public schools, and the number of bands and amateurs is very great. As to a national music, I can say little. The negro melodies are nearly all we have to boast of. These have a charm that has made them popular everywhere. Are they really negro? Yes, in their origin, undoubtedly. The negroes have plaintive,

simple airs, which they sing to the rude accompaniment of the banjo. The instrument is native African; so, in its rudiments, is the music; but both have been improved upon. The negro melodies are the product of a cross between African Paganism and American Methodism. Then the airs, as composed by the negroes, have been refined by white performers, and others have been composed in the same spirit. These last constitute the greater number.

Some of these airs have a very singular character. There is "Dixie's Land," for example. I do not know its origin, but am inclined to believe its germ, at least, was negro, and that it came from the South. When it was first played in St. Louis, the effect was very remarkable. It was at the theatre. The leader of the orchestra had got hold of it and arranged it. It was played as an interlude between the acts, but not with the usual effect. The whole house listened with breathless silence, and without giving the usual applause, suddenly burst into one simultaneous yell of delight and astonishment, and then made the band play it over eleven times before they would be satisfied. It was one of the last tunes I heard in America, and the first I heard in London; the next, I believe, was also an Africo-American air, the "Prairie Flower."

There are American composers of operatic music, but they have the same difficulties in obtaining recognition as American authors. Why should a manager risk the production of an American opera, and pay for it, when the *chefs d'œuvres* of Mozart and Rossini, Verdi and Meyerbeer, are ready to his hand? There

are not many original dramatists or composers in England; it is a wonder that there should be any in America.

In art we are a little better. There are several clever American sculptors, and more painters. I see no better English landscapes than I have seen in America. Church, Kensett, and Cropsey of the younger, and Cole and Durand of the older landscape artists, may place their works by the side of any in the Royal Academy.

American summer resorts ought to be reckoned among their recreations and amusements. Once, thousands of Southerners, planters and merchants, used to come North in the summer-time. True, the more patriotic came no farther than the Virginia Springs, but the more fashionable were seen at Saratoga and Niagara, Atlantic City and Newport. The New Yorkers leave town by the 4th of July. They scatter along the sea-coast or make the tour of Lake Champlain, Montreal, and Niagara.

One of the finest summer resorts I have ever seen is the Cattskill Mountain House. Take the day-boat at New York, one of those magnificent twenty-knot steamers, that move off to the tinkle of a bell, in silent majesty, and glide past the palisades and through the grand highlands, until the Cattskills rise like a cloud before you. At three o'clock, P.M., you land at a sleepy village, and get into a stage-coach, which, after a picturesque ride of two hours, sets you down at a great hotel, standing on the brow of an overhanging precipice, two thousand feet high, while the peaks of

the mountains rise a thousand or fifteen hundred feet more. You dine, and then take a chair out on the naked rock, as close to the edge of the cliff as you like, and have a view over an expanse of three thousand square miles—a view bounded only by the mountains on the horizon. The Hudson, from twelve to thirty miles away, is like a thread of silver at your feet. Next morning, you go back to the Cattskill Falls; the day after, you ascend the mountain peaks—that is, if you like the roughest sort of climbing.

The next place to do is Saratoga. It is a nice village of white houses with green blinds, wide streets, shaded by the American elms, those broad, stately, and graceful trees, that throw out their branches like the pillars of a Gothic cathedral, and hotels—hotels which accommodate, in the aggregate, five or six thousand people. As we go to Saratoga for health, we rise early, go to the bubbling springs, and drink from six to twelve tumblers of Congress water—it tastes like Glauber salts, and produces a similar effect. Then breakfast; then a drive to the lake, or the bowling-alley, or billiards, or mere lounging, with the necessary mint-juleps or sherry-cobblers, until an early dinner, when we eat as if we had taken the whole dozen tumblers of Congress water in the morning, and intended to drink a similar quantity the morning following. After dinner, the band plays under the trees, and you saunter or lounge. An American gets all possible chairs, and makes himself comfortable. Then tea; and after tea a dance—a hop they call it—just a little gentle exercise, such as the Schottische, the waltz, and the polka can

give, and so, with more or less of flirtations, ice-creams, mint-juleps, or other cooling beverages, the day gets through. The next is the same, ditto repeated, and so on, *ad libitum ad infinitum.*

I think I will not describe Niagara. No one describes it; they only tell how they felt when they saw it. The tailor's exclamation—"Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!"—is as good as another. So the painters have tried to give an idea of it. The pictures of Cropsey and Church remind you of Niagara, if you have seen it. They give little idea otherwise. It is too big a thing to put into words or on canvas.

But when you go to Niagara, dine once, if never more, at the International Hotel. It is on a scale to match Niagara. The drawing-room is a gorgeous immensity of plate-glass, gilding, and upholstery. You walk over a prairie of carpeting. But the dining-room gives the best idea of infinite space, infinite eating, infinite clatter. A vast regiment of negro waiters parade, march, counter-march, and go through a series of distracting evolutions, to the music of a full band playing in an alcove. There is a march for them to enter; a three-four movement for soup; a *piscicato* passage for fish; the covers come off to a crash of trombones, cymbals, and gongs; and so the whole dinner goes off to appropriate music, with an accompaniment of champagne corks like the firing of skirmishers. Altogether, it is a tremendous affair, even to an American, used to taking his dinner with a few hundred people about him. I can imagine what it must be to an Englishman. The expense of such a

dinner, with a bill of fare that would fill four of my pages, is three, or perhaps four, shillings—but the wines are extra. An American, who means to do the thing handsomely, takes champagne. No other wine is worth his drinking. An English lady, wishing to give an idea of an American she met in Montreal, described him as "the *sort* of man who would take champagne with his soup!"

Newport is the nicest of seaside and bathing places, but Atlantic City is, perhaps, the most popular. At each there is a beautiful sea-beach, with the Atlantic surf rolling upon it, and with no shingles to cut the feet. Americans have no bathing machines, but long ranges of dressing-rooms on shore. Ladies and gentlemen put on their bathing-dresses in these rooms, and then go into the surf together, let the waves roll over them, if they cannot swim—if they can, they plunge through and swim outside. Many of the ladies are excellent swimmers. The Newport season begins after the Saratoga season has ended. A grand ball closes each.

We talk in America of our great, our enlightened, our free, and, above all, our happy country! I never thought America *was* a happy country—only that it ought to be. In all the years of peace and plenty we were not happy. In no country are the faces of the people furrowed with harder lines of care. In no country that I know of is there so much hard, toilsome, unremitting labour; in none so little of recreation and enjoyment of life. Work and worry eat out

the hearts of the people, and they die before their time. It is a hard story, but it is a true one.

The scarcity and high price of labour compel the smaller proprietors, called farmers, to do their own work. They raise large crops with heavy and continuous labour. The owner of a hundred acres is a slave to his land, a slave to his cattle, a slave to the necessities of his position. His family must live as well and dress as well as their neighbours. The harvests press upon the reapers.

It is seldom that an American retires from business to enjoy his fortune in comfort. Money-making becomes a habit. He works because he always has worked, and knows no other way. Of the few who retire, many become hypochondriacs, and some commit suicide. An American millionaire, Astor or Girard, on being congratulated on his immense possessions, said—"Would you take care of all my property for your board and clothes?"

"No—certainly not!" was the answer.

"Well," said the Yankee Crœsus, "that is all I get."

It is all that most wealthy Americans get. Whatever the amount of their fortunes, they get board and clothes—no better, often not so good, as others.

Then why the universal and everlasting struggle for wealth? Because it is the one thing needful; the only secure power, the only real distinction. Americans speak of a man being *worth* so many thousands or millions. Nowhere is money sought so eagerly; nowhere is it so much valued; and in no civilized country does it bring so little to its possessor.

The real work of America is to make money for the sake of making it. It is an end, and not a means. The value of a dollar consists in its power to make dollars. "Get money, honestly if you can, but get it." It is an almost universal maxim. To the preacher, "a loud call" means the offer of a larger salary. To the politician, a good office is one which offers the highest pay or the richest perquisites. In politics and business, and I am afraid in many other matters, money is the great object, and scruples are thrown to the winds.

Certain conventional notions of morality are regarded. There are few men of position in America who would like to have it known that they had made their money by gambling at cards, but they would have no scruple against the most odious cheating, the most gigantic frauds on the Stock Exchange. One may be a "bull," or a "bear," in Wall-street; but it would not do to keep a faro bank in Broadway. Nearly all Americans trade and speculate. They are ready to swap horses, swap watches, swap farms; and to buy and sell anything. Talleyrand said America was a detestable country, where a man was ready to sell a favourite dog. I think the habit of fixing a price to everything may have misled the diplomatist. A man might be very unwilling to sell his dog; but he would be very likely to describe him as worth so many dollars. A mocking-bird that fills a house with the songs of a hundred birds, besides the barkings of dogs, the mewings of cats, the filings of saws, and the noises of the knife-grinder, is declared, in addi-

tion to all his accomplishments, to have cost twenty-five dollars. Everything, whether for sale or not, has a money value. Money is the habitual measure of all things. I believe the American husband unconsciously values his wife in the Federal currency; and a fine child is associated with some such idea as a thousand dollars.

The pursuit of riches—that is, of money and money's worth—without the enjoyment of wealth, is a bar to happiness and a cause of misery. The prizes of wealth, either in business or the lottery, bear a small proportion to the blanks. The few who get rich are disappointed because they never enjoy their riches. The many who strive in vain to get rich are disappointed in their object, and so unhappy.

The first element of happiness, or the enjoyment of life, is content. There is no such thing in America as being contented with one's position or condition. The poor struggle to be rich, the rich to be richer. Everyone is tugging, trying, scheming to advance—to get ahead. It is a great scramble, in which all are troubled and none are satisfied. In Europe, the poor man, as a rule, knows that he must remain poor, and he submits to his lot, and tries to make the best of it. In England the peasant does not expect to become a noble. Most men live and die in the position to which they are born. The exceptions are too rare to excite much effort or discontent. Not so in America. Every little ragged boy dreams of being President or a John Jacob Astor. The dream may be a pleasant one while it lasts, but what of the disappointing

reality? What of the excited, restless, feverish life spent in the pursuit of phantoms?

The chief source of human happiness is the enjoyment of the domestic affections. In the countries of the Old World, the loves of parents and children for each other—the family affections—make up a large portion of the enjoyment of life. America is strangely destitute of these affections. Whatever may be the causes, there is no doubt about the fact. Travellers have observed, and natives have deplored it. It would be too much to say that Americans were without natural affection; but it is strange how little they appear to have.

Our Puritan ancestors had much to do with it. The settlers of New England were a cold, hard race. They conscientiously suppressed their natural affections until they starved them out. A faculty unused is lost. The Puritans lost the power of loving, as the fish in the dark river of the Mammoth cave have lost the power to see. The blue laws of Connecticut punished a man for kissing his wife or child on the Sabbath day. What was forbidden on Sunday was considered a mark of human frailty on all other days.

Then the grim Pilgrims were Calvinists of the most rigid type. I do not wish to enter upon the thorny paths of religious controversy, but few can doubt the tendency of a belief in the doctrine of eternal reprobation to harden the heart. Why should the father or mother love the child possibly doomed to endless perdition. I am certain that the early creed of New

England made the people hard, harsh, and inhuman. The effect has lasted beyond the cause.

The stoicism bred of Calvinism is seen to-day in the manner in which the Northern people have borne the losses of the war. There are portions of the North in which almost every family has lost one or more by the war, yet how little do we hear of mourning or sorrow. It is not so in the South. There hearts are warm and family affections ardent and demonstrative. There Rachel weeps for her children, and will not be comforted. The South is filled with an agony of grief. They give fathers, husbands, children for their country, but they feel their loss. The South mourns as England mourned her dead in the Crimea. In the South, I have seen a grandfather of sixty tenderly kiss his mother of eighty when he met her in the street; I have seen his grown-up and married sons and daughters, as well as his grandchildren, come and kiss him before sitting down to breakfast in the morning: I never saw such a thing in New England or the North.

In the Northern States also, more than in the South, the ties of family are so often broken that they are loosely held. New England, for a hundred years, has been the hive that poured its swarms of emigrants over the new regions of the West. Families are scattered far and wide. One son settles in Wisconsin, another goes to Texas, a third to Oregon. One daughter marries an Alabamian, another settles in California. This separation of families, the infrequent and excep-

tional hardship of the slaves, is the habitual lot of the Northern people.

Whatever the causes, the fact of an absence of family affection must lessen the sum of human enjoyment. The more people are isolated, the less they have to love, the less are their sources of earthly happiness. They tend more to the Ishmaelism of competition and the fierce struggle for gain.

Socialism, in America, in its various forms, has been a protest and reaction against Mammonism and a growing and almost universal egoism or selfishness. As families were scattered, as society scarcely pretended to exist, as politics became more and more debased and despicable, as wealth failed to satisfy and could not purchase what was not in the market for sale, men naturally inquired if there were not some other form of social life less exhausting and more satisfying. A few tried Owenism and Fourierism. The former was generally repugnant, because the Americans, holding to equality in theory, all the more resolutely reject it in practice. Fourierism they could not understand, and, at the period of its introduction, were unprepared for. Fourierism has a religion and morality of its own, and Americans twenty years ago were far from ready to abandon the religion and morals which they all professed, if they did not all practise.

Instead, therefore, of rushing into communities and Phalansteries, they emigrated. As fast as they were disgusted with the older communities they founded

new ones. There were far-spreading lands of promise in the West. There were the broad prairies ready for the plough. Great States were building up beyond the Mississippi. The lawyer who could not get clients in New York could be a Member of Congress from Minnesota. I knew a little red-headed infidel spouter in New York who became a United States senator from Oregon. Men seemed to expand as they increased their distance from the older States, as balloons grow larger when rising into the rarer heights of the atmosphere. Sometimes, in the one case as in the other, they burst and collapsed in the process. America is a great country; it has been and may still be a prosperous country; it cannot yet be truly called a happy one.

END OF VOL. I.



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